MAMIE AND WESLEY REAM

A Love Story Told in Letters

This is their joint biography drawn from their own letters and others collected by Mamie. It is informed by their autobiographies and the letter collections of their daughters Helen Mae Ream Bateman and Hazel Dawn Ream Curtis.

By Kim Bateman
Their first grandchild

Introduction

Spring City, Utah – May 19, 2019

A few years ago my mother, Helen Ream Bateman, surprised me with the gift of several hundred letters passed down from her grandmother, Sarah Oakey Sirrine, asking me to "take care of them." As I was processing these, I learned that my mom's sisters, Mary Ida and Hazel Dawn, had also been entrusted with parts of Sarah's collection. I even found 23 more letters by accident at the Utah State Historical Library. I eventually wrote a history from these letters of Sarah Oakey, her husband, George Edward Sirrine, and their pioneer parents entitled *Letters of Lace and Stones: Oakeys and Sirrines, Two Families Joined and Separated by Pioneering and Polygamy.* If you like, you can find this posted on George and Sarah's Memories at FamilySearch.com.

But my mom also gave me hundreds of more "modern" letters, written by her parents, Mary "Mamie" Sirrine and Wesley Ream. She also shared many photos that had been passed down to her; Mamie had been an amateur photographer, even developing her own pictures as a young woman. Although my grandparents are not pioneers (they were born "only" 125 years ago) I think this collection makes a fascinating story of their life and love. So I'm writing a book about them now, based on the letters that I have.

Before you read further, I have a few comments for you.

First, both Mamie and Wesley wrote fine autobiographies. You may already have a copy of these. In case you don't, I digitized and posted them in their Memories in FamilySearch.com some time ago. Although I have included in this book several quotes from the autobiographies, it would be a mistake for you to not also read the originals.

I have done my best to let the letters tell the story in this book. That allows the letter writers to tell their story in first person. But there are hazards in this approach. First, the writers were not writing for a book--they were writing for each other. Second, letters are mostly written when people are apart. There was plenty of being apart in the lives of Mamie and Wesley, but their happiest times were when they were together, and then they were not writing to each other. So the story may slant more toward sadness than their reality. And there are huge gaps in information, especially during those times when they were together. I have tried to fill these using letters they saved from others, excerpts from their autobiographies, and some guesswork.

Also, I took huge editorial liberties, choosing only a few lines, sometimes a few words, or even none, from each letter—otherwise the book would be a thousand pages or so longer, and possibly duller.

To simplify your reading (and my writing) I have chosen to ignore the usual quotation marks and some other punctuation rules in order to help the text to flow. Basically, all quotations are in *italics*. I have freely injected my own words in normal font, sometimes directly into the quotes.

Much gratitude is due to my wife Linda for her careful proofreading and her tolerance of my long hours secluded in my research and writing, also to Kathy Peterson and Camille Foster for moral support and aid in collecting letters, and to my mother, who saved and organized the letters.

Lastly, I am acutely aware that most of my readers will be my Ream cousins, and that every one of you knows and loves Mamie and Wesley as well as I do. Please forgive my many errors. I would love to hear from you and am willing to make additions and corrections as needed.

I cried a little at the ending. I hope you will, too.

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Chapter One -- The Wedding

November 3, 1912
Strathmore, Alberta, Canada

Dear Mamie

…I am really very glad to think that you have passed the last month without changing your name. You know there are two months each year that I rather dread to see come and am glad when they are over, April and October. I had heard in rather an indirect way that you was going for sure this last one. Yet, shouldn't worry since you promised so faithfully to tell me some time in advance of the great event when it will be pulled off...you must be sure and keep your word and I shall do the same...

May 26, 1913
Logan, Utah

...Well Mamie, that treacherous month of June is almost with us again...a fatal month for Bear Lakers, so be careful the little bee don't sting you, too. Remember this is the one that got Madie (Maida) *and she was one of our most trusted handmaidens. Just a word of warning you know. Will you still be in SLC when I run down in June? I still will expect you to show me the town.*

I am as ever, Robert

Robert E. Hughes had known Mamie Sirrine since the winter of 1910, when he moved into her mother's house as a boarder along with several other men surveying for the Telluride company to bring the initial electrical power to Dingle, Idaho. Having grown up in Logan, Utah, Robert had happened to know Wesley Ream when they were students there at the college. During his time in Dingle, Robert became a close friend to Mamie's uncle, Fred Oakey, who provided transportation for the team to their various worksites. When the job was over that June, he moved to Alberta, Canada for similar work, from where he kept track of Mamie, her cousin Maida, and other young people from Dingle through early 1913, when he returned home to work for the power company in Logan. Although he continued an unfruitful romantic interest in Wesley's little sister Ida throughout that time, he had written several letters to Mamie which showed great interest in her love life, whether as a friendly advisor or cautious suitor.

Whether by luck or sagacity, Robert correctly predicted the season for Mamie's marriage, but not the year. But he did not come down that June as planned, and by July he had turned his attention toward Mamie's friend Ione Bird, and only wrote to Mamie once more in August of 1913 after Uncle Fred's unexpected death. Robert finally married Margaret Dayton, another close friend of Mamie's, in 1915. But in the spring of 1914, the "little bee" he warned her about had finally stung.

1914 was the year that World War I began in Europe, with the U.S. trying to stay neutral. The Panama Canal was opened and the Ford Motor Company announced an 8-hour work day and $5 per day minimum wage. Woodrow Wilson decreed that Mothers' Day would be a national holiday beginning the second Sunday of May.

Mamie and Wesley Ream had been engaged to marry in April of 1914, briefly called it off, and then took the train with three other Dingle area couples from Montpelier to Salt Lake City to the temple to be married on June 11th, the "fatal month for Bear Lakers," which coincided with June conference. Three of their young friends were from Dingle, then a town of about 430 people; the other three were from Wardboro, the neighboring village just three miles north over the river bridge.

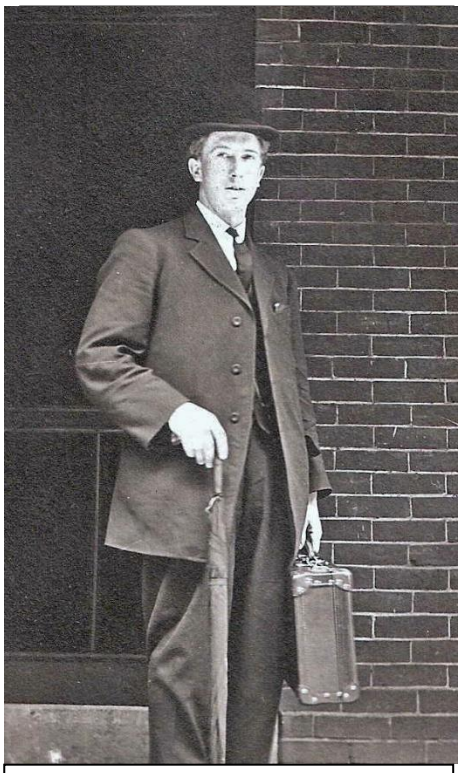
The train ride must have been a party for the four couples—Mamie called it a "fun trip" in her autobiography. There is no doubt that they all knew each other well, and had attended dances, Mutual, and ice skating activities together, although they were not all exactly the same age. Mamie and Wesley were 27.

James and Theola

One of the young grooms, James Moroni Oakey, was only 23. He was Mamie's cousin and the younger brother of her best friend and sister/cousin Maida. Their mother Selena had died suddenly when James was only eight. Their father, Hyrum Oakey, was the three year old brother of Mamie's mother, Sarah Oakey Sirrine, when the family walked to Utah in 1862 along the Mormon Trail. Hyrum never re-married after "Lena's" death, and Aunt Sarah became both mother and perpetual primary president to James and his siblings. In 1905 when he was fourteen, James and his sister Maida, with Mamie and Mamie's brother, Warren, drove on a four day camping trip in a covered wagon driven by Uncle Fred Oakey to attend June conference in Salt Lake and visit Uncle Tom's family. They hurried home lickety-split when they heard that James' eighteen year old brother Roy had been killed by lightening, but missed the funeral, only arriving in time to put flowers on his grave.[1] Hyrum Oakey was probably relieved to have James married in the temple—Mamie's brother Warren had written his disapproval from his mission in London, when he heard that James at age 19 was not attending school as hoped. James had gone to work for a time for Uncle Tom Oakey in Salt Lake, where he had to be put in quarantine for over a month for some infectious disease. Mamie said James loved to drive (horses) and was usually the person to take the teenagers sleigh riding. He had worked with the Utah Power and Light surveyors at Soda Springs, Idaho in 1913.

[1] See page 30 for a full account of this story.

His fiancé, Theola Stewart, was just 19. She was born in Wardboro after the family moved across the valley from St. Charles. Her father, John Calvin Stewart, was the son of a lumberman and had a farm in Wardboro. She was the second of six children, but the first in the family to marry.



Edwin Smedley, Missionary

The second groom, Edwin Smedley, was 21. He was marrying 19 year old Millie Nate, who had likely been waiting for him to return from a two year mission to the southern states just 10 months earlier. His family had moved to Dingle from Paris, Idaho around 1900. Ed's father, who had been the city marshal in Paris, moved to Dingle to take over the little grocery store there. His grandfather, a brick maker who converted to Mormonism in Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, England had immigrated to Utah in 1857, and was the justice of the peace and probate judge in Paris in 1913. Millie, whose full name was Sarah Permelia Nate, was a grandchild to the well-known polygamist Sampson Neate, an Englishman, who had been one of the first settlers of Paris in 1863. Unfortunately, I have no picture of her. His other wife, Mary Ann, had served as the mid-wife at Sarah's delivery of Mamie 27 years earlier and served with her in the primary presidency in Dingle. Millie was to become a "mother" much earlier than she expected, taking on her sister's children. Just four months after Millie's marriage, her older sister Nellie was to die tragically after delivering her fourth child. The newborn survived, but a week later, her six year old daughter Naomi died, followed by the death of five year old Lola six weeks after that, leaving a grieving husband George Sparks with the infant and a three year old. Sounds like diphtheria to me.[2]

The third groom, whom Mamie called Ed Bessinger in her autobiography, was Adolf Bissegger, the son of a Swiss immigrant, who came to Providence, Cache County, Utah when he was eleven. (I would not be surprised if he went by Ed, although I could not find that name in any other document. I'll call him by that name.) Ed's family moved to Nounan, a tiny town south of Soda Springs, Idaho around 1898 when he was about eight. He was the

[2]Millie's older brother George Nate was 28, just a couple months older than Wesley. He later took over the Smedleys' grocery store and sold his claim to a 640 acre homestead to Wesley's Uncle Jim Ream for $75. Wesley had loaned Jim the money in return for the title to the property when Jim died. It was just across the road east of the Wesley Ream property.

Lottie Raymond and Adolf Bissegger

first of 13 children. They moved to Wardboro in 1900. He was said to play the violin, mandolin, banjo, and harmonica, but was too young to have played in Hyrum Oakey's Dingle Band. Ed is said to have started the dances in Wardboro. He met his fiancé, Lottie Raymond when she moved to Wardboro from Montpelier to become the school teacher. Lottie's father was Grandison Raymond II, the son of New York born pioneer, missionary, and Johnson's Army defender Grandison Raymond I of Kaysville, Utah, who developed a cattle ranch just east of Dingle on the Wyoming border that became a town that adopted his name. Young "Grandy," who ran the ranch, became a polygamist after his young wife died in childbirth, marrying Lottie's mother Elizabeth Tunks from Ovid in 1885, and then Lottie's Aunt Nancy two years later. He moved Nancy safely away to Kaysville, but Elizabeth divorced him anyway, running off with their hired man, John Heggie, to Montpelier with all their children when Lottie was eight.

Back to the story...

Mamie Sirrine and Wesley Ream

The four couples found Salt Lake City a busy place. Between the train station and the city and county building there was confusion boarding the streetcar and the couples got separated. According to Mamie, James and Theola got on the first car without the others. As the rest got onto the second car, it left without Ed, who had been helping ladies to board. Lottie had never been to Salt Lake before, and I suspect she had never boarded a streetcar. In a panic she stepped off at the first stop and took a train back to find Ed Bissegger. Then when the other two couples reached the city office to get their marriage licenses, the building was closed and there was no sign of James and Theola. June 10th was on a Tuesday, so it was not a holiday—I think they simply arrived after business hours. Wesley and Ed Smedley got the address of the clerk, went to his home, and brought him back for an extra fee. I do not know how the Bisseggers found each other, nor how they obtained their marriage licenses. Wesley and Mamie went to her Uncle Tom Oakey's new house, which was at 33 Herbert Street, just west of Liberty Park. James was there, and

been unable to get his marriage license, so Wesley took him and Theola back to pay the extra fee as he had.

Somehow, all four couples got squared away and met at the temple the next morning and got married. Mamie wrote that Maida and Sarah were there with them. No other family members were mentioned. Wesley wrote that he received his patriarchal blessing at that time, right in the temple, by John Henry Smith. He was told that his voice would be heard in the "isles of the sea." One source says that Mamie received hers as well. It would have been the second one for each of them; she had received a patriarchal blessing from Elder Smith on June 2, 1911 at age 24 and Wesley later the same year on October 29th, after being hospitalized for a mysterious illness. Wesley and Mamie were to go on three missions after their children had grown up, but never to an island. Maybe the prophecy was fulfilled by their daughter Helen, who went on three missions to Hawaii, one to Australia, and lived in Guam and the Virgin Islands. That night Tom Oakey and his family held a party for the Ream and Oakey newlyweds. I suppose the other Bear Lake couples had gone their own direction by then. Wesley and Mamie went to Logan for their honeymoon and saw the places Wesley wrote about to Mamie during their courtship while he was a student there. There is no mention of time spent with his Crockett relatives. In her autobiography Mamie wrote that the four couples got together often through the years to celebrate their anniversary.

Now, that is a unique wedding story.

Here's my question: Why did they take so long to do it?

They knew each other for literally their entire lives. They were born four days apart and lived on adjacent homesteads in a small town where they must have seen each other nearly every day. Wesley said he had made up his mind to marry Mamie when he was seven years old. He started writing to her in 1902 when they were sixteen. He began courting her in earnest when they were 22.

Did Mamie not return Wesley's affection? Was she worried because of the Ream family's friction with other Dingle families? Were they just too busy with their own lives? Did they spend too much time apart? Did their families interfere? Were others competing for their affection?

After reading over a thousand letters between them, about them, and around them, I'm still not sure how to answer that question myself. I'll try to walk you through their letters and their personal stories and see whether we can figure it out together.

Chapter Two -- Childhood

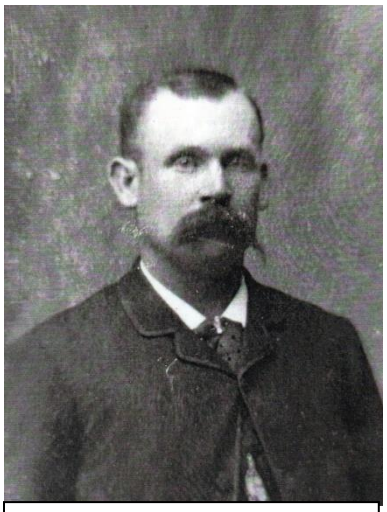
Chariton, Iowa Sept 3/86

Dear Brother & Sister

...I really was surprised to hear of my little nephew that looks like me. I know he is pretty beyond a doubt. Hope he and his mamma are getting along nicely and will be well and able to ans. my letter by the time this reaches you. What do you call him? Or have you named him yet? ...Dudie said (when we told him you had a little boy of your own), "O! H—ll. Why dident he take me?" They all send their best regards to...Will, Nora, and Baby...

From your sister Edith (with grandma's hair swatch)

This is the first letter in the collection that mentions Wesley. It evidently took 10 days for mail to reach Iowa from Dingle back then, since William Wesley Ream was born on August 22nd. The birth was in a one room cabin down the slope just west of Dingle's central dirt road at the south end of town. His young father, William "Will" Dewine Ream, had been building and improving the farm since recording his homestead in 1882 when he was only 22, possibly before he even met Nora Ellen Crockett.[3]



William Dewine Ream

Will was the oldest boy of Sampson Mitchell Ream, who at a similar age had come to Chariton, Lucas County, Iowa at about the same age with his young wife Nancy, two year old Emma, and infant Will from his parents' home in Jackson, Highland, Ohio. They likely traveled about 600 miles by train on the Burlington and Missouri River Line, which was still under construction in 1859 having stalled until after the Civil War at Ottumwa, and covered the last 49 miles by wagon. When Will came to Utah from Iowa 21 years later, he definitely took the train all the way, the B & M line by then having connected in Kearney, Nebraska to the transcontinental railway directly through Ogden. He left behind all eight siblings, aged 1-22, still living at home, so there was much family interest in the affairs of the oldest brother who had gone west to seek his fortune. His little sister Edith, the writer of the foregoing letter was about 14 years old when he left—she was 20 when she wrote it. "Dudie" was her four year old brother Durward, who had been born two years after Will moved west.

[3] Some family stories had him settling in Dingle in 1881, but his two homestead patents were granted March 9 and May 15, 1887. Homesteaders were required to live five years on the land, and had to apply for the patent within seven, so he could not have registered for his homestead before March 9, 1882 or after March 1884.

I don't know what had drawn Will to Dingle of all places to homestead. Most of that village's early settlers had been polygamists from the east side of Bear Lake Valley, who were discretely separating their families to avoid the scrutiny of Federal Marshall Fred DuBois and his men, who had been making regular raids in Paris, where just three months before Wesley's birth they had caught Samuel Humpherys[4] and sent him to the penitentiary in Boise. Three months later in December, Humpherys would be released and join the Reams to live in Dingle, having been called to be the bishop while still in prison. He was to remain the Dingle bishop for 28 years and play a significant part in the story, as we will see later.

Will was no polygamist—he wasn't even a Mormon, though he knew a lot of them. Since leaving Chariton to go west on May 10, 1882,[5] he had been selling books and trees, going from town to town throughout northern Utah and southeastern Idaho, taking orders and having them shipped by railroad. He was a teacher, and briefly taught in Ogden during the winter of 1882-83 when sales were slow. Dingle still had land available to homesteaders, and he no doubt was feeling that he needed to acquire some land to stabilize his income from sales, which were becoming ever more difficult for a gentile stranger, going door to door and looking suspiciously like a federal agent to the edgy Mormons. Sometime in 1882 Will had met Nora Ellen on the street in Hyrum in Cache Valley, Utah, where she was teaching school. According to one account,[6] their eyes locked, but no word was spoken. It was love at first sight. Immediately he found a room for himself in her boarding house. We'll tell the details of their courtship elsewhere, but legend has it that after their honeymoon in Iowa, they rode together on horseback from Logan to Dingle after their marriage on his horse named Logan and her mare, Fleet. It turns out that this is not quite true; Will and the two horses came through alone and he brought Nora a bit later. But it is true that Logan and Fleet were their only team for years.

Nora had been born and raised in Logan, Utah. Her parents were Alvin and Mary Sophia Reed Crockett. Alvin had served two terms as Logan's first mayor, and was the county sheriff at the time Nora met Will. Mary Sophia was a school teacher herself and as a young woman had been the first school teacher in Payson, Utah, where she met Alvin when his father David Crockett was the mayor. They had been called to Logan in 1860, among the

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[4] Bishop Samuel Humpherys was a true pioneer, emigrating from Mansfield, Nottinghamshire, England with his family in 1857 when he was seven years old. After several stops on the way, the family was among the earliest settlers of Paris in the fall of 1864, arriving with the Sirrines and a year before the Oakeys. He had a farm in Eden on the east side of Bear Lake near James Oakey's. It seemed worth the 20 mile commute for the longer growing season there. They sometimes used their wagon boxes as ferries to transport seed, supplies, and men across the lake. As a 22 year old, Samuel was called along with other young men from Bear Lake, Cache, and Sanpete Counties on a rescue mission to help stranded immigrants near Green River. He was one of a few young men who crossed the mountains on snowshoes for mail and supplies during the Bear Lake winters in the early days. During his 22 years in Paris he worked variously in farming, freighting, saw milling, and custom threshing, finally managing the Co-op dairy and cheese factory.

[5] In a letter to Nora on May 5, 1884 Will wrote, "It will be two years the tenth of this month since I left home." www.dingleream s.org, file 0698.

[6] Mamie's story in Bear Lake Pioneers, p. 648.

town's first settlers. Nora's older sister Delia had been the first white girl born there, two years before Nora arrived. When Nora met Will she was about 20 years old and in her first teaching job.

Nora Ellen Crockett

Wesley was born at 12:10 am. I suppose most of the neighbors were soundly sleeping, but in a rude cabin in the next homestead to the north, Sarah Oakey Sirrine was at the end of her ninth month of pregnancy and troubled by the heat. This was her second pregnancy—her previous baby had died at the age of 15 months. Later that day she complained about her misery in a letter to her husband George, who was in Mesa, Arizona with his parents and siblings. Why Sarah and George were separated at this particular time and the story of the Sirrine family is the subject of another book based on family letters,[7] so I'll not explain it here. Sarah was fretting that her brother Alfred had found no letter from George at the post office across the valley in Paris--she had not heard from him since August 5th. She was lonely. Her father James Oakey, a polygamist, lived in Paris, and was likely keeping a low profile to stay clear of the marshal. Alfred was going again to Paris the next day to settle up their homestead—her mother would have to go with him to make final proof on the claim. Sarah was afraid to be left alone now that labor was so near. Just now, Alfred, her mother Mary, and her younger brother were out working in the hayfield and Sarah was alone. She had been afraid to go with them because they were planning to shoot chickens. The next day when Alfred came home with George's letter dated August 10, she added this to her letter:

"Don't worry, you must have faith that I'll be ok... I could not ask you to come because I know it would cost you so much, not because I don't want you, for no words could tell how much I would like to have you with me when I am sick ("sick" was a euphemism for labor).

Four days later the "sickness" came. Her brother Hyrum wrote the announcement to George:

Dingledelle Aug. 26th 1886

Dear Brother

I write you a few lines to inform you that you have a 10 lb. daughter here it was born at 3:35 oclock this morning. We send you a lock of her hair. Sarah is doing well. Sister Emeline Rich was here to wait on her and Sister Mary Nate is nursing her. Fred is waiting to take this letter to Post So excuse me for not writing more this time, will write the particulars later. --from your Bro H. Oakey

[7] Bateman, K. A. *Letters of Lace and Stones: Oakeys and Sirrines, Two Families Joined and Separated by Pioneering and Polygamy,* Memories Section for Sarah Oakey, FamilySearch.org.

Hyrum followed up three days later at Sarah's request—she was not yet up to writing. Her breasts were engorged and the baby was not nursing very well, though she had so very much milk. She felt she would be better in a day or two. On September 3rd Hyrum's wife Lena also wrote to George:

George and Sarah Sirrine

Sarah's breasts are quite sore. That baby looks a little like your sister Flo. Sarah hasn't set up yet, but is improving as much as can be expected.

I don't think Lena had ever met Flo, who lived in Mesa—maybe she had a photo or was reporting Sarah's assessment. By October 7, Sarah was writing for herself. She wrote:

Dear George

...I dont get much chance to write for babe is so fretful. She is good while I tend her but she will not lay down. I never saw such a babe of her age. She seems to know so much. She laughs and coos and we all think she is the sweetest little darling there is. There is a man over to Sparks' that is taking pictures so I got it in my head to have her picture to send you. So Fred took me over and we had her taken. It looks like her only not so good. Her eyes are dark blue and larger than they look in the picture but the light was too strong in the tent. He wanted to take her again [she sat twice] *but I was so tired they had to let it go and take me home. I guess you will say why didn't I hold her but I could not if I had tried and then I look so bad I didn't want mine. It was all I could stand to go with her...only the man was going away and I wanted it so you could see her for I think she is so cute. I have named her Mary and we call her May only Fred he calls her May Am for short...*

Sarah's first house

Her name evolved to Mamie, the same name used by Sarah's cousin Rosie for her own first child, although that name didn't take over completely until Mary was in college.

In his autobiography Wesley wrote:

When I was a month old, mother took me to see the Sirrines. In comparing their babies the mothers put our feet together. That was the beginning of the romance of my life. When I was about six weeks old I was blessed in the Mormon Church and named William Wesley Crockett Ream...It seems that they failed to

mention Ream or Father did not hear it. This made matters worse as he thought they were trying to put something over on him...Father was baptized into the L.D.S. Church before he was married, but the people in Dingle were clannish and would not accept him. The town was mostly made up of three families, Sparks, Dayton and Nate. These families were always in trouble with each other but united against others who would not be identified with them. About this time Father dissolved partnership with Frank Larsen and that made matters worse. So there were only a few people we were able to associate with. They were so far away that we seldom saw them. This condition affected the lives of every member of our family for many years.

Sarah's house that Tom built in about 1908

Sarah's older brother Tom Oakey was a home builder, who lived in Salt Lake. In his appointment book for the year 1886 he noted that he left Salt Lake for Dingle September 14th. He wrote home on the 26th, noting that he was *shingling, finished the cornice.* He was working on a frame house for their mother Mary and Sarah next door to the cabin. It was not until Halloween that he left *the ranche* at half past 2pm and *campt on lake shore* in his wagon, arriving in Ogden November 3rd on his way home. I do not know when Sarah's "big house" was finished, but if Tom already had the cornices finished, it may have been livable enough for Sarah and the baby to move in with her mother by winter.

At the end of October, George wrote that his grandmother Crismon was planning a trip from Salt Lake to Mesa for the winter and maybe Sarah and the baby could go with her. He sent money for the ticket by postal order. Sarah wrote by November 7th that she had received the money, but made no mention of the invitation to travel south. The baby was getting over a cold and Sarah did not want to risk another one—Mary (as she was now calling her) seemed more fragile than little George had been. Little George, their first child, had died at 15 months of age. She wrote of Mary:

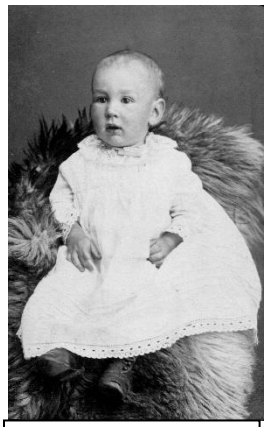
You say you think she is a big girl but she is not very large of her age but she is the smartest babe around here. There was 8 babies born in this place within 6 weeks and every one says she is the smallest one but I am sure she is the sweetest. Oh she is such a comfort to me and I can't wait for you to see her. Every time I look at her or kiss her I think if you could only see her..."

In her next letter Sarah wrote:

I have shortened her hair *today. I wish I could tell you how she looked. She is so little and fat she is like a little round ball. Every one calls her a little doll. Fred,* Sarah's brother Alfred, *says she is the cutest babe he ever saw. He says she weigh 10 pounds heavier than she looks.*

On December 28th, Samuel Humpherys was ordained bishop in Dingle, sold his land in Paris, and moved his two families to Dingle in January, 1887.

That year the Fielding Academy was organized in Paris by G. L. Russell after the pattern of the B. Y. Academy in Provo. These academies were run by Mormon stakes as an alternative to gentile higher education. In Idaho it was a necessity because Du Bois and the Republicans had seized control of the statehouse and had instituted a loyalty oath denouncing polygamy and Mormonism, which was required of all state employees including teachers.


Wesley about 9 months

I don't know how long it took Nora Ream to recover from her first delivery, but by January she had moved from the chilly cabin in Dingle to Preston, Idaho to teach school. Nora's sister Lydia, her brother Ozro, and their families lived there. She took little Wesley with her, utilizing her nieces in Preston to do the babysitting. It was not easy for her. Will had stayed behind. On January 11, when Wesley was only four months old she wrote to Will:

School is hard. I have so many large boys, over sixty pupils and only about 10 girls. Why don't you come right away and take my school or the one I am teaching for two months. That would let you out in time to make your delivery of trees in the spring. They need a man teacher. I do not know how I can stand it to teach the full term out four weeks longer.

I do not know whether Will accepted her invitation or not. Since no further letters between them exist for that period, I suspect that he did. Sometime between January and March, George Sirrine returned permanently from Arizona to live in Dingle, seeing his little girl for the first time. It cost him plenty. That spring his younger brother Warren LeRoy wrote:

Sorry you decided to sell out here. We are doing very well with liquor and sold a good deal of beer and cigars. Let me know if you want to hold the mine. If you want I'll sell all your things.

Mamie age one

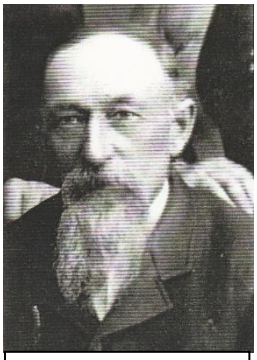
The Edmunds Tucker Act against polygamy passed the U.S. congress March 3, 1887 and life got even tougher for Mormons. John Taylor died in hiding in Kaysville, Utah on Pioneer Day. No new prophet would be called for about two years.

I know little of Wesley during this period, but in a letter from Sarah to George's little sister Addie we learn that *Little Mary (Mamie) has two teeth and she can sit and roll all around the floor, but does not try to walk yet.* Mamie was eight months old. Sarah's Aunt Lucy in Salt Lake reported that Mamie's cousin Edna, the same age as Mary, was *far behind* in teeth.

The fall of 1887, Mamie's Uncle Hyrum Oakey left from Dingle on a mission to the southern states. His pregnant wife, Selina (Lena) went to Cedar Fort with their 20-month old son Leroy to have their

baby girl Maida at her mother's home in November. They seem to have stayed there until Hyrum returned, and then moved back into Sarah's cabin, where Mamie had been born.

Probably due to the fact that both Wesley's and Mamie's parents were together during this period, I have no letters to illuminate their lives. I assume that Will and Nora taught school in Preston until school ended in the spring of 1887 and Will continued his selling when possible, probably returning to the ranch during the farming season. We know that they were in Dingle the winter of 1888 because that is where Wesley's younger brother Mitchel Alvin Ream was born in the Dingle cabin on April 23rd, but it was now on the east side of the Dingle road. Will had bought two acres of property from Frank Larsen. The cabin had been moved there and a room had been added.


Alvin Crockett

Nora's father, Alvin Crockett had two wives. In 1888 the feds caught up with him and sent him on February 13th to the Utah State Penitentiary for the maximum and typical sentence of a $500 fine and six months in prison. He was released after only four months for "good behavior." Sarah's polygamist father, James Oakey, had managed to keep clear of the officers. He wrote that same week to Hyrum, who was by then on a mission in Alabama: *We are having peaceable times from our enemies as they do not trouble just now, but they are having lively times in Salt Lake City…taking after the Church property.* Hyrum replied: *Well, father, you should not let them get hold of you if you can help it.* Hyrum cited a newspaper piece from a neighboring town advocating tar and feathers for the Mormon elders.

The Reams were probably in Dingle through the first half of 1888, but by July Nora had returned to Preston with her two boys, now three months and almost two years old, to visit her sister Lydia, leaving Will to take care of the ranch. On July 29th he wrote: *2nd Sunday since you left. I have had a headache every day since you went away. I had a letter from John* (his 18 year old brother in Iowa). *Edith* (their 22 year old sister) *has come home and she is thinking of teaching this winter.* Both were unmarried at this point. Will was thinking they might as well come teach in Idaho or Utah. *As for your teaching school, I believe you had better not. In fact, I can't see how you can.*

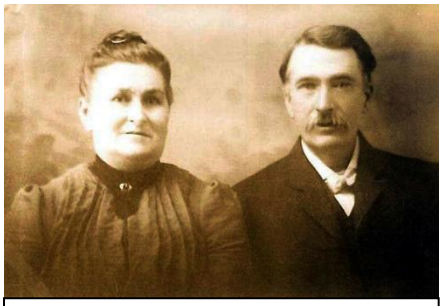
That very same day Nora had written Will from Logan with other ideas. She had gone there for a teachers' convention: *I just came down last night from Preston. Wesley fretted a good part of the night. Roxie has quite a nice baby.* (John Bryan Hopkins, 12 months). *Oh! Will I wish things were so we could be together and never be separated for even a day...If I can get a school I think it best that I should teach to help get out of debt...I might get the Preston school for $40 but it will be a large mixed school...too hard for that price....Will people in Bear Lake think you and I are separated for time? How little they guess of our strong love for each other...*

Three days later she added: *I can get the Preston school at $40 per month...I think I will try one term at least. It will be very hard to leave the children but I will try and get a good girl and then Lydia will do all she can. I am anxious to learn how the 31st came off.*

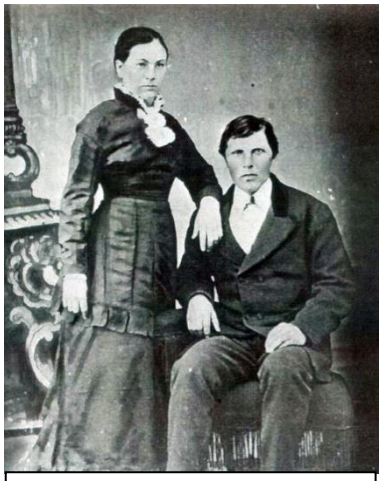
By August 5, 1888 she was back in Preston, writing: *...only made one day of the teachers' convention, only 6 or 8 old faces....Pa thinks he will have 1,000 lbs. of Lucerne seed...we could have what we want. It is between 6 and 8 cents a pound.* Next day: *...in the school room. I found the school house very dirty, not even swept. There is not one desk, only long meeting house benches, a blackboard about 3 x 6 feet. I do not think I shall teach longer than this term...Whatever comes from teaching, good or bad, I can truly say I have done what I believed to have been for the best.*

We are obviously missing replies from Will during this period, and at least one of them arrived too late (or she simply chose to ignore it and make her own decision). She followed on August 15 from Preston: *Only 4 pupils today because of the storm. I got your letter telling me not to teach after I had been here a week. I will not teach longer than this term. I didn't mean to go against your wishes. I thought if I could earn something to help pay our debts or support myself and children till you could pay them it would leave you free...without worrying about us.*

I know few details of Mamie's life during that time. One important one is that she got a baby brother, James Warren Sirrine two days before her second birthday.



Ozro and Ruth Crockett



Lydia and Archie Lamoreaux

Nora and the boys lived with her sister Lydia's family, the Lamoreauxes. Lydia was four years older than Nora, born before the Crocketts left Payson. She had married Archie the day after Christmas, 1878 in the Salt Lake Endowment House in a double wedding with her brother Ozro and her good friend Ruth Clarkson. Both couples lived in Logan until the winter of 1883, when they bought farms in Preston. In 1884 Archie was caught in a snowstorm while hunting and nearly froze to death, losing both feet anterior to the heels and both pinkie fingers. The Lamoreauxes had boys aged nine, six, and a baby just between the ages of Wesley and Mitchel, but no girls. Ozro and Ruth did have a nine year old girl named Ruth Ann, who certainly must have been helpful with babysitting while Nora was teaching. Nora and the boys evidently stayed in Preston for the full school year of 1888-89. Wesley recalled: *They had a girl named Hazel. She was a year older than I. I fell madly in love with her. Shortly after we went home she died with scarlet fever. I never saw her again. So I learned something of love and death.* Hazel Lamoreaux died after Nora was back in Dingle (17 Dec. 1889). However, contrary to Wesley's memories, she was only 14 months old when she died, not a year older than him. There couldn't have been much of a romance there... Wesley also wrote that Lee was born *shortly after we returned from Preston*. That is probably not accurate, since he also wrote that Hazel Lamoreaux died after they had left. Both cannot be true.

It was in 1889 that Will Ream and John Grimmett began digging an irrigation canal from the Bear River to irrigate Dingle land three miles away. This was also the year of Idaho's constitutional convention where woman suffrage was a hot topic. Sarah and Nora may already have been active in the cause.

That year some George Sirrine's holdings in Mesa were finally sold by his brother Warren LeRoy Sirrine. LeRoy had sold George's house for $500 and was sending $450, having deducted expenses for fixing it up. He was still working their mine.

On January 11, 1890 Nora's sister Roxie Hopkins wrote from Logan to Nora in a way which suggested she had not seen Nora and the children for a time. *I was astonished to hear that poor little "puny" Mitchel weighs 30 lbs. ...too bad about poor sweet little Hazel? And poor Lydia. I think the poor soul must be nearly heartbroken. I could not go up to the funeral for my own sweet babies sakes.*

On May 19, 1890 the Supreme Court upheld the Edmunds Tucker Act. The LDS Church was for the time legally ended, referred to as the "late Church" in government documents. All assets were seized. In September, the Manifesto on polygamy was issued.

On September 5th, Mamie got a new little sister named Sarah Maud. Mamie was four. They were living in Sarah's "new house" which Tom had been building when Mamie was born. Hyrum had returned from his mission some time before August and was living in Sarah's cabin with Lena, Leroy, now four years old, and Maida, age 2½. The family had returned there from Cedar Fort in June of 1889.

Nora and the boys were in Dingle on September 11, 1890, since that is where their third child, Lee was born. Wesley was four by then and Mitchel was 2½.

On October 13, 1890 the W. D. Ream homestead officially "proved up" and he obtained the full title to "the ranch."

The WD Ream cabin below the hill

Wesley wrote that about four months after Lee's birth was when their father Will added a *one room, stooped roof shanty, about ten by fourteen feet, on the homestead and we moved into it. It was* west of the Dingle road *below the hill, in the bottom land, and we never went back to live on the hill, though we always kept the place.* That exact timing seems unlikely, since that implies that they built in January. Wesley wrote: *When we moved to the shanty we had to carry water from a spring a quarter of a mile away. It fell to my lot to carry most of the water. If we ran short of drinking water at a meal I could leave the table and be back with the water before I was missed. That made me feel important.*

In March, 1891 the first telephone was installed in Paris.

In his autobiography, Wesley wrote the following:

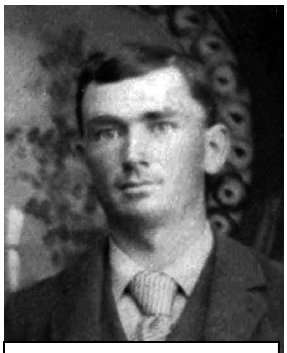
About this time the women of the United States desired to obtain the right to vote. Mother was the leader in Dingle and Sarah Sirrine was active in the cause. They were holding a meeting at our place one evening to promote the cause. Many people were attending. Some of them brought their children along. Sarah Sirrine brought Mary along. It was a warm evening and the children played outside. It was then I learned more about love. I decided then that one day I would marry Mary. There would be other girls that I would love, but none were able to change my mind about Mary Sirrine being the one I would marry. I began going to Sunday school about this time. The kids would tease me but I always had an answer for them. The Sirrine's were planning to go to Arizona to live. The kids said now what will you do if she goes. My answer was that some day I would go there and get her. Little did I dream then that it would be more than sixty years before I would go to Arizona, and then that Mary would go with me, and that we would be visiting our daughter.

On June 21, 1891 Nora wrote to Will from Logan. I cannot figure out how long she had been there. I think it is possible that she and the two boys spent the winter in Logan so that she could teach the winter term of school. It is also possible that they were just there for a visit. Evidently she was recruiting family members to join the Reams in Dingle. She wrote *I have not said anything to John or Roxie yet about coming over, for I have not had a chance. Hite is talking of coming over the Bear Lake this summer. He does not think there will be much brick work here. He told me to ask you if there was likely to be much work for a mason at Montpelier.*

Roxie Crockett

Roxie was eight years younger than her sister Nora. She had married John Hopkins when she was just 16 and now had two children under four. Hite was her 18 year old brother, Hyrum Enos Crockett, who later was elected Utah Secretary of State. As far as I know, neither of these siblings ever moved to Dingle. However, others did.

That summer Lydia and Archie Lamoreaux and five kids ages 12, 9, 4, 3, and infant sold their farm in Preston and bought one in Dingle. Guy Lamoreaux was just about Wesley's age and lived 1.5 miles away. They became great friends.



Will Crockett

Nora's 23 year old brother William was a school teacher who married one of his students, 17 year old Stella Lee from Bennington. According to his obituary, he had moved to Dingle briefly before his marriage. I suspect he had been teaching in Montpelier, which is just between Bennington and Dingle. After their wedding in Logan on July 20, 1891 he quit teaching and took up farming. It was not a "shotgun" marriage, for their son Joseph was born a full year later. Unfortunately the baby died the day he was born. From the 1900 census it appears that

Will and Stella Crockett lived just three doors north of Will and Nora Ream. In 1914 the family moved to Montpelier, where "Uncle Will" ran a grocery store until he died in 1934.

On December 17, 1891, Wesley's second brother, Fabian, was born in Dingle. By then, Will had added a 14 x 20 ft. log room to the shanty. The road between Bear Lake Valley and Logan was greatly improved that year, which made passage to Logan more frequent for Wesley in a one-horse cart. They were hauling lumber from Logan Canyon to build the temple.

I have very little information on Mamie Sirrine during this period, largely because there were no letters during that time between her parents, as they had no prolonged periods of separation. Also Mamie wrote very little about those years in her autobiography. She did mention that when she was small,

...my father used to go to Arizona and drive wild horses for Mr. Quinn. It did take a long time, but one time it was extra long. It seems like it was six weeks that we never heard from Father. Mother was worried, Mr. Frank Larson came by and Mother talked to him. He said it had been too long and he would go to Montpelier and send a telegram. He did; he sent it to my Grandfather, George Warren Sirrine. My Father, George Edward went to the post office and got the telegram. He took it to his father who opened it and handed it back saying, "Here, George. I think this is for you." He felt bad, but had written three letter which mother got later all at once. George Warren sent a telegraph to Mother. We sure were glad when he got home. He used to bring nuts, pomegranates, other fruits and honey—we really liked all those things.

In 1893 there was a financial panic in the United States causing a severe three year depression.

On March 28, 1893 Mamie's namesake grandmother Mary Cooper Oakey died. She recorded vivid memories of the event.

Grandmother was a very neat, small lady as I remember. She always wore a white vest. Her hair had a bob at the back, and she had a black velvet bonnet rolled back from her face. She stayed at our home for a few years—she died there. I was only about six. I remember how lovely she was and how beautiful she looked in her white casket in her temple clothes. It was in March and I remember the snow. It was drifted even over the fences. I remember how we ran and played on it.

I also remember of Grandmother telling me stories of leaving England and passing the plains. I loved her and thought she was wonderful. After she was put in her grave in Dingle, I heard Mother and her brother talking. Uncle Tom said, "I wouldn't feel so bad if she could have just lived for the dedication of the Salt Lake Temple." Uncle Jim said, "She will be there, never fear!" The dedication was on the 6th of April and Mother went. She said to me later that President Woodruff got up and spoke. He said, "I

Mary Cooper Oakey and Mamie

have been prompted to say that many of the saints who have passed away are here at this dedication today." Mother said she knew that Grandmother was there. She felt her presence. Some said they saw angels in the room.

Mamie's other grandmother Esther Ann Crismon died in Arizona three months later on June 6th, 1893.

The very next day, Nora and Will Ream had their first daughter, Nora Ida. Wesley was seven. He wrote that he began working the farm daily that summer in a man's place including raking hay and milking ten cows, and sometimes more. They had 320 acres under cultivation and irrigation. That fall Will took a trip to Iowa to visit his family. I suspect that he combined it with his ranch business. He often rode the train east with his cattle to markets. On December 17th Nora wrote *...the day you left, Stella gave birth to a little girl, it lived several hours but moaned every breath.* Stella was Will Crockett's wife in Dingle. *I was not up there. Took some cheese to Burgoyne's store* in Montpelier *and bought the children each a good pair of shoes. I guess you will be home to your native home before this letter gets there.*

Stella Lee Crockett

Things would have been much different in Benton Township, Iowa, than when he left it. Four of Will's siblings were married. Of these, only John Paul was still living in Lucas County, probably not on the family farm, but living in the town of Chariton, 10-15 miles away. Twenty-one year old Jim and 17 year old Mitchel were there to help their now 61 year old father manage the farm. Ida Maud, 15, Durward, 11, and seven year old Elda would have been glad to see their oldest brother.

Warren, Maude, and Mamie

Meanwhile in Dingle, Sarah Sirrine was pregnant for the fourth time. That March, three weeks before she turned 40, she had her third boy whom she named Grant Edward Sirrine. Mamie was now seven. Warren was five and Maude was three.

Lydia Lamoreaux was also pregnant, no doubt hoping for a girl to replace little Hazel. In April she bore a daughter, whom she named Nora. But that summer the family moved permanently to Thatcher, Arizona because footless Archie needed an easier place to earn a living and could not endure the Bear Lake winters. Hite Crockett, still unmarried, made the trip possible for the Lamoreauxes by escorting them the whole way and doing the heavy work that Archie could no longer do. The trip was made in wagons and took them several weeks.

On January 8, 1895 little Grant Edward died at ten months of age. He was buried near Sarah's first child George Alfred,

who had lived only five months longer. Sadly, I do not know the cause or the story of his death. It is remarkable that no letter or other record mentions it.

Dingle Brass Band

Mamie wrote a memory of the summer of 1895 when she turned nine. *I remember we had a Dingle band. At one time it played all through the valley. Uncle Fred and Hyrum started it. They used to go on trips and have lots of fun. I have a picture of them taken in Thomas Fort—they had their wives and sweethearts with them. Uncle Fred played the drum, Uncle Hyrum played the coronet. They even went all over the valley to accompany plays.*

Wesley wrote about the band as well, not in his autobiography, but in his History of Dingle written in 1963: *Dingle had a brass band as early as 1890. They played all over the valley. Hyrum Oakey was the leader. Joe LaRocco played the fiddle for all the dances. He was a real musician who loved to play and he did it free. Moroni Dayton was a really good dancer and led all the step dances. Later, Helen Charlotte Wilcox (Grant's sister) had a special gift of music, and she played piano and organ with her uncles Elmo, Theodore, and Ollie Dayton for dances.*

In Wesley's history was a photo of the band with the musicians' girlfriends and spouses taken the summer of 1895 in which appeared not only Mamie's two uncles, Hyrum and Fred, but also Wesley's uncle, Jim Ream. I do not think Jim was a member of the band, but more likely just by coincidence on a visit to Will and Nora from Iowa, since he appeared in the Iowa census that year. In the above photo, he is the man on the left reclining in the foreground. He did eventually move to Dingle, but several years later, as we shall discuss soon. Also in the band was Sam Humpherys, one of Bishop Samuel Humpherys' boys.

That summer Nora Ream provided another little brother for Wesley named George Douglas. Now she had five boys and a girl.

Douglas Ream

On January 10, 1896 Mary Ann Neat, Dingle's first primary president died. Sarah had been her counselor, even before going to Mesa in 1885—the position had been held open for her during the six months Sarah was away. I believe it was shortly after Mary Ann's unexpected death that Sarah was called to be her successor. In those days such callings could be for life, similar to the calling of bishop. This was the case for Sarah, who served in the Dingle primary or the stake primary for 45 years.

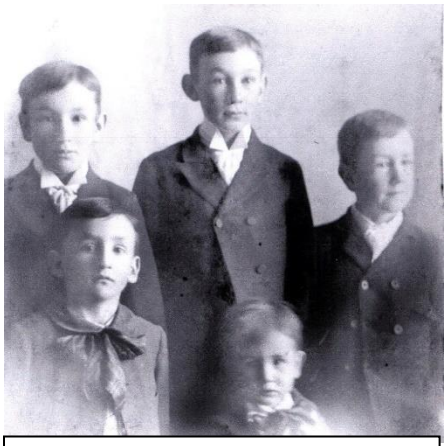
In 1896 the state of Idaho adopted women's suffrage after a seven-year campaign. Sarah and Nora's organizing had paid off. Idaho was the fourth of all the United States to

enfranchise women, following the lead of Wyoming, Colorado, and Utah, hand in hand with a push for prohibition of alcohol. And that year Utah became a state. In November Mary's father, George Edward Sirrine, was elected justice of the peace for Dingle.

On the last day of 1896 Mamie's maternal grandfather, James Oakey, died in Paris. He was buried beside Sarah's mother, Mary Cooper Oakey in the Dingle cemetery.

Wesley's second sister, Beulah, was born January 26, 1897.

According to his autobiography, that same year Wesley, who was then ten years old, was promised by the Sunday school superintendent, his Uncle Will Crockett, to be given the job of Sunday school secretary in the Dingle ward if he achieved a perfect attendance record for a year. But when he had accomplished the feat, the job went instead to Bishop Humpherys' son Oliver through "favoritism." (I would have thought Wesley would have been the favorite through his blood relationship.) This would not be the last competition between these two boys, and Wesley would win a much better prize in the end.[8]



Rear: Mitchel, Wesley, Lee
Front: Fabian, Douglas

That April, Mamie's Uncle Fred drove her and her mother in his covered wagon to Uncle Tom Oakey's house in Salt Lake City. On April 7th her mother wrote to the rest of the family in Dingle that Fred was having such a good time with Tom that she wasn't sure when they'd be able to come home. They had just driven to Ogden to see their brother Jim. Sarah had been attending conference. This letter was followed by another three days later, which ten year old Mamie began with a few lines directed to her cousin Maida, Hyrum's nine year old daughter. Mamie's portion was brief and incomplete, finished by Sarah. They were now at Lucy's, Tom's married daughter. Sarah admonished Warren to take care of Maud.

In her life story, Mamie wrote: *We used to go to Salt Lake City at least twice a year—April and October. Sometimes we would go to the June Conference. Before I was interested in conferences, we would go to the vacant lots with Edna and her friends and have a good time playing baseball—we had a diamond. I can remember going back later and finding houses on the vacant lots. I saw my first earthquake there. The lights were swinging back and forth*

[8] Interestingly, Beulah wrote about a similar experience she had with the bishop when she was ten. The bishop had promised a book for perfect attendance. Beulah was perfect for a year, walking a mile and a half to church, but the book went to his daughter, Nora Humpherys who lived next door to the church, and had an excused absence. The bishop did not even mention Beulah's name. When Will heard that he said, "Well, I'm going to knock his block off." Nora took Beulah aside and reminded Beulah that the Reams already had more books that the rest of the town put together. Wasn't that better than being the little girl that got a book she didn't deserve?

across the room. People were all running and screaming in the streets. We stayed in the house. As far as I knew, no one was hurt—just badly frightened. We would often go to Liberty Park. It was beautiful and was just a short distance from Lucy's place. We could see games, buy ice cream and hear the band and other things. It was a lovely place then. They weren't afraid to let us go there. Mother stayed with her brother Tom and his wife Ann at 515 South State St. I like to stay at 945 Lake Street at the home of Lucy and Will Evans so I could be with Edna, Ivy and Virginia.

Mamie around 1897

Edna Oakey Evans, Maida Oakey Sparks, and Mamie were all about the same age and grew up as close as sisters, corresponding regularly when apart, and staying frequently in each other's homes. Maida's family had moved for five years in the early 1890's to "prove up" their homestead in the bottoms, just east of Sarah's frame house, but by this time were back in the "old house," the cabin where Mamie had been born. The two houses were only 100 yards or so apart, so Mamie and Maida were together every day and many nights.

On July 11, 1987 Alfred Dayton Oakey was born to Hyrum and Lena, which meant they had six children crammed into that little cabin with them. Down the short path, Sarah and George Sirrine had four, soon to be five, spanning about the same age range, so the two families practically lived like one. Sarah was pregnant with Emeline, her last child, who was born December 22nd. Of the event Mamie wrote:

Warren and Emeline

We hadn't had a baby in our family for a long time. On December 22, 1897 I stayed at Aunt Lena's all night. The next morning when my Father came to get me he said that I had a little sister. I could hardly wait to get home. (That's what they did when a baby was coming—they sent us to our cousin's for the night.) The baby was darling with beautiful, long dark hair. I could hardly wait to hold her. She was all that I wanted for Christmas that year. I was over eleven years old.

It was around the fall of 1897 that Wesley attended public school for the first time. I assume Mamie had started much earlier. Both of his parents were teachers and home schooled their kids in the winter when they were needed less for farming. But as Wesley wrote in his life story, *the trustees began to think the three older children should be in school.* Not trusting the local system, Nora rented her sister Delia's house and used her influence with her friend Jennie Habbard, the school superintendent, to get them into the Woodruff elementary school in Logan for five months until they ran out of money. He completed the third and fourth grades.

I have very little information about that time, but this letter exists from seven year old Fabian, dated February 5, 1898 from Logan: *Dear papa I love you. Dear papa there were ten boys and girls promoted out of Mitchel's class in to the second reader. Dear papa I will write you a verse.*

This is how all through the night little eyes were folded tight.
Little hands and little feet resting long in slumber sweet.
Softly creeping comes the sun and it rouses every one up.
The little children rise rubbing open sleepy eyes.
Fabian Dewine Ream.

The fall of 1898 Wesley was back in Logan to attend the Woodruff School. Nora couldn't go with the boys that year so she arranged for them to board. Wesley started in the fifth grade, and then was advanced to sixth. He said he hated to be moved ahead because he had to leave a girl named Grace Von Nordeck, who was *very dear to me.*[9] One day he went to the missionary farewell for young Melvin J. Ballard. Wesley saw a halo around his head when he spoke. Mrs. Solon Robinson with whom he was boarding told him to keep track of the missionary to see if he would become a great man.[10]

Grace Von Nordeck as a young woman

Wesley sent three letters from Logan to *Brother, Mamma, and Sister* on the same day, December 3rd including the following:

Dear Brother, We are all well. I wish you and Ida were down here to school. How is George. Are you well. He was writing to Fabian, age seven, asking about George Douglas, who was then three.

Dear Sister, your letter was received the other day...I wish you were down here. I seen a big doll as big as you. I wished I had it for you. Ida was five.

Dear Mamma, ...I am glad we are coming up there Christmas. I did not get below 70 in examination...The teacher let the ruler drop on Lee's hand. Nine boys from Woodruf were taken up to police headquarters for throwing snowballs...Lee's trus is all right. The pad had not com off any more. Skating is good now. Last Sunday I was skating all day. Grandma is well. I am glad Fabian is coming down after Christmas. I like to stay here. Mrs Robison and Clara send their kind regards...and thank you for the check. From your loving son, Wm. Wesley Ream.

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[9] Grace was the daughter of the local pharmacist, who moved his family from Logan the following year, so there was no chance for a long-term future with Wesley. She later went on a mission and had a career as a professional secretary in Salt Lake City, not marrying until she was 38, when she answered a classified ad from Charles Rich Humpherys, a widower, for a housekeeper, and she moved back to Logan to live. Ironically, her husband was a first cousin to Oliver Humpherys, Mamie's unsuccessful suitor.

[10] This is a story worth reading on page 13 of Wesley's autobiography.

He seems to have been put in charge of his brothers. They got home to Dingle in the early part of March. That was the end of Wesley's public schooling until after he turned 16.

In Mamie's papers I found a bill of sale which indicated that on April 15, 1899 George bought a stallion named Lord Heywood from Bennett and Sons. This would have been but one of many such purchases. Mamie wrote: *My Father had a lot of good horses. He was a horse trainer and had blooded horses. Maida and I used to love to ride the little black pacer. It was a smaller horse and would just take cute little steps and hold its neck so high. The neck looked like it was accordion pleated. Maida and I surely like that little black pacer.*

That summer Hyrum's family was still jammed into the cabin that he and his brother Fred had built decades earlier for his mother in which Mamie had been born, but work was just being completed for a frame house just north of Sarah's. Mamie wrote:

Selena Dayton Oakey

Aunt Lena was so anxious to move into their new home which was almost ready. Then Mrs. Bird came and pleaded for the new house as the Frank Larson house (the place where they had been living) had burned. Birds were building across the road and south of Oakeys'. They had no place to go, so Aunt Lena let them live in her new home. Aunt Lena took sick. They thought it could have been spotted fever or measles. I was with her and helped her most every day. I remember combing her long black hair. Then one night Roy came over and rapped on Mother's bedroom window and said, "Aunt Sarah, come quick. Ma is dying." He just flew back. Mother dressed and went as fast as possible. It was not long until Aunt Lena was gone.
Alfred was two. They would not let me go to the funeral. They said I might spread the disease—they weren't sure what it was. She was not sick long. We did not think she was so bad. Mother helped them all she could. She made bread for them. She sewed—I never had a blouse or anything if Maida could not have the same. They soon moved into their new home... They all soon became our family, and through the years we have felt that way.

Later that summer, Mamie's Mesa uncle, Warren LeRoy Sirrine, with his wife and six children made a surprise visit to Dingle, coming on the train to Montpelier and arriving in Brother Hyrum Holmes' white topped buggy. They visited all the nearby Idaho sights, then spent time at Tom and Ann's in Salt Lake, celebrating the *Rough Riders' return*, got their endowments and had their children sealed to them. That is the only time the whole family came, but Warren LeRoy came at least two more times.

In his autobiography Wesley wrote: *That fall Father hired Mother's sister, Mary Smith, to teach us at home. We held school in the house on the hill where I was born. The Sirrine's sent their daughter, Mary, and her brother, Warren, to our school. This was great for me, going to school with the girl I loved. It ended all too soon. After about three months Aunt Mary took sick and had to quit. The Sirrine's took their children home. I tried teaching the others for a while but was making little progress so we closed up. I did not go back to school until I was sixteen.*

Mary Sophia Crockett Smith was Nora's oldest sister, who had crippling rheumatoid arthritis. Her husband had left her sometime between 1878 and 1800 with three children. In 1885 she had been struggling to teach school part time in Almy, Wyoming and support them, then ages 7-10. She moved thereafter to Preston by the time of the 1900 census.

Mary Crockett Smith

January 20, 1900 Rodney Ream was born in Dingle.

Wesley wrote the following about the year 1900. He turned 14 that summer:

My father used to run several thousand head of sheep. In the month of June of 1900 he had them in the mountains about fifteen or twenty miles northeast of Montpelier for shearing. I was there helping to handle the sheep and count the sheared ones for each pen and put in new ones to shear. There were eight or ten shearers. In those days they sheared with blades. This year the sheep had brushed a lot of wool off their legs and bellies. We called them "bear bellies". Some of the men were shearing less than fifty a day each; several were getting a few more than fifty. Those who were getting less were griping about how hard they were to shear.

I told them that any one ought to be able to shear fifty of those bear bellies in a day. They thought I was being smart. Well, maybe I was. One of the shearers spoke up and said there was an unoccupied pen next to his and he had an extra pair of shears he would loan to me and keep them sharp and that I could show them how to shear fifty sheep in a day. I said that I could do it. So the next morning I got in to shear sheep. I sheared my fifty in good time. They said I should keep on shearing, but I had had enough. I was stiff for several days, but I showed them that it could be done.[11]

On April 3, 1901 Mamie age 14 and Warren age 12 wrote to Sarah in Salt Lake. She was at Tom's or Lucy's to attend conference. Evidently Fred was taking care of them, since Hyrum generally went to conference with Sarah. They enclosed letters that they had received from "Papa" (George) and his sister Ella in Mesa. Warren wrote that Maude got up and got on Emeline once and made her cry a little, but had been a very good girl playing and helping Mamie sew rags all day. Maude was 10 and Emeline was three.

Front: George, Emeline, Sarah
Rear: Mamie, Warren Sirrine

Although George never lived permanently in Mesa after returning in 1887, it appears that he returned there several times, apparently on business trips lasting weeks. Not only did he raise horses, he was a drover and made many long journeys, often apparently alone, delivering stock. About this time he was in partnership with an entrepreneur in Evanston

[11] According to Wikipedia, so called "gun shearers," experienced professionals, average about 140 sheep per day with the old fashioned hand-powered blades, sometimes up to 200. However fifty seems like a large number for a novice 14-year-old, especially on "bear bellies."

named Antonio Quinn to round up wild mustangs in the Arizona desert and drive them to the railroad for shipment east for the use of the U.S. Cavalry.

On September 16, 1901 Milton Ream was born in the ever-enlarged Ream cabin. There were now seven boys and two girls.

I have little information from saved letters or biographies for the next 12 months, but the following letter arrived at Mamie's house in 1902 from George's younger brother Joel Sirrine written on stationary of the Mesa Co-operative Milling Company:

Sept 2

....recived your letter yesterday. Was sorry to hear that Georg was feeling so porly. Father is very weak this morning. he dos not tak much nurishment. he dos not talk only when he wants a drink. We half to set big tele bed all the time his weight 87# pounds. he suffers with a pain a round his hart when we raise him up. he is nothing but skin and boons. if their is any think that you would lik to hav of Fathers for a keep sake let me now and I will try to get it for you...Father cannot last many days longer...Waren has taken all of his sheep up in the mountens. he has lost loots of them and i gess that he will loots moor...

Sept 3

Father has pased a way las night at 8-30 he did not sufer much. We will burrie him to day at 3 aclock. We all wis with him at the last. I will rite in a few days and tell you all that is dun...

George Warren Sirrine late in life

Mamie's grandfather, George Warren Sirrine, the great pioneer had died. Her Aunt Ellie gave a poignant follow-up September 16th:

...Father looked all around to see if we all were there. We ask him what he wanted. He said "Rest." It was that sweet rest he longed for. Bell was in bed, had a young babe, and did not see him. We all except you and Bell were by his side. He made the handsomest Corpse I ever looked at, such a peaceful look. All most a smile...

Now George you must not weary over Father for he suffered very much and we all knew it was rong to ask or wish for him to remain with us any longer only to suffer. I know Father was perfectly satisfied to go and it is such a comefort to us all to know he was such a good honerable man loved and respected by all who knew him.

On November 27, 1902 Sarah Maude Sirrine died at age 12. I have no details of her illness. She was the third of Sarah's six children to die young. She was never mentioned in Mamie's autobiography, nor in any biographies of Sarah, their mother. She appeared as a nine year old in the Ream family under the name Sarah M. in the 1900 census and in the Idaho obituary index for 1902 without a cause of death noted. She was mentioned in only five of the letters in our collection. The first was by her grandmother, Esther Ann Crismon, who wrote, "*...sorrow* (sorry) *to hear that Sarah and little Maud was sick..."* when Maude was seven months old. The next was a similar comment made by Mamie's cousin Lucy Ann Oakey, *"...sorry...that little Maud is no better..."* when Maud was 2½. The third mention was by Mamie to her siblings on a visit to Salt Lake: *"Be good children and take care of Maud."*

The other two I have already mentioned above. From the look of Maude in the two photographs in our possession and the very infrequent mention of her in letters or histories I suspect that she may not have developed normally.

Mamie around age 17

On October 11, 1902 Wesley wrote the first of his many, many letters to Mamie. I am assuming that this was a turning point in their relationship, though it may actually only mark the beginning of a physical separation—who knows what happened between them the preceding summer? This appears to be when Mamie began saving all of her letters, not only from Wesley, but from anyone. Wesley was again in Logan, this time to attend the Utah Agricultural College (A.C.). This would be only letter Mamie received from Wesley (or at least saved) that school year. In fact, I know of no other letter between them until four years later on November 3, 1906. That was probably the date their courtship began in earnest. They would not marry until 12 years later, after his college graduation.

He had been in Logan for four weeks, boarding with his Uncle Hyrum and was *so lonsom.* The two girls boarding with him were thinking of moving to another boarding place, which would leave him alone except for Hyrum's kids, who were little girls aged one and three. Wesley had been pleased to read in the *Bare Lak Post* that Mamie had been at the reception for the Fielding Academy. He told of a reception at the A.C. and a football game with Fort Douglas. Mamie and Wesley were 16 years old. Wesley's handwriting is juvenile and his spelling is poor, very different from his later letters. It appears that he is starting low on the long and steep educational hill he will climb. The only evidence that I have that Wesley may have returned to Logan after Christmas break is a school registration card with Wesley's name and the date 1903. It could be for the winter term or for the next fall. The fact that I have no further letters from him suggests he may have not been gone long.

On June 22, 1903, Kenneth Ream, Will and Nora's last baby was born.

Milton, Kenneth, Rodney 1903

The first telephone line was brought into Dingle in September of 1903. Wesley said that his father *had been instrumental in getting it in* and that for *some time* there were only two lines. I believe one of these was in the Post Office.

In that year Will and Nora began building their dream home, the so-called Dingle mansion which overlooked their farm. Wesley's niece, Joan Bunderson, wrote: *It took them two years to complete the house with only the family doing the work. The stone for the house was brought by Will from a quarry which he opened at Pine Springs in the Dingle hills.* They named the house Arcadia. He wrote that he transported the stone during, three winters with teams of horses and wagons using sled runners instead of wheels over the snow and down the iced-over Bear River and canals.

Having repeatedly heard of the hard times in Dingle, I wondered how Will and Nora managed to complete such a project as that mansion. Big dreams and a gang of strong young sons must have been the most important ingredients, but Wesley's story of shearing sheep may give a clue to where the money came from. He said that Will ran several thousand head of sheep.

The turn of the 20th century marked the peak of the sheep industry in the mountain west. A national tariff on wool in 1897 supported this growth as did the vast amount of land in Utah and Southeastern Idaho which could support sheep, even when unsuitable for other range animals. Between 1890 and 1900, domestic sheep in the Rocky Mountain States nearly doubled from 9.5 million head to 18 million, doubling their share of the total national wool output from 23 to 45 percent. It appears that Will took advantage of this boom until it ran out around 1910, when he changed to primarily raising cattle.[12]

I did a little figuring. Let's assume that Wesley's "several thousand" meant that Will had 4,000 sheep. The average sheep in the U.S. yields 7.3 lbs. of wool per year. In 1900 the average price paid for medium grade wool was 32.3 cents per pound, so Will could have grossed $9,432 each year for wool, a very impressive sum in those days. We know that his shearers averaged 50 sheep sheared per day. If he was paying them $1 per day, his total cost for shearers would be only $80. Of course, there would have been other overhead expenses, but during those boom years it seems likely that Will could have been doing pretty well financially, probably well enough to finance his dream house. I know that many turn of the century sheep men in Sanpete County, Utah, where I live, built mansions themselves during that time. But back to the story...

In September of 1903 before Wesley returned to school in Logan, Will took him to the world's fair in St. Louis after they and six other men had delivered about 16 carloads of lambs to the stockyards in Omaha. He rode a 200 foot Ferris wheel, saved a girl from a runaway buggy, and spent the entire $25 he earned those two weeks.

By October 2, Nora had written the following to 17 year old Wesley back in school in Logan. Work had started on the mansion in Dingle. *I got your letter about changing rooms, but...Papa does not think he can spare the boys to go this year at all. I wish they could go for it would not cost much more now that the house* in Logan *is rented.* They had been living for free in Nora's sister Mary's house. *Fabian especially feels bad...Papa can get along without hired help if the boys do not go to school...and he cannot afford to hire...they have about two courses of rock around the building above the water table. They have the door frames set. I am anxious to see it all up...finish your education before you begin to think of the girls...if Ida is running around Papa will bring her back when he comes...*

The next week he received a letter from a Dingle girl, but it was not from Mamie. It was from Myrtle Rosenbaum, who had just moved to La Grande, Oregon, a town on the Oregon Short Line Railroad, which ran through Montpelier. There must have been a significant Mormon population there, since the area is mentioned several times in the Oakey/Sirrine/Ream letter collection through the decades. Myrtle only wrote to Wesley

[12] L.G. Connor, *A Brief History of the Sheep Industry in the United States, Agricultural History Society Papers, Vo. 1 (1921), pp. 89, 91, 93-165, 167-197.*

once more just a month later. Evidently any relationship they may have had did not survive the separation.

Nora wrote to Wesley again on October 29. *I suppose Uncle Jim has told you all the news, how they have laid the house by till next year...Papa and the boys have been daubing and re-shingling this house (putting dirt on top.)...Papa will go east with the cattle in about a week...Tell Emma that "Mark Hanna" proved to be a veritable "snake in the grass," just as she and I thought he would.*

This letter suggests several interesting facts. First, "Uncle Jim" is Will's younger brother from Iowa. Evidently he was with Wesley in Logan or had written to him. Jim had been in Dingle, possibly to help on the new house. However the Reams had for some reason stopped construction to concentrate on winterizing the old cabin across the road.

"Emma" was Emma Mathisen, a 22 year old from Ovid, near Dingle. I think she must have been a student of Nora's who had gone to Logan for college. She seems attractive, but never married.

That same day Nora wrote a letter to Fabian in Logan. It looks like the Reams found a way to do without him after all and he got to join Wesley as he had hoped. Perhaps Jim's visit had made that possible.

In his autobiography Wesley wrote of this period:

That year Fabian, my sister Ida and I went to Logan. Grandmother Ream went to cook for us. Uncle James Ream, Will's little brother from Iowa, *went to work as a painter. Emma and Feea* (Sophia) *Mathison also went. We got three rooms with a family by the name of Petersen. It was about six or eight blocks south of the A.C. Fabian, Ida and I slept in one room. Grandmother and Uncle James had one room and Mathison's did their own cooking in the other one. Fabian and Ida went to the Woodruff to school. After five or six months Grandmother and James left and took Ida home. Fabian and I then cooked for ourselves. Things went along fine.*

Emma Mathisen was a young woman who had worked for Nora, according to Wesley. I don't know whether she worked in the home or elsewhere. Will had picked her up along with two of her sisters in Ovid and driven them all down Logan Canyon and put the girls in the dormitory.

I suspect that the boys came home for Christmas, for there were no letters in December, but on January 24, 1904 Nora wrote to the boys again. After bringing them up to date on the farm and admonishing them to do well in school and with their money she wrote *Grandma and Jim are here yet. Zelma stayed nearly two weeks, then we took her home and stayed three days...Papa expects to commence hauling rock in the morning. Alma Mathison* (Emma's older brother in Bear Lake County) *told Papa yesterday that Emma had gone to SLC. I am disappointed in her, for I thought she had sense enough to let nothing stand in the way of her going to school.*

Nancy Murphin Ream

This is the only time that I know of when Will's mother, Nancy Murphin Ream, had visited him out west. She was 64 years old and had evidently come along with Jim in October. It is hard to imagine the two of them that winter, crammed into the old Ream cabin with the ten children. Maybe Will had decided to quit construction on the "mansion" to make the cabin more livable for her. Or maybe they had Jim and Grandma stay with Nora's brother Will Crockett down the road in Dingle.[13]

They resumed the rock hauling because they could only do that in winter over the ice. I assume they just stacked it until better weather.

Zella was Ella Mathison's older sister. Nora's comments about Emma illuminate her feelings about education and her interest in her own students. According to Wesley's *History of Dingle*, both Nora and Will did some teaching in Dingle in the early days.

Wesley and Fabian responded immediately to Nora's letter, asking what Uncle Jim was doing now and how long Grandma planned to stay. They has been spending some time with Nora's brother, "Uncle Hy" (Hyrum).

There were no further letters between Dingle and Logan that winter. I assume the boys were back in Dingle working as soon as school was out.

Sampson Mitchel Ream

The next year on January 25, 1905, Sampson Mitchel Ream, Wesley's 71 year old grandfather, died at his home in Benton Township, Iowa, five weeks after an operation for gallstones. The *Chariton Leader* wrote that *he was one of the oldest and most highly respected residents of (Lucas) County.*

In June, 1905, Mamie wrote from Salt Lake. She and Warren had come to the city with their Dingle cousins Maida and James, driven as usual by Uncle Fred in his covered wagon, to visit the Salt Lake Oakey cousins. She wrote this breathless letter to her mother on June 3rd. *I am down to Aunt Lucy's, came down this morning. The boys have gone with Fred and Oakey* (age 14)*. Went to the theater...Lagoon...and the lake. Vinnie,* 27, with two kids *and Aunt Mary went up town with us to get my shoes. Iolantha,* 18, *and Mable,* 14, Aunt Mary Oakey's two girls, *wanted to come with us to Ogden but Uncle Fred did not want to bring them...so they came on the train the next morning. Uncle Tom wants to go back with us and so does Edna,* 19, *and Ivy,* 17, Tom's granddaughters, *but Will,* their brother, *cannot. June and Gilbert,* Vinnie's boy, age 5, *are large boys now and Gilbert is just crazy for the horse and buggie.*

[13] A Des Moines city directory listed her residing widowed in that city in 1907. Her youngest child, Elda was boarding with her and working as a seamstress. She died in Chariton, not Benton Township according to Find a Grave Index, on October 7, 1909. Only her youngest son Durward was living in Benton Township by then with his wife Daisy Belle and a 16 month old son. John Paul and Mitchel Centennial Ream were living in Chariton with their families—Nancy likely died at one of their homes. By then her children Jim, Elda, and Maude had moved to Idaho.

Then five days later tragedy struck, literally. While they were away Maida and James' 19 year old brother Roy was killed by lightening. In her autobiography Mamie wrote:

Uncle Fred's wagon

Uncle Fred took us to Salt Air on the train. We spent hours there. It must have been about 10 when we got to Uncle Tom's. We were tired and went to bed. They did not tell us the sad news that Roy, Maida's brother had been killed by lightning and that Uncle Fred was to start for home as soon as we came from Salt Air. Uncle Jim, in Ogden had received the news and he said for Uncle Fred to drive as fast as he could and not to spare horse flesh and there would be fresh horses stationed along the way to get us home for the funeral. But Uncle Tom waited until we got up in the morning to tell us. We didn't get up early. We drove to Ogden and found Uncle Jim frantic and he took James and Maida and put them on the train. We went on in our wagon, driving as fast as we could. When Uncle Fred was tired, Warren would drive. When they got the word that the two were on the train, they must have called the men with the fresh teams back and we went on as fast as we could, hoping to get to them in time. When we got to the first telephone we called Bird's. Henry Barren answered and said they had gone to the funeral. He never told the folks we had phoned. On we went and met the sheepherders along Mud Lake. We talked to them a few minutes and then on with our tired horses. Mother was so glad to see us. They took us up to the grave. The flowers were not yet wilted. We were all very sad.

That summer, 18 year old Wesley was teaching the theological class in Sunday school. *It was the highest class in Sunday school at that time. Most of those attending were sixteen to twenty years old. I taught this class for six or eight years except when I was away to school. We went through the Bible and Book of Mormon twice in addition to other subjects.*

The Ream family moved into the new house in 1905. There were 13 rooms and three attics with gaslights in all the main rooms, steam radiators to keep warm, a library filled with Will and Nora's books, a study parlor where Will had his big roll top desk, a butler's pantry, seven bedrooms and space for all of the family to sleep. They planted shade trees and lilacs, grass and flowers. It became the home of their dreams.[14]

Ream mansion about 1905

Around 1987 some of Will and Nora's grandchildren were cleaning out the decaying mansion in Dingle in preparation for a Ream family reunion. In the process, a large

[14] Bunderson, Joan, *Memories* for William Dewine Ream, FamilySearch.org

number of letters were recovered which had been saved by Will and Nora, some of which dated back to their courtship. I have already used some of these as sources in this story. A selection of them were printed up and distributed at the Ream Reunion in Dingle which took place August 11-13, 1989 in a booklet entitled *Dear Friend Nora.*

Among these was a letter to Nora Ream dated August 20 from Preston, Idaho. The year was not noted, but from the context of the letter it was likely 1905 or 1906. The letter was written by Nora's oldest sister, Mary Sophia Crockett Smith, who had taught the older children in 1899 in Will's home.

Mary, who had suffered from rheumatoid arthritis, had become addicted to laudanum. At the time of the letter she had completed her withdrawal from the opioid on the advice of her physician, but was completely bed ridden from her arthritis with no money and no place to go, asking what it would cost to be given a room in their new house. Will and Nora took her into their home where she lived until her death. A room on the east of the second floor of the Dingle home is still known as Aunt Mary's room. Her divorced daughter Mamie Smith Larson and Mamie's baby Theone moved to Dingle at the same time, though they evidently lodged elsewhere. Mamie Larson became principal of the Dingle school and as you will see, played a role in the next chapter of this story.

Chapter Three -- Courtship and Competition

... (I speak of) Mary, a girl with whom I had kept company for about four years before going on my mission in 1908. A girl whom I learned to love for her noble spirit and her desire to help me while attending school, for she had been the means of keeping me from going out nights with a crowd of boys who were drinking, playing cards and up to many other things which kept them from study. As we were staying in the same home she often induced me to stay at home with her and study instead of going out with the boys. I had always looked upon her as a very good chum and seemed to regard her as being above me, altho she seemed to look upon me as her equal.

This description of Mary (Mamie) Sirrine was not written by Wesley. It was written by Oliver Humpherys, the very boy who had thwarted Wesley's project to earn the job of Sunday school secretary at age 10. It was written on February 27, 1922, seventeen years after the first events of this chapter, five years after the marriage of Mamie Sirrine and Wesley Ream, and four years after Oliver himself was married. According to this account, he became interested in Mamie in the boarding house at Fielding Academy when she was 18, four years before he left on his mission to New Zealand in 1908. Like Wesley, he had known Mamie his entire life.

Oliver was born in Dingle on January 12, 1888, just a year after his father had become bishop of the Dingle Dell ward. As a child he was distinguished by the combination of black eyes and white hair, literally the "fair-haired boy" and eldest son of Bishop Humpherys' second wife Hannah Martin Clifton. The bishop, originally a farmer, had run the cheese co-op in Paris before moving to Dingle. He continued to make cheese in Dingle, collecting and processing milk from the local families. He was also the road supervisor.

Maida Oakey and Oliver Humpherys 1904

Oliver's romantic interest in Mamie began late in 1904, a time when Wesley was taking a break from school in Logan to work on the construction of his father's new house, the so-called Dingle Mansion. I assume that Mamie was in school in Dingle during that time; she had not yet enrolled at the Fielding Academy in Paris. Oliver wrote that he attended Fielding for a year in a program for eighth graders, which would have been about then. Later, he and Mamie both attended high school/college level classes there, probably at the same time.

In his autobiography and in his missionary journal,[15] Oliver wrote that he and his good friend Lester Nowland had *much admired* two girls who were cousins. These were Maida Oakey and Mary (Mamie) Ream. *We four were together at all dances and parties for about three years* when he was between the ages of 17-20. This would have been the years 1905 to 1908. Wesley was around Dingle all of 1905 until returning to school in Logan that fall with Mitchel and Lee, so if Mamie was at *all* the dances and parties with Oliver, Wesley seemed not to be in the picture at that time.

Wesley wrote:

The fall of 1905 Mother went with Mitchel, Lee and myself to Logan. We rented a house from a Mrs. Limblad, a widow in Seventh Ward. We all three started to school at the A.C. We picked fruit, mostly blue plums, from Grandfather's trees. Mother used two-hundred pounds of sugar in putting it up for us. Then she went home and left the three of us to ourselves.

1906

By his account, Wesley did very well in math, though not so well in English. The teachers had a bit of difficulty telling the three Ream brothers apart. By this time he had achieved his full growth, over six sturdy feet tall, noting that he now garnered significantly more respect than in his prior years in Logan. He was now taller and stronger than his former classmates at the Woodruff school. He had to leave a month early in the spring to work on the farm, but his grades were high enough to allow him to pass without a final exam. After four full months of farm work, he returned to school in the fall of 1906. I have no direct evidence of any contact with Mamie unless he got time off on Sundays to attend church. However, indirect evidence of some summer contact is the fact that Mamie and Wesley began an exchange of letters that fall that continued unabated for eight more years. I will have to be selective in reporting these for their sheer volume. This I regret, for most all of them make interesting reading. Since it will be hard to limit them, I will err on the side of reporting too much. If that proves tiresome to you the reader, feel free to speed read. But first, I'll share parts of his summary of that school year from his autobiography, which says little of this copious correspondence, but provides a useful backdrop.

Now, the letters. The first was a humble, hilarious work dated November 3, 1906. Here is an abridged version:

*Dear friend Mammie (*sic)*...when I got in the college I felt like I was home, but the first time I went into my classes I felt different. Mathematics was like dropping me down in the middle of Africa. I could no more understand them than you could understand Dutch.* He then gives incomprehensible algebraic equations. Then*...in English they (use) such long words, that some of them seemed longer than I am, in fact they talked so smooth and so fast it sounded like the stream of water...out of a rubber hose looks. I found that I had forgotten everything that I ever did know.* Then he tells of encountering a dying cow through the train window,

[15] https://www.familysearch.org/tree/person/memories/KWC6-7K7.

who had been struck by the train. Since *Mamma* left he had been *batching* with Mitchel and Lee.

On November 29th Wesley wrote Mamie again, describing chemistry and physics demonstrations. The Military drill instructor left for the Philippines after a reception at which the college president had spoken. *They have been scaring us up the AC with examinations for the last two weeks...I'm glad you can not drop in on us—not because I would not like to see you because I would, but because we are not very good housekeepers.*

That fall Mamie and Maida started school at the Fielding Academy in Paris. Although old enough to go with them, Warren had to stay in Dingle to help with chores. On December 4th Mamie wrote to Wesley from Dingle that Tuckers were staying with them. They were the school teacher and his wife, soon to leave because they didn't like Dingle. Mamie and Maida had *started school at the Fielding Academy in Paris last week, but the smart people of the town objected, so we stopped. They say it is against the law to teach anything higher than the eighth grade. Mr. Tucker is writing Boise to see if that is correct.* I think the problem was that they were not qualified for the higher level classes, but were too advanced for the special program for eighth graders that Oliver had entered. Through some sort of mix-up, the two girls were rejected and had to wait until the next year.

Wesley answered with another funny letter about P.E. and a bad infection on his leg the teacher told him must have come from his black underwear. He told Mamie to shut her eyes when she comes to his misspelled words—his own eyes were almost shut now.

1907

He wrote again January 8, 1907 of his train trip with snow delays. He must have been returning after Christmas break. There was no one to pick them up so they had to walk home in deep snow, arriving at midnight.

Then on January 17, Mamie received a letter from Rock Springs, Wyoming. It was signed, "Pall." This was a pet name that Oliver Humpherys sometimes used in his correspondence with her. He was among many Italians in a boarding house, having seen only two English girls since leaving Montpelier a week ago. *Tell Maida hello. I still have that lock of hair wrapped up in that piece of paper that you gave me that Sunday.*

The competition was on, and she had given Oliver a lock of hair.

Of February 7th Wesley wrote again, sending a dried flower in the envelope. And he knew about Oliver—she had obviously mentioned him in her letter. The Logan mail only came on Mondays, and last Monday Wesley was still in line at closing. The postmaster closed the window on Wesley and several people behind him and he would have to wait another week to get Mamie's letter. *I'd like to wring his neck.* Wesley had exams last week, got mediocre marks.

I am now studying the human body under a compound microscope which magnifies from 100 to 1200 times. Today we took some cells out of our own mouths and subjected them to the microscope. They look something like an oyster when he is out of his shell, only worse.

How does Oliver H feel after his "trip around the world?" Has he got the bighead? Say, by the way; did he have his picture taken while at (Camera) Kemmerer? If this joke is dry don't listen but send me one just like it. Do you think he will be satisfied to stay in Dingle now?

I'm glad to hear Miss Tucker the Dingle schoolteacher *thinks me alright because there are very few who think about me at all.*

My history teacher ripped me up one side and down the other for having misspelled six words in twenty pages the other day. My themes are marked very low for this one fault. I am colecting (sic) *all the words I get wrong and am going to learn how to spell them. You will do me a favor if you send back all I send to you.*

Two weeks later Wesley wrote wishing he could take her to the Military Ball, though he can't dance. He's tired of batching, cooking, studying, writing.

Mamie replied on February 28th. *The schoolhouse is not finished yet. They are painting inside. Mr. Tucker says he don't think there is any need of moving in now. He has stayed there (in the old barn) during the cold weather. The folks have gone to town and let me to get supper for old Dan Tucker. I would rather take most any kind of a dose than do that. Since his sister went he has not been nearly so cranky. Miss Collings from Paris is teaching now. They all like her fine. Uncle Fred and Mrs. Jane Sparks have been to Soda Springs to attend a Josephite Conference. Hyrum Grimmett came back with them....You poor thing, being so tired of "batching it" and everything...*

On March 17th Wesley wrote: *The Salt Lake people are trying to down the A.C., and I guess they are having somewhat of a success.* He details legislation attempting to merge the two universities. This having failed, the AC budget was cut from $125,000 to $75,000, leading to a doubling of tuition from $5 per year to $10 for instate students and $50 for others, and a reduction of courses to chiefly agriculture. *There is talk of converting some campus buildings to an insane asylum. If they charge us $50...that will stop us coming here, but they* the many Idaho students going to the A.C. *would never go to the U. of U.* This is a premonition of his later decision to transfer to University of Idaho. The legislature made a visit to Logan on March 2nd, a party of 450, who were saluted with cannons and escorted through the buildings, served a banquet, and then they ended up ruling against the A.C. anyway. Wesley was captain of one of the guns and fired nine of the seventeen shots, *a fine shooting that day, but in vain. What's doing in Dingle now? I suppose C. E. Davis is back alright and all the girls are trying to capture him, you included.*[16]

[16] C.E. Davis was Charles Ether Davis, four years older than Wesley and Mamie and known as Ether. Mamie's mother Sarah had saved a letter from him in the Swiss German mission. He was answering a letter she had sent representing the Primary in Dingle. He had experienced no baptisms by July, 1905. He was in Lucerne, but

Mamie responded without taking the bait on C. E. Davis. *Sorry to hear about your school. Your father says the Salt Lake people had downed the AC. I did not think they would succeed, but it is always the unexpected that happens.* Her parents and Hyrum had gone to SLC (likely for conference), so she's lonely, though Maida is around and so are 25 little chicks. Wesley's father is considering going to S.L. soon to see Lillian Russell play in *The Butterfly.*

On April 20 Wesley told Mamie that he was preparing a "big" argument (speech) for his English class for Saturday, 15 written pages memorized. It was to be a debate. His opponent had help, but Wesley did not. He talked of all his classes. *By the time you will have received this you will have seen the boys* probably his brothers had been there *and heard the story of our life while bachelors. The day they left I moved into a boarding house for $3.25 per week.* He described his fine room. He related a race in which he took second place, so exhausted he needed to be carried off the track. He asked about the newlyweds (Ether Davis) and *...you old maid, you, don't you know you're out of style. Why don't you catch somebody?*

On May 14th, Wesley wrote again: *I'm getting fat and saucy, weight 175-180 and lazy as a pig. Too lazy to practice up for the intercollegiate track meet so they left me out. We met with Provo and got beaten 71 to 43.* With a friend named John Anderson, Wesley went up in the hills with a gun to climb straight up 2, 000 feet cliffs. Halfway up, he rolled a huge rock down, which first rolled over his toe, crushing it. He didn't dare take off his shoe for fear it would not go back on until he got down. It was simply one big blood blister. They slid down the snowpack with their guns over their shoulders. Last week his teacher was called away for two days and left Wesley to teach his math class.

Then the letters stop. School was evidently over and Wesley was back in Dingle. By the end of the 1906-1907 school year the A.C. had undergone changes in administration, including firing the president and closing the school of engineering, which according to Wesley drove almost all of the engineering students to other schools. Wesley decided to transfer to the University of Idaho in Moscow. He would spend the next four years there.

That fall Wesley and his brother Fabian took the train 800 miles to Moscow. It took them two days. His first letter was to his mother. Fabian wrote to Nora, too.

Wesley wants me to say that he did not cut your letter short because he thought more of Mamie than he does of you but because he had to get it posted. I have an opinion of my own...He wants to write to Mamie so bad, so bad, so bad.

The next day Wesley wrote this to Mamie.

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expecting a transfer to Germany, where they had been having more success despite persecution from the German police. Wesley was wrong about him. By April 10th, just a month later, Ether had married Josephine Maier, a 20 year old German convert, in the Salt Lake temple. She had been baptized November 11, 1905, I suspect by Ether himself, and immigrated in 1906 before his return.

Mamie's actual camera

(We're) in a little room on the third floor. We got here at half past eleven Friday night. He had a headache the whole way. He had to ride in a smoker after Colfax, Washington, and could scarcely see by the time they reached Moscow. He bought 10 cents worth of peanuts (about a half bushel), and then spent a day finding a place they could afford. *This is a peach of a town...similar to ancient Rome in this way...built on seven hills.* He described much of the town. *I wish you had been along with your Kodak...the last night I was there I never said goodbye to you, only good night...*after that he gave a long explanation that I could not follow.[17]

On September 21st Mamie started school at Fielding Academy along with Warren and Maida, renting rooms in Paris.

A week later Fabian and Wesley wrote again to Nora:

Fabian: *Wesley has got a girl up here that is seventeen times as big as Mamie S. He started to hug her last Saturday but when dark came he was not half way around.*

Wesley: *Tell Ida* his sister *to imagine me and a girl, who is about four inches taller than Mamie and twice as wide and twice as thick through, taking up carpets and shaking them. Fat girls have some kind of attraction for me.*

The same day he produced a very long letter to Mamie, 16 pages. He was fully into school and activities, and had plenty of advice for her.

*...Not enough credits to register as a freshman...had to take preparatory physics, take German and leave out math to register next semester as a freshman. The headache left me well and sound a week last Thursday...*In a get-to-know you game Wesley did not take the prize, but collected 135 names of 250 involved students and sent them to Mamie on YMCA cards. He said he may take a bible study class, found an old A.C. classmate, who planned to work in the mines over Christmas—Wesley might go with him to earn $25-50. He and Fabian had gotten a janitor job at $10 per month and were splitting wood and pulling weeds. They attended Methodist church and Sunday school. *I'll send some small flowers from the University garden. I don't like this as well as the ACU—teachers are as good, but the grounds and buildings are not as nice. I'm glad you miss me—I miss you too. Do not stop dancing because of what I said to you. It is none of my business...though I think you can study better if you do not.*

[17] Mamie's Kodak box camera has been a great boon to me, providing hundreds of photographs documenting her life and family during from this time to about 1950. She developed her own photos.

While Wesley was joking about fat girls, I'm pretty sure he dated others when he got the chance, and seemed fairly open about it with both his family and with Mamie. I don't think either of them felt they were any obligation to each other at that time. My impression is that he never had a serious relationship, though, with anyone else but Mamie. But for her, things were certainly different. There is no doubt that Oliver Humpherys was a serious contender for her affection, and much of the time held the upper hand. At this point Oliver was probably attending classes with Mamie and seeing her regularly. Although Oliver was occasionally mentioned in letters between Mamie and Wesley throughout the years of their courtship, such a discussion was more likely to be initiated by Wesley.

Mamie Sirrine 1907

But Wesley and Oliver were not the only young men interested in Mamie. One of them wrote to her on October 7, 1907 from Taber, Alberta, Canada. In that decade many Mormons had migrated to Alberta from Utah and Idaho. His name was William Alvin Bennett. He had not gotten an answer to his letter last fall, so he apologized for writing again. This seems to have been a common point of letter correspondence etiquette in those days. People inferred much by the degree of promptness of reply or a reply at all. Writing again before a reply arrived seemed to be deemed rude or pushy. There were many complaints and apologies in letters when replies had been later than expected. Alvin was working for the Canada West Coal and Coke Company tending 23 horses for $65 a month. He sends greetings to *Amadia* (Maida) and photos.

Alvin Bennett

Alvin had been one of the eight Dingle babies born the same week as Mamie and Wesley in 1886. His family moved away to Canada when he and Mamie were just 13, so he could not have been a serious suitor by the time of the letter. He was described in FamilySearch as...*very shy and scared to death of girls...He was about six feet tall and weighed a little under 175 pounds. He was strong physically, and very active. He was always clean shaven, and he appeared clean-looking.* They were now 21 years old and he may have been just checking out prospects. It was not long before he found another one. He traveled to Salt Lake the following spring to marry Mary Walker, whose father had moved the family to Alberta in 1902 after he had escaped the terrible mine disaster that killed 250 people at Schofield, Utah. Alvin and Mary lived the rest of their lives in Canada.

On October 13th Wesley wrote ...*I had liked to have been with you (climbing the mountain), as I have never been up there. The leaf and flowers you sent me were nice...I am afraid you can't make me think you picked a bluebell, which is only a spring flower, in the fall...*

That fall, Mamie's father, George Sirrine became an invalid and never was able to get out of his bed again. I have never been able to learn the exact nature of his illness, nor the exact date of its onset until discovering the following letter from Wesley, obviously in reply to a letter he had received from Dingle which no longer exists.

October 27: *I feel real sorrow for you and your folks: for you must feel awfully bad about your father's sickness. I have not had any experience in consoling anyone, so you must think of what I mean and not exactly what I say...I can't express my real feelings in words. Does it seem to be a paralytic stroke or just a slow process of paralysis? We mortals are as helpless as the sands on the seashore: we are washed by the will of nature and all we can do is to hope and pray...*

Wesley had been pitching hay to a bailer all day for $2.50 and dinner, and gave a long account of being hazed at a party for being a freshman (actually a "prep" since he had not all the prerequisite credits). Then, he backed off his accusation in the previous letter: *I never saw bluebells in the fall, but I was only joking when I said I did not believe you.* He answered an apparent question about having Mamie's girls' basketball team come to play, giving the pros and cons, and then offered to get her more information.

I got more information on George's stroke from a moving letter from Sarah to his sister Ella in Mesa two weeks later. Her account suggests that the paralysis came on gradually, possibly over years, though it had clearly worsened suddenly. This makes me wonder whether it may have been a brain tumor or possibly multiple sclerosis:

George has been so bad lately, I couldn't find time to write. He is worse than he has ever been. No use of his right side, no pain when still, but it hurts to move his arm and leg. Has pain in back of head sometimes. He does not sleep much, restless, gets up at 3 o'clock and sits in the chair all day. It would make your heart ache to see him. He does not talk much, but he can talk. Forgets nearly everything. He used to get so angry we could hardly take care of him, but now he is so helpless, we can manage him better, not nearly so cross. I have to dress him like a babe. He does not want anyone to do anything for him but me, so it is quite hard on me and I don't feel very well lately. Brother Joel came down to see him two weeks ago. It made him sad to see George and he only stayed two days. Warren hasn't sent any money. I wish Warren would send George what he owes him for his land. George says he won't ask him for it anymore, but I think if Warren could see how pitiful and helpless he is he would feel differently. We've had doctors and medicine--it takes lots of money. He has not been able to work all these years. He has not been helpless all the time, but has to be taken care of. Fred is with me. I could not take care of George without him. Hyrum helps me, too. George says "give love to her". Good bye. Sarah.

Unfortunately, since Mamie and Warren were in Paris at school, Sarah probably had little help in caring for George's needs—or doing the chores. Emeline was only ten. She wrote to Mesa again ten days later asking that George's brother Warren send the money from the buy-out of George's Mesa holdings.

On November 9th Wesley wrote more about school. He and Fabian had a job cleaning the music rooms, which had eight pianos going at a time plus the music club practicing. A speaker lectured about Parliament. They gathered wood with the freshman class for the pep rally against Washington State football. The pile was 20 feet high and thirty across in cone shape. There were hundreds of people and the fire rose over 100 feet. The football Idaho players were outweighed by 12 pounds a man, but Idaho won in Pullman, Washington, by one point. This was a big rivalry and the towns were separated by only about 12 miles. Wesley used four pages to describe the game play by play. The next morning everyone wanted to read the story in the papers and Wesley sold 23 copies, double his usual.

Obviously, each of Wesley's letters was a response to one from Mamie. It is a shame that we can only infer from his replies what she was writing. And we know but little of her involvement with Oliver at this time. One clue was found among Mamie's collected letters. It is a contract dated November 25, 1907, signed by Oliver that he will provide *one of the finest dinners ever spread before man in case Marry Sirrine is not married by June 15, 1911.* Witnessed by Maida and Mamie. Evidently he was sensing the competition with Wesley.

That week Mamie received another letter from Wesley *...getting along fairly well in school.* Then he quoted a comic poem *"If There Isn't a Hell, There Ought to Be." ...There are over 70 in our club now...Fabian is out having a good time...hoping that your father is better...*

And a week later *...our debating team met and defeated the WSC team here...question was "should the United states exclude Japanese from the schools?" Our team had the negative...last Sunday I joined the Baptist Young People's Union and today I attended Sunday school in the Christian church. I have about six denominations more to visit before I have made the round. We had a lonesome time of it during the Thanksgiving recess, but we feel all right now.*

Wesley and Fabian did not go home for Christmas, although most of the other students did. The Reams could not afford it. On December 23rd, Wesley wrote*...I hope your father is better now, although something tells me that he is not. I suppose that you have a great deal of work and sitting up to do and don't get time to write...went to the depot to see a crowd of happy faced boys and girls off for home...I felt as though I were lost...Sunday we went to...a testimony meeting of the Baptist young people...only a few who spoke but it was carried on a great deal different than our meetings are.*

1908

On January 21, 1908 Mamie's father George Sirrine died.

Three days later, Wesley wrote to Mamie. He had not yet heard of her father's death. *I have had such a cold...We have a moving picture show in town. They change twice a week...it is too near exams to waste any time. I think I will pass in everything but German. Hoping...that your father is better.* January 26: *I found out that I was one out of eight in a class of 50 that passed on honor. Still worried about German but will go down kicking.*

Many letters of condolence arrived in the following days from the Salt Lake and Mesa relatives and Joel Sirrine's family in Heyburn, Idaho. Most could not come for the funeral.

Wesley's condolence letter was written on January 31. He began by suggesting that she *"look at the sunny side of death as well as on the sunny side of life."* If people are happy in heaven, we should be happy for them when they die. Then he realized he may have gone too far and apologized. He was experiencing weather so cold that his water line had frozen and he couldn't make breakfast. So he went to the *club* and they had the same problem. It was -20 degrees. He had just finished exam week.

Mamie received a letter in Dingle written February 5, 1908 from Oakley, Idaho from Henry W. Tucker. It is a fairly formal letter of condolence with religious references in which he described George's life as honorable and honest. He mentioned his *short stay* with her family and expected (correctly) that Mamie would be going to Fielding (Academy in Paris, ID) this year. Mamie mentioned Mr. Tucker a year earlier in her letter to Wesley, saying that Mr. Tucker was going to look into the problem that had caused her to drop out. He was now teaching multiple courses at the Cassia Stake Academy with over 100 students.[18]

This is from Wesley on February 22: *We were moving house...have a nicer room...than we had before...about twice as large for $3.50 per month...we payed $5 for the other. One boy hired me to coach him up on physics...With him and my own lessons I have had my hands pretty full...I have been intending to practice for the track team but I am in school until too late to get out every night.*

His autobiography explains the move at length, describing his six co-roomers and irascible hosts. If you are really interested in the details of Wesley's college career, you should read these two accounts side-by-side. His lacks the letters and mine lacks his amusing editorial comments and much of the narrative.

Wesley received a postcard from his youngest brother Kenneth on March 5th announcing that Kenneth, who was not yet five, was in the second reader and ahead of Milton and Rodney, who were six and seven years old.

On March 20th Wesley wrote of a violent contest between freshmen and sophomores for the Ides of March that drew a reprimand from the president.

On April 15, 1908 Wesley's aunt who had taught him and Mamie in home school, Nora's oldest sister Mary Sophia Crockett Smith, died in Dingle at age 54 in the Ream "mansion." She was divorced and had three children. Her two sons were married and living in Logan and Salt Lake. Her daughter "Mamie" Mary Elizabeth Smith may have been with her. Mamie Larsen was in Dingle by the time of the 1910 census listed as a school principal,

[18] Between 1875 and 1910 the LDS church founded 33 academies for secondary education in seven states, Canada, and Mexico in response to Protestant schools that came with the railroad and attracted many LDS youth. The one in Paris, Idaho ended in 1928 when it burned down. Surviving schools evolved into BYU, Weber State University, Snow College, Ricks College, Dixie College, LDS Business School, Eastern Arizona Junior College, Academia Juarez, and College of Eastern Utah.

divorced with a five year old boy. She later lived in Long Beach, and died there in 1921 at age 47.

Nora's sister Lydia in Thatcher, Arizona wrote: *I am glad you wrote me about Mary. Poor dear. I shall miss her so much. It does not seem real that I have no sister Mary living, but I know she suffered so it must have been a happy release for her. Did she realize that she was going? Did she die easy at the last? It seems so hard to think after all the years she suffered so that she had to suffer so much after having the stroke.*

On May 30th school in Moscow was nearly over for Wesley. *Last two weeks laid up with throat so sore I could scarcely swallow and such a pain in my right lung that it was painful to breathe...laid up too much to enter the Montana track meet. If I had entered that I would have me enough points to secure a college emblem also I could have gone to Seattle with the team... (At) another meet I took 20¼ points. My high jump was 5'5". I'll be home next Sunday...*

Wesley and Mamie got together again in June following a nine-month separation, but it was not to last. I know she was in Dingle at least until June 27th because Warren, who had gone to Salt Lake to help Uncle Jim Oakey on the house wrote her a post card addressed to Dingle describing his weekend at Saltair, Lagoon, and the Salt Palace. He wanted to know whether Fred had sold the mare yet.

But in July she went off to summer school in Pocatello, Idaho. On July 26th he wrote: *I suppose you have got fairly started in school...and...(are) getting used to it. Not much to write about in this town. Working the same as usual but our hay has not been going in as fast as usual...I went to Montpelier to take our folks from Logan down...we met Fred driving out with your folks from Salt Lake. They said that they had stopped off to see you. I got home in time for the dance. I did not dance but had a fairly good time watching the others. All the Dingle boys were so full that they could hardly walk and the meetinghouse smelled worse than a saloon. I can't stack hay any more this year, for when I was in Mont. on the 24th I took a pain in my right lung and came nearly passing in my checks. The doctor said it was caused by breathing dust. Say, by the way, why do you want your letters addressed to Mamie instead of Mary. Have you registered that way?*

Sadly for Mamie, she not only missed time with Wesley and with Oliver that summer, she also missed the visit of her Salt Lake cousins. She got the following letter from her mother. Writing before anyone else was up, Ma said:

Rosa and Mamie Lambert *went Monday and Edna has to go next Monday and I guess Lucy will go too. The weather is so warm that the butter runs off the plate. Fred went down to Humpherys and got a little ice. Emeline* (10) *is not well and has to carry all the water because Warren leaves so early for work. I'm sorry you weren't here to hear Edna sing, but there are some things you would not like if you were here, so don't worry about that* (I wonder what she means)*, but try to learn all you can…and don't go downtown to the plays or anything at night for you need all the sleep you can get…I'm so happy you have a testimony of*

the gospel…you will never be ashamed to be called a Mormon. As you get older and understand more you will appreciate your religion more. I'm glad you had courage to fast…Mamie you must pray with all your might… and much more motherly advice.

On August 15th Mamie send a postcard to Maida from Pocatello: *Water fight. When will you leave? Edith says hello.* Maida was planning on going to nursing school in Salt Lake that fall. Edith Lindsay was a close friend of Maida's and Mamie's from Dingle who attended Fielding with them and who appears in many of Mamie's letters. She seemed to make many friends there, some of them boys. Here's a photo of one of them, whose letter made it into her collection when he wrote to her later that year, asking for any *snaps* she had taken of him. He was Philip J. Evans from Rockland, Idaho, who later became an attorney in Preston.

Phillip John Evans

And ten days later from Sarah: *Aunt Lucy went home. Fred has gone to fix the road where the rocks have rolled down with the storm. Maida came over and is getting ready to go to Salt Lake...I hope the teachers are kind to you. It will be so good to have you home again. I wish I could say something to encourage you but all I can do is pray for you and ask Heavenly Father to watch over you and I know he will so have courage and do the best you can.*

Mamie was still gone on August 21st, when Wesley wrote: *You should have seen last week's storm. We were out to the Merkley spring eating our dinner when it came. I told George* (I think his cousin George Crockett) *that we had better "hike" so we started for the Merkley house on the run. It rained in streams, then hailed for twenty minutes so fast you could not see at all, stones as big as a marble, knocked shingles off the roof. We could hardly get home for the mud slides two to four feet high on the road. Last night we had a ditch meeting, a hot one too.* He means an irrigation ditch. This was a water war.

Two days later Sarah informed Mamie that Professor Sardoni of the Paris Academy had had dinner at their house and really wanted Mamie, Maida, and Warren to come back to the Academy—the new teachers were fine. He thought Mamie would excel in elocution with the new teacher. *He is proud of you for taking courses in Pocatello—it will do you good.*

Mamie was still in Pocatello on August 30th, or at least so thought Wesley, when he wrote that he had only about a day's mowing left, and would start on the oats in a day or so. She must have soon been on the way home on the train, because Wesley was on the train to Moscow around September 30th and he wrote:

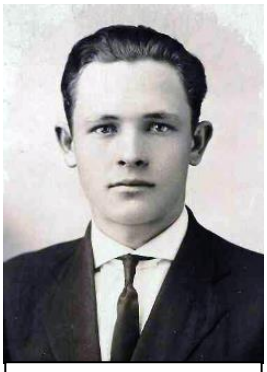
That summer I had been seeing quite a lot of Mary Sirrine. She was the girl that at age of seven I had made up my mind to marry.

That night I had a date with Mary Sirrine to go to a school dance in Paris, across the valley, where she was attending high school in the Fielding Academy. Two of my brothers were also attending school there and staying with a friend of my father, Amasa Rich. I hooked up a

team and drove the seven miles across the valley. I left the team at Mr. Riches and walked several blocks to where Mary was boarding. She said the dance had been called off on account of the rain. I was leaving the next day for Moscow to go to school myself, so I spent the evening with her. About nine o'clock it started to snow and by twelve o'clock there was ten inches of snow on the ground.

When I left to walk the several blocks back to Riches where I was going to stay with my brothers, Mitchel and Lee, the snow was so wet that it stuck to the tree branches and they were breaking and falling on the sidewalk. I had to walk down the middle of the road. When I said goodbye to Mary I kissed her for the first time. I would not see her for more than nine months. The kiss was wonderful and would have to last me for all the winter until June of the next year.

By that time Mamie was already back in school in Paris and Maida was in Salt Lake. On October 4, 1908 when Wesley was still recovering from that first kiss and a catastrophic train ride to Idaho, which required four long days and nights due to snow conditions, Maida wrote the following letter suggesting that Mamie may have had more than just Wesley on the string. Oliver was in Salt Lake for some reason. Mamie seems also to have been involved in some romantic activity with Earnest Sparks, in competition with Oliver's older sister.


William Henry Lindsay

..Such startling news about William Henry. Probably William Henry Lindsay II, who was 17 at the time, born 1893. Edith was his older sister. He went to a mission in South Africa in 1913 and married Phoebe May Humpherys, Oliver's half-sister on June 8, 1921. *I have been ill ever since...I understand "why" you are "happy." Call it that if you want to. You know...I am so full of things to tell you I am afraid I'll bust before June. Is William Henry sick yet? Does he look sleepy? I suppose Oliver told you about going to the University dance. I got two postals from him today one with his picture, but I suppose you have one before now. You and Ernest are making up for lost time.* Probably Ernest Sparks, born 1885 in Dingle, married Hannah Louise Humpherys, Oliver's sister just a year later in 1909. *Louie,* probably Louise, *don't stand any show while you are around. Olie told me to tell you to send me one of the pictures you took that he forgot.*

Wesley wrote Mamie the very same day from Moscow.

Arrived last night, our old rooms were taken, had to find others. A boy...asked me to consider a room...next to his. He was especially interested in getting some "good" fellows...that used neither tobacco nor whiskey and would tend to their own business.

On October 17 Wesley wrote, spoke of football. *Taking 27 hours of classes, behind, but expecting to be caught up shortly. Politics heating up here, Senator Heyburn* (Weldon Heyburn, a Republican) *spoke and his speech was if possible, more punk than the Republican*

convention in Montpelier. This part of the state will go for Bryan. (William Jennings Bryan was running against Taft, the Republican.) And a week later: *We have a (football) game every Saturday until Thanksgiving when we play the U. of U. in Salt Lake, the last game of the season.* He told of a party, but at the time of the letter, *Mitchel and Fabian have gone to meeting and I'm here alone.*

Then a pivotal event for our story happened: Oliver Humpherys was called on a mission to New Zealand.

In his brief life story he wrote: *In 1908 I was called to fill a mission to New Zealand. I was disappointed at first and decided to ask for a change, but my father, who was a very wise and faithful man said to me, "Son, if you want to fill an honorable mission go where you have been called. God's servants under the inspiration of His spirit know where you are needed." So following his advice I accepted the call, and went to New Zealand.*

This is from the first page of his missionary journal: *Left Dingle at 7 oclock Monday morning having bid goodbye to most of my friends the night before. On the way to Montpelier I stopped and bid goodbye to Mary* (Mamie) *& Vinnie. Reached Montpelier at 9 oclock, and there bid goodbye to Father, Mother, & sisters. Boarded the train and left for Salt L.C. Reached Salt Lake City that night... In the afternoon of the same day visited Madia* (Maida) *Oakey, at 5625 South State St. Oct 28 went through the temple. Oct 29 spent the day sightseeing and visiting with Madia, and at night attended a dance in the University of Utah...Oct 31 bid goodbye to all friends and relations and left SLC at midnight.*

Oliver did not exactly leave the playing field vacant for Wesley, but since both were gone for the next three years, it was now at least level. Each young man was in his own way a formidable letter writer, though as you will see, their styles were extremely different. I will present the passages from their letters which struck me most (and Mamie's when available) in chronological order, but this is not exactly how Mamie received them. Ollie's letters were generally a month in transit. Since neither beau was at that time very faithful in preserving Mamie's letters, we can only guess what she was telling them.

Before he got on the boat and lost the advantage of speed, Oliver struck first. October 31, 1908 he wrote from Salt Lake City: *I was with Maida half of my time, also Edna* (another cousin of Mamie's) *and her beau. Will leave SL at 11:45 pm. Went to the temple (if you ever get married, do it there), got set apart, examined by Dr. Young. I visited Maida at Tom's house (no one home) and she made me water and feed old Dick. He's homesick and tired of being cooped up...when I look at the pictures and this dear little ring there is a hard lump in my throat...*

Wow. Dear little ring? And what pictures? Probably Mamie's.

Maybe Oliver had this one of Mamie

Wesley wrote on November 4: *Football lost to U. of Oregon. Lots of free cigars around but little if any whiskey. Moscow is completely dry now. We have some of the cigars hung upon the wall as trophies. I'm getting fat—190 or so. I'm going to run a little farther every day.* He was on the rifle team, improving. The crown of his hair was receding.

November 5, Oliver wrote from Vancouver: *We leave at 2 oclock tomorrow...if any fellow ever proposes to you do not promise to become his bride until he consents to bring you to Vancouver on a honeymoon. Do not think I am joking...will send you a leaf (from) the park...comfort Lester...and get him to go to school.*

He meant their friend Lester Nowland. Lester was a bit wild.

Among the letters in Mamie's collection is a long letter from her best friend/cousin Maida. It is dated November, but bears no year and no postmark. I think it belongs here.

Well what is it to be—Oliver or Wesley? You haven't told me how it is coming with either. Edna always introduces me as the bashful girl. Edna wants me to go to the party at the university, but I don't know. There's also one at the ward they want me to go to. It is better than Aunt Lucy's. Maida next told about Edna's pale blue dress with the satin finish. Then, *Mamie, you are the best letter writer. I love to read them—they take me back to the good old times…*and much more.

On November 12th Mamie sent a postcard from school in Paris to Maida. Her mother Sarah, who had evidently been staying with her there, had returned to Dingle and was cooking for the thrashers.

Oliver's letter of November 14th from the Pacific Ocean was posted in Hawaii. *All but me and three others are not seasick. The things we eat were rotten in 1900...well Mary, would give most anything to hear from you. Every time I wash my hands I see the little ring...*

From Wesley on November 22nd came a letter with much about football. Then a dictated message from Fabian to his girlfriend Maud. Also one from Mitchel to Maida. *How is your fellow now? I hope it is better by now so that you will be able to answer this letter quicker than I answered yours.*

Maud Dayton Maud Lindsay

There were two girls in Dingle named Maud who were Fabian's age (17): Maud Effie Dayton, who was a cousin to Maida, and Maud Sophia Lindsay. The second is the sister of Mamie's friend Edith. You pick.

From Ollie, November 26 from Fiji: *I sent Ella* (his sister) *a photograph of an old cannibal. When you go to see your good relations ask Mr. Ream, for I sent him one too. Now don't be angry when I say relations for I mean your would-be relations.* (Sounds like he's testing

her)*...I still wear the little ring. Madia wished on it the night we left SL and it has been on my finger ever since.*

Maida Oakey

Then Maida wrote a very chatty letter on November 27: *Went down to Aunt Lucy's* (Tom's daughter)*, to the Orpheus with Edna and Johnsie* (Edna's husband). She talked about boys and friends. Enclosed with letter to Mamie is another for Sarah. Both letters mention attending a trial, *"been to court all day."* Also, Uncle Tom always teased her, introducing her as "the young doctor" (she was not even a nurse yet) and *says anything that makes me feel like I would like to drop threw the floor.*

And then another on December 8th. She was upset because with two weeks off, she still couldn't find a way home. Her brother James was with her. *He is sorry he came away and left Papa like that. If he wouldn't go to school, then at least he should have stayed home and helped. But it is better to have him (here) away from the "fools" in Dingle. He'll be all right here, but I think he'll come home soon because he's ashamed of himself. He's working for Uncle Tom, laying the foundation for their new house by the Salt Palace.*

Wesley wrote the same day, sounding discouraged. He was missing home, and had to stay in Moscow over the Christmas holidays.

...I don't know why but I never have my lessons as I should or anything else. I guess I haven't got the right kind of stuff in my head. I put in my time but get nothing done... He had been skating some, also working out in the gym to prep for track in the spring. Recently he sprained an ankle, but should be better for track. *...so Albert is going to get married, is he? Tell Maida this it's too bad and that I almost wrote her a letter of consolation. Did she say anything about the football game with Idaho?* Evidently they beat Utah. *When you write to Edna ask her what she thinks about the Idaho scrubs now.*

Mamie did not write a letter in response, just a postcard. I doubt that it helped his discouragement much. This is it: *Oh! We are having fine times here this winter, wish you were here. Hope to see you in June.*

But she wrote a long letter to Maida. She talked about stake conference, friends, and weddings. Maida answered with this: *James says I am just the same and haven't grown at all "durnet." I knew something was wrong with Oliver's eyes because he had been looking at and fretting so much about you....I am glad you went with Ernest. You did just right. Wish I could see Warren's new girl and have some fun with them.*

So, Mamie still has something going with Ernest Sparks. I wonder if Oliver's sister Louie has spilled the beans to Oliver. This may explain the meager postcard to Wesley—was Mamie sending him a hint?

By December 26, Wesley seemed to be feeling a little better. He and Mitchel had found a job sawing ice blocks getting $3 for a 10-hour day. He witnessed a murder trial. With his brothers and 6 others he had a Christmas feast given by their landlady and attended the program at the Presbyterian Church. *...remember that wart you tried to charm off that night? I got tired of seeing it on there so a little lye on a pin did the work.*

1909

On January 11, 1909 Oliver wrote from Kamo, New Zealand. He would stay in this village for his entire mission. This is a seven page letter. He is mildly scolding her for not writing. Maybe not mildly.

Lester Nowland

Almost two months since I left home and have not heard a word from you, you may be dead and buried for all I know. Have had two letters from Lester Nowland, his best friend, *one from Madia and one from home but none from Mary... Two elders...said there were three letters for me at the house (headquarters), and of course I said to myself one from Mary, well we rode that 20 miles after dark and on reaching here at 12 o'clock opened my letters—one from Madia, one from Lester and the other from a friend here in N.Z. We are going out again before the boat gets in with the mail, so it will be the last of Feb and maybe March before I hear from you even if you have written and if you haven't, well I never will. (Guess that is enough on that)...Now Mary don't be angry for you know I told you that I would write just as I talked. And this is just what I would say if I were talking to you...*

There follows much about the generosity of the Maori's, the difficulty in learning their language. He was glad to hear that Warren and Lester had been taking a missionary class and asked Mary to urge them to go on missions in the spring if possible... *Lester says not to be surprised if I have to send you the little ring back soon, but say sis I would rather buy that big dinner...now Mary do write and say something for it is a long time not to have heard from you since that night when I saw you last.*

Wesley wrote again on January 17th. *Mitchel...took down with inflammatory rheumatism...in bed now for over a week and has been unable to turn*, was keeping Wesley awake with his groans and having to turn him.

Mamie's cousin James, Maida's brother, was still in Salt Lake, and he was sick, quarantined. Maida wrote on January 22nd: *My arm has been pretty bad...can not use (it). Sorry to hear that Warren was hurt. Why didn't you go to the weigh dance? You would of surely got Ernest. How is your ankle and finger? You have been abused terrible this winter...Just think in only two months I will have to go before the State Board of Examiners. James...phones three times a day. (I) suppose you have two...semiweekly magazines from Moscow and the other from New Zealand. How is Papa?* Hyrum Oakey. *I do hope he is feeling better.*

James Moroni Oakey

James can't get out until Thursday. The law compels them to stay 21 days. The Dr. was in to see them today and turned three of them loose...the pox have run together (on one man) so he looks like he only had one scab on his face and body. When you write to James send it to 515 (Tom's address, where Maida is staying) *because he can't read yet his eyes are too weak. I read the letters to him over the phone.*

On February 4, 1909 Wesley reported on hearing Billy Sunday preach. Mitchel was too sick to stay and went home. *I'll try for four A's next term. Do you think I can do it?*

One of Mamie's letters had finally reached Oliver. He wrote: *...and Mary I say God bless you for the kind words and the good spirit which your letter brought with it...was very pleased to know that you were at our place during the holidays...Yes, Mary, be good to Lester. "Talk to him" for I would give almost anything to see him become a good man...my heart is to full to say more and I can hardly see the lines...*

And five days later he wrote again, encouraging more frequent letters and that she wait for him...*send some to N.Z. as well as to "Moscow." Lester has failed to write. Only Madia, and she has only sent postal cards. Say Mary, do you still remember the dinner wish had made it until the year 1912 for I will not be there untill then at the very best. They are considering extending from three to four years. Well even if it is 10 years I would give the world to find you just as you were when I left.*

On Valentine's Day, Wesley reported that Fabian had gone home to Dingle for lack of money. Wesley was forced to subsist on bread and hot dogs for a while and find a new place to live. He was missing out on dances because he can't dance. He had planned to take lessons until he heard from Lee (his younger brother studying in Pocatello) that he gets refused more often than accepted by girls.

A week later Oliver sent a photo of the Idaho elders in New Zealand. And *"just look at Palls head,"* he had just been to one of the Auckland "butcher shops" and had a haircut the day before. *"...very glad to hear you were taking a missionary class..."* He asks for a photo, encloses a fern.

Oliver and a Maori companion

On February 28th Wesley announced that he was a sergeant, bought a 2nd hand uniform, and was looking forward to the military ball. He enclosed a dance program. *Fools though I call them, while I stood watching them I made up my mind to learn to dance before next time I come to school if I possibly can...do you think you and some of the other girls could teach me if I come to a few dances next summer?* The next week he sent his grade report: 19 hours, grades from C- to A.

March 9th from New Zealand...*was sick with boils for a week...what is wrong with Lester? He says it is impossible for him to stay in school...and Maida had not written him for a long time and he is too slow to catch another girl. Does Aunt Mary still think me one-eyed?*[19]

On March 24th Wesley wrote that he was happy to hear that James was glad to be back home in Dingle. *How long do you think that experience will last him? Three cheers for F.A.* (Fielding Academy). *People may find out someday that there is such a place as Bear Lake...I am glad they won the games...*He recounted campus games between freshmen and sophomores, tying each other up with ropes.

In early April Oliver reported getting a new elder to train, having only been in New Zealand for a few months himself and hardly able to speak the language. *...You said you had sent several cards, have only received one. I think they must have jumped the track and gone to Moscow....do you remember that cup you gave me? Well it is hard work to keep it from the Maoris...one girl has asked me to give it to her at least half a dozen times...(Lester) is still interested in Maida but I think that will soon wear off.*

Mamie's brother Warren received a mission call to London, England about this time. With George gone, it must have been a challenge for the family to support him. For the duration

[19] Maida had an Aunt Mary in Dingle, who is probably the person. Mary (Jane Follick) Dayton was married to William Freeman Dayton, who was Selena's half-brother through Hannah Cook, Moroni Dayton's second wife. Mary and William's daughter Margaret Dayton is frequently mentioned in letters, and was 16 at this time. "Aunt" Mary had 4 other kids between the ages of 7-22 at home in 1910 and was in early pregnancy with her last child at this time. It would have been a fun place to hang out.

of the time he was gone Sarah took in boarders.[20] Upon hearing of this, Wesley responded positively and philosophically:

Sorry that Warren is going to leave you when you need him so badly, but it is the duty of every LDS to go when he is called beside it will do him good, such good that he could not get any place else...do not worry over it as worrying will do no good to anybody and always hurts you.

On May 5th Oliver wrote: *Glad to see that Bear Lake is taking up the fight for prohibition...Lester told me of Mitchel Ream getting ill and having to go home. When you write to Wesley give him my kindest regards, also tell Lee hello for me...happy to hear of the success of the F. A. basketball team...I suppose you are still in Paris, but at the end of the school year.*

On May 7th, Wesley reported that he was running quarter mile in track, but out of shape because his sprained ankle prevented training. Still, he was in third place until he was spiked from behind and re-sprained it. He thought he might be through with track that season. His weight got up to 159, but he had lost 15 in the week since then. Then on May 23rd:

...I didn't do anything in track this year, and if my ankle is good enough so that I can run next spring I will be glad...I am likely to go to Seattle to the fair, by Portland, and home....boarding at the dorm now, started today.

I would like to know what Mrs. Larson (probably his cousin Mamie Larson, the Dingle school teacher) *had to say about me that is so interesting. I have not stirred anyone's interest that I know of this year. I suppose Maida will be glad to be home and you will be glad to see her. Tell her...I would like to see her and that fellow in Salt Lake.*

So you have taken to missionary work and argument on woman's suffrage. That is the limit. I suppose the next thing you will do will be to go with Warren on his mission.

The next week he reported that his class had avoided an exam by abducting their teacher for a picnic. Wesley did make it to the fair. It was the Alaska Yukon Pacific Exposition in Seattle. The state sponsored a company of 150 cadets in military training. Wesley wrote in his autobiography: *We wore blue coat and cap with white trousers, a pretty sight. All the shows gave us free tickets if we would attend. A crowd seemed to follow us.* He took a blimp ride, and an excursion on a ship from the Bremerton ship yards. He wrote that it was an education in itself. *I had spent ten days and seen all there was to see in that world's fair for less than fifteen dollars.*

On May 25, Oliver sent an eight page letter, a "magazine" as they both liked to refer to the longer ones. *By the time you get this, Warren will be gone, but don't be blue.* (Usually he

[20] The Telluride Company, later to become Utah Power and Light, was dredging the bottoms north of Bear Lake to produce reliable flow in and out of lake to provide a power plant. This provided a steady stream of jobs and of boarders for the Sirrine family.

called her Mary, but here he used "Mamie.") *All the elders try to grow a mustache...but I have not caught the disease yet...many thanks for the picture...*

Before she received this letter, Mamie and Wesley were together after nine months apart. Wesley was home in Dingle by June 29, but not in time to see Warren off on his mission. Warren left early to spend a little time in Salt Lake first. He and his cousin Oakey Evans did some work on Tom's new house. It was so hot they could scarcely pick up the roof sheeting. They watched a man dive off a 95 foot pole into a tank of water 2½ feet deep at the Salt Palace. He had to be dragged out of the water and possibly died. Warren met a fellow missionary going to England on the 16th. He wrote*...I have just finished reading Oliver's letter.* On July 20 he sent Maida a postcard from Chicago.

On July 22 in a long letter detailing his own missionary activities, Oliver wrote, *Tell Warren hello for me.* Of course, it was already too late for that, but on August 12th Oliver reported having received a letter from Warren written in Salt Lake City. He wrote that Warren*...seems a little sad but determined to go...Lester thinks of no one but Madia. What were you doing at about 11 o'clock August 4th? ...you know the dear little ring? Well, it just broke square off like it had been cut. I was just riding along with my hand resting on the saddle in front of me...and it was not at all tight...if I were at all superstitious I would think something had gone wrong. It is now at the jewelers getting fixed.*

I have no information about Mamie and Wesley during their short summer together. But from Wesley's first letter from Moscow that fall it is pretty clear that he was still hooked. He was not prone to romantic statements. *...Got to Montpelier just in time to catch the train, never had time to go to the bank for money or checkbook, so left with a ticket and five dollars...arrived sick after being stuck in a smoker car...found a room, got registered...will have to study like "Sam Hill."* He registered for 20 hours credit. He did not have enough credits to register as a junior and was trying to make them up. And he had arrived a week late.

As long as there is one in the world who cares anything for me I could not feel lonely. And it may help you some to know that there is one who loves you better than his own life however valueless that may be...I never forget you.

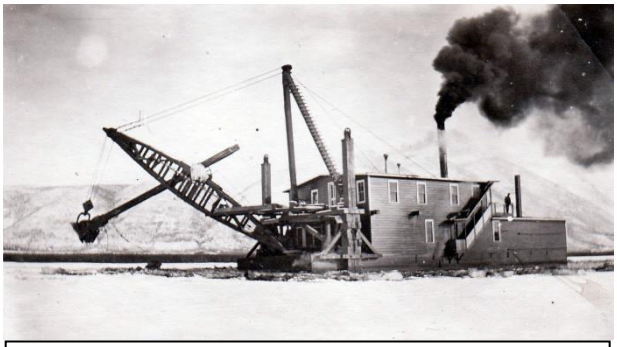
I think it is noteworthy that Mamie saved no further letters from Oliver for a long period after this summer. That may have been because he had become discouraged with their relationship and had stopped writing to her. Maybe he took the accidental breaking of the "dear little ring" as a sign. It is possible that Mamie and Wesley actually were together that very day at 11 o'clock, when the ring suddenly broke cleanly. Years later in 1922, in reflection on this time Oliver wrote:

...during my absence in the mission field her letters, which at first came regularly, now came one in every month or so and I learned that she was keeping company with another man, Wesley Ream with whom she had gone a few times while I was still at home.

On September 28th Warren wrote to his mother from London. *How's the ditch coming? Did you get to SLC? I hope you can get James* (age 18, Hyrum's son and Warren's cousin) *to go to school and take the missionary course.*

On October 7, 1909 Grandma Ream, Nancy Elizabeth Murphin Ream, died in Chariton, Iowa at age 69 of "dropsy and heart trouble."

On October 15th Sarah wrote this to Warren in London: *Mamie and Emeline picked Uncle Hyrum's potatoes after school, the biggest and best in years. Mamie took a "snap" of the big dredge. I'll try to send it. Maida is better. James is still working on the dredge. The crop is nearly a failure—rain spoilt it. Fred just came, he says the folks are all well and (Tom's new) house is fine—they got it fixed so nice. Aunt Ann and Uncle Tom will come up. Oakey is still working with Tom—don't know if he'll go to school this year or not.*



Mamie's photo of the big dredge

The next day Wesley wrote to Mamie: *Busy, can only write on weekends. I thought everyone had forgotten me—no letters in 3 weeks. Ida says she has "heard all about you and me" but didn't say what that was about.*

The word was out.

Mamie answered (we finally have one from Mamie—I guess Wesley had begun to save them): *Mitchel said he didn't know when he was going. Went to Paris with Maida and her Papa. Have been up to the dredge, took some snaps—will send you some.*

From Wesley October 29: *I am painting a barbershop and will help survey some University property. Finally ran into the Mormon missionaries—they are teaching an ex-Mormon student. Going to Baptist and Presbyterian parties.*

On October 30th Warren wrote an interesting letter to Mamie from London*: We've had the gas lit all day and it is as dark as night outside. I've begun to wonder if the sun has stopped coming up. People run into each other on the sidewalk in the middle of day.* (I looked this up. Mt. Teide in Tenerife, Canary Islands erupted November, 1909. That would be slightly after this letter, but the dates may be wrong—or it may have spewed smoke prior to erupting.)

For the rest of 1909 I have no more letters from Mamie to Wesley and only a few, brief ones from him to her. I wonder if things were cooling down between them. Perhaps Wesley was just overwhelmed from his huge class load. On November 15th he said he was feeling overwhelmed with school and work. Interestingly on that same day his sister Ida wrote to Beulah, who was in school at Pocatello, *Wesley is in love with a French girl.* Now, I know

that the Ream siblings wrote playful and teasing letters, so there may be little to this...but who knows?

Among the letters Mamie saved I found another kind of treasure. It was a daily diary that she kept only for a brief period between November 11, 1909 and April 12, 1910. Because it gives such a unique window into her personality as a young woman and because the events of that six month period seem to be so critical to our story, I am going to include much of it here. And most of all, I include it because I just enjoyed it.

November 11—Lester took Uncle Fred to the gages. Churned nearly all day. 10 lbs. Went for choir practice, was none.

November 12—Ironed and baked all day. Went to dance and made Mr Houk go. Mr. Houk was one of their boarders. *He danced. Louie told me all about she and Ernest going to be married.* Well, that affair is finally over. Remember, Louie is Oliver's older sister.

Nov 13—Baked. Maida came over. Sandy gave us some candy. Henderson told about getting a divorce. the $500 ring, $50 dress $10 shoes etc.

Nov 14—snowed. Took pictures. Developed two rolls in tank. Played Old Maid and Authors. Went to mutual. I took charge. Went home with Ernest.

16—Had our water and snow fight. Kitchen floor was wet as the ground. Maida and Wood got water.

November 17—Mr. Cluff came to see if we would take more men. Put our bed in the parlor. White one in our room. Went over to Uncle Hyrum's pond to watch them skate. Ice cracked. Was frightened. Fell over a stump. They thought I was hurt bad.

November 18—The surveyors came. Seem nice. Are from Logan. Uncle Fred gone to town.

November 19—Mitchel came and said coal was in. I wrote to Wesley. Eleven when I went to bed.

November 21—Showed Sandy how to print and tone. After meeting went to the dredge. Maida and I were afraid to climb the stairs at last got to the top. Edith and I shot Woods' gun off. Took a snap. Dark when we came home. Mrs. Tucker and Tucker rode up with us.

November 25—Thanksgiving Day. Printed pictures nearly all day.

November 26—Looked out the window and saw Sarah, Maida, and Mary coming. Played old maid. (Sarah was later known as Ella—the Oakey cousins were 17, 22, and 19)

Nov 28—Toned 54 pictures.

Dec 1—toned some pictures sent one to Wesley. Took Sandys[21] *picture with the gun. Printed some with Velox. They were good.*

Sandy Lopez with gun

December 18—got a card from Wesley said he would be home Sunday. This is the first year that Wesley actually came home from Moscow for Christmas. And a good one it was.

December 20—Wesley came down. We played Pit and so on. Uncle Hyrum came, wanted me to give a subject in Sunday school. I tried to get Wesley to give it, but he wouldn't. Told me the story "I love you but I wish the banks were open." Twelve when I went to bed.

December 22—Went to see Maida. Invited a crowd to come and spend the evening. Saw Sandy at the corner, sent word to Wesley. Maida, Louie, Mr. Long, Ione, and Wesley and Sandy came. We played pit. Had cocoa and cake.

December 24—Got ready for the dance. Wesley walked down we rode down with the folks. First dance in the new part. Floor fine but room cold. Mitchel there, back from Iowa. Wesley gave me a box of candy. Ate bananas. Trimmed the tree it looked nice Wesley figured the amt. of hay.

December 25—Wesley called for me we rode down. Wesley threw me in the sleigh and Mary nicked Wesley's hat off. Ream family were there. Wesley was sick. He went about one. Looked bad.

December 26—Sunday. Mama went to Sunday school. Em and I stayed home. Wesley came about 12. Put apron on helped me peel potatoes and get dinner. Started to meeting. Wesley didn't want to go. We talked about me going to England. He hardly believed me. I went to bed at 12.

December 27—Wesley brought me some coal. Will Ream was the local distributer then.

December 28—Wesley called for me to go to the dance in Paris. I believe the above photo was taken by Mamie on that occasion. In front of the Paris tabernacle are from left to right: Wesley, Maida, Robert Hughes, Mr. Houk, and Mr. Wood. The last three are Sarah's boarders.

December 29—Did not get up until 10. Wesley came for me to go skating. Wesley and I ate lunch then went down for Edith. Ice skated. Wesley and I left the crowd and

[21] See p. 59.

found a little clear spot. Waltzed on it and had lots of fun. The others came. Then after a while we found a long strip of clear ice by water. It was rather dangerous bit we went on it. Wesley sat on the ice and read his letter from Rix. We were all covered with frost—hair white as snow. Came home about 10.

December 30—ice skated, rode home with Wesley.

December 31—Uncle Hyrum came with sleigh to take us with table and food for dance to raise money for meeting house. We were packed like sardines in a can. Dances with Wesley and Lester, then the long dance with Alf Humpherys (that was Oliver's brother, one year younger) *and Geo. Nate. It was over 45 min. Wesley thought it was awful, worst thing I could do. Made me put my coat on then went and ate ice cream and cake. Wesley and I walked home. He looked sick. Ate apples and nuts, talked of my trip to England. Went to bed about 3:30*

1910.

January 1—Wesley came down. We did not go to the dance. We played pards (sic), *ate ice cream and cake. We sat and talked for a long while. Said he didn't like the country. Had to get out and work for himself—hated to make the start, but when he did start he didn't care. May come back next summer and get a job for the Telluride. Four years ago tried to forget me but couldn't. I took a lock of his hair. Wished him a Happy and prosperous year and said goodbye. I sat by the fire thinking until after four. Spent a sleepless night.*

Monday January 3—Sandy came for board bill. Ask me how the "pain" was, said he felt awful sorry for me. Ate more ice cream. Wrote to Warren.

Warren with sisters in London

Wesley left the day after New Year's. Now he was interested in writing again. He sent the following letter from Umatilla, Oregon, near Kennewick.

I was dumped here at 4 pm to wait until 3 am for a train to Moscow because of a freight train wreck at Bancroft...this is the worst place I was ever in...right in sage brush and in the dirtiest place...Well, Mamie, I guess I know what it is that you call lonely now...when you took that lock of (my) hair you took something more, something that I feel the loss of, but that I cannot explain...(There is) something that I should have told you when I was there but my thoughts were so full of you that I forgot, so will try and write it to you the best I can, but not now. Hmm. Was it that French girl?

On January 10th: *Got in Tuesday night. Long train ride. Sunday night we all had a roughhouse, even the landlord and lady were in it...no one could hold me down.*

In my last letter I told you that I had something that I ought to have told you when I was there, but would write it to you. I have decided to only write part of it and tell you the rest when I see you. It is one thing that you spoke of the last night I was there. The one I will tell

you now is that you seemed to think that I was trying to forget you for my French lady, but if you did think that you were badly mistaken. Whatever I said about her was only in fun. Mr. Ricks is the one who had a case on her. You see that is the way with me. I cannot joke without people take me in earnest or partly so. Mr. Lamburn was up here Sat. and was inquiring of you whether you were on your mission yet. He said you were a pretty fine kid.

January 16th: *The two weeks there seem like a glance into some cozy corner of life... the examinations will soon be on and I am less prepared than ever before...*

Back to Mamie's diary—

January 18—Uncle Fred took Mama to Aunt Mary's. I had to do some study on "Aunt Mary." This is probably the person mentioned by Oliver in his letter of March 9, 1909. It was not Sarah's sister Mary, who had jumped ship in Liverpool—she was living in California. And it was not Wesley's Aunt Mary, since she had died.

January 20—to choir practice, then to the party, then back to Aunt Mary's.

January 23--...Wrote to Wesley, went to bed at 12.

On January 26th Oliver finally wrote again. It was obviously in response to a letter from Mamie. It was not his usual "magazine," but just a postcard, probably a signal from him. Of course, she would not have received it for about another month. Here's what he wrote:

Mamie around 1910

Dear Friend. Thanks for the picture t'was fine only Elder Bates says it looks as if you had your hair cut. "Mr. Brown" was quite surprised to hear from you. It is the first I have heard from you in three months but expect a letter next week but may be surprised as usual. We all go to the conference next week. Best wishes. Elder Oliver Humphries.

January 27—went to see Aunt Mary...Came up with Melvin and Lester. They came to the gate, had horses. Took Maida half way home, whistled to her from the house. She heard me.

January 30—stopped in Mrs. Larson's, met her cousin Mitchel there. This was Mamie Smith Larsen, Wesley's cousin. Mitchel of course, was his brother Mitchel Ream.

Then on January 31 Wesley sent a postcard, saying he had no time to write.

Sandy Lopez and Emeline

Monday, February 7, 1910 was an important day in Mamie's life and she memorialized it with three pages in her journal. It was the day that her friend (and Oliver's very best friend) Lester Nowland died. He and Sandy Lopez were blown to bits in an accident. Sandy was even closer to Mamie than Lester had been. He was one of a group of young men who lived in her mother's boarding house. He shared Mamie's interest in photography, provided transportation to Sarah, Mamie, and Emeline when needed, and was usually present at all the evening games and parties. Although I have mostly edited him out of the foregoing daily diary, he was mentioned by Mamie nearly every day. I will provide this day's entry nearly in full.

February 7—Got up early. Thought Sandy was going to Nounan. We started to wash. He didn't go to Nounan. Came for dinner at 11:30. We printed pictures. He was more jolly than usual. Ate dinner with him. He went back to work and never came home. About three we heard the report of the powder. Thought the window was broken. We were bathing. I said it must be the comet or something like that. Mama said the wagon must have exploded. Were frightened. Went on with washing. Emeline came and said Sandy was killed and Lester almost. It made me sick. Alfred went to see. Said it was true. They said Lester could not live an hour and Sandy was dead. Maida and Sarah came, were all excited. Mr. Hues (Robert Hughes) *came to see if we knew Sandy's people's address. Said Lester was dead, lived an hour. Said he would come in the evening for some letters and see what we could find out. They were killed down by the dredge. There was about fifty pounds of dynamite in a sleigh that the men were thawing by means of an oil stove. There was five head of horses tied to the sleigh. In trying to save the lives of the horses the boys lost their own. Uncle Fred came and told us about it. He and Uncle Hyram were getting hay when they heard it. Went down as soon as they could. Saw Sandy all blown to pieces on the snow. Lester was in the boat dying. Men were all thunderstruck. Box, wagon cover, runners, sleigh shoes, and everything was blown to atoms. The largest piece of the box that could be found was taken from Lester's leg. 12 x 3 x 1 ½ inches. Large slivers ran in his eyes, face and all over his body. He was blown about twenty feet. Most of his clothes tore from his body and scattered all over. Sandy was almost blown to pieces, killed instantly, only blown a few feet.*

Lester was rational. They phoned for Dr. Ashley, but is was no use. Could do no good. His worst blow was on the chest, Dr. said that would have caused death if he had received no other hurts. Part of the wagon cover blown as far as from here to Uncle Fred's granary. A bridle that was in the front end of the box as far as from here to our gate. It has made me so nervous, I can hardly do anything.

Unaware of the boys' deaths, Wesley wrote that day that he and his roommate had been forced to move, ended up in a dump that they didn't clean up until after exam week was over, and then spent days fixing it up—it was fine now. Now registering for another semester. *I am going to study philosophy so that I will be able to argue religion.*

No one was able to find Sandy's family. There was a double funeral on February 9th. The next day Wesley's thirteen year old sister Beulah breathlessly wrote to him telling her version of the explosion.

I think the older girl is Beulah

Down to the boat in a wagon there was about 60 lb of guant (gun?) *powder with about 50 caps with it. They had an oil stove in it to thaw it out and there was about 6 teams tied to it. When four men saw the fire they ran to untie them. They all got away except Lester Nowland and Sandy Lopez. Lester got his horse untied and but waited for Sandy when the powder went off. Sandy was all shot to pieces. Lester was not so bad, but died in about ½ hour. The wagon was not to be found or Sandy's watch. Mr. QLT helped to dress Sandy. He was full of wood and iron and they could never find 25 lb of him. They had to put his heard (sic), liver, and kidneys back in him and fill him with cotton. The funeral was yesterday. I went. Sandy was berried in black with a brown coffin. Lester in white. The head men on the boat felt bad about it.*

Wesley wrote again February 19th. *A month since your last letter. I wondered whether you had died or forgotten me. You <u>have</u> forgotten. Yes, I heard of the death of Sandy and Lester before I got your card. Beulah wrote to me.* Here he gave a poem by Poe on losing a friend, then...*As far as I am concerned it is a problem whether life is worth the living or not. I think there is something in life for me to get that I have not had yet and something I have longed for ever since I can remember, or I would say life is a farce. That one thing is love. I thought once that I had it, but have almost come to the conclusion that I was mistaken, that I saw things wrongly through the blindness of my own feelings.*

His next letter was mundane. He retold the entire plot of a funny movie that he saw. Mamie responded with a chatty letter about his letter arriving late, weather, and social activities.

More of Mamie's journal.

March 5—Uncle Hyrum took Mama to Paris for conference. Mrs. Larsen went with them.

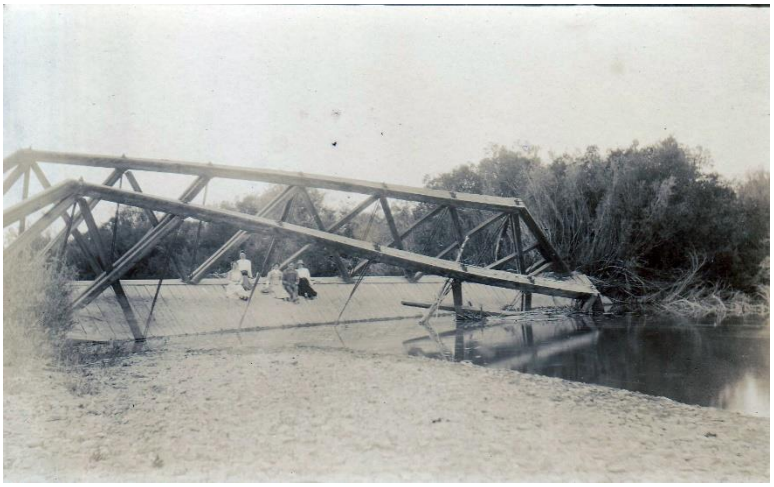
March 6—mounted pictures for Mrs. Larsen. I have one of these.

Mamie Larson, Theone, and Miss Sullivan

The spring brought flooding. Wesley's mother Nora wrote to him on March 10, 1910:

The mail could not go from here today on account of high water. Nowland started but had to comeback. The river bridge by the station has gone down stream. The bridge going to Montpelier is under water and about gone. Will Quayle's Lucerne stack by the old hall is two feet deep in water. She named many more bridges that were out including one of theirs. *I am worried for fear Fabian might start down tomorrow night not knowing the bridges are gone. Then too Papa went to Denver and I shall be worried till he gets back on account of washouts. I got your grades and standing from school the other night. I think you have done real well.*

March 11—Dingle flooding. Saw Mrs. Larsen. Mamie took a "snap" of the Dingle Bridge.



March 16—Mitchel came, had a horseback ride over to Maida's. Took his picture.

On March 19th Wesley devoted a whole letter to Mamie to describing a class competition called a "cain rush" which injured several students. His next letter described his training for track. He had rules to keep, weight to lose. He thought he would be good at the new *stunt,* the javelin.

March 21—Spent the evening with Mrs. Larson. She told my fortune. Said guinea pig died from the effect of hearing Mitchel and Miss Sullivan talk.

Wesley's mother obviously also got a letter from Wesley about the cain rush. Full of advice, she wrote on March 27th: *I'm glad you weren't in the scrap on the 17. If you don't get a civil engineering job this summer you should come home and help. The high water is getting better. It sent the Dingle Bridge downstream.* (Sounds like they really do need a civil engineer.) *There is no sale for hay—it all remains in the stacks. We're still branding cattle. Papa* (I assume that is her dad in Logan—she calls her husband Will later in the letter—and I can't see him wanting to go to conference) *wants me to go to SLC for conference with him. I don't know how I can possibly go, but I'll try and trust for good luck for everything here at home. Papa says to give Nunn your school or president for reference.* Maybe Alvin Crockett

is arranging something at Utah State. *Papa says also to write to the Chief Engineer of the Oregon Short Line, Pocatello, Idaho. But don't take any job that prevents you from completing your course after the summer.*

News of Lester and Sandy's deaths had now crossed the Pacific Ocean twice. Oliver wrote from conference about the sad news of Lester Nowland's death and revealed a hint of his disappointment in his relationship with Mamie:

...the last theater that I attended was in Montpelier with him just before I came away, if you remember it was the night you refused to go to that show with me in Dingle in that tent by Nelse Davis' house...I think will I be able to keep my record in such a way that when my mission is finished...that we will meet as we have planned and be friends forever. And when we planned that meeting I little dreamed it had such a deep meaning. ...was even so surprised to receive your other letter for had long ago given up hopes that you would ever write again but was greatly pleased to see you had written "continued" at the bottom so I guess there will be one more sometime.

On March 31, Mamie sent a card to Wesley: *Haven't heard—hoping for a letter tonight. On my way to choir practice.*

The very next day, Mamie and Maida pulled an April Fools' joke on Mrs. Larsen. They got Ezra Nowland (Lester's 18 year old brother, probably a student at the school) to tell her that Mr. Crockett (this was her uncle William, who ran the grocery store in Montpelier) had called her up and wanted her to come to the phone. *She left everything and left with him. She was just ringing Brennen store when we went in and called April Fool. She nearly pounded us to pieces and said she would get even with us some day. She suggested sending for Miss Sullivan* (another teacher)*, so we sent Seymore to tell her Mrs. Larson had received bad news and would like her to come up as soon as she could. She soon came all out of breath. We jumped out from behind the fence and let her know there was nothing wrong.* Sarah had gone to SLC for conference and the girls were running wild.

Sometime that spring, Mamie was involved in an incident with a runaway horse. This was her third such experience. She wrote this in her autobiography:

Edith Lindsay

The third runaway was while Wesley was in Moscow the third year. The dredge was ready for launching into Bear Lake. It was spring. We had some boarders. One was a night watchman by the name of Henderson. I didn't know that he liked me. He said, "I'll get your horse ready and then I'll go and kill a sheep."

Edith Lindsay, Mary Oakey and I got into the buggy to go to see the launch. I was driving. I never really quite knew what happened. I believe that Mr. Henderson patted the horse and waved good-bye. That or something frightened the horse and he started off on a fast run. He went down the road and whirled to the right. I flew out of the buggy not far

from the door. The night watchman came and carried me into the house. It knocked me out and I couldn't walk. I was bruised everywhere.

Mary was thrown out and Edith was in back going over the ditches and all around and couldn't get out. She didn't get hurt. Mother said she didn't know why I didn't hang on. We did not get to see the dredge launched.

On April 2nd Wesley wrote, *...finally got (a suit of clothes). It is a swell affair. I will look like a college dude in it.* He was training for the track team, but not sure he'd make it.

Back to Mamie's diary...

April 5—...Maida came and stayed. We ate supper, then wrote a "dialogue" letter to Oliver. Had a good laugh. Went to bed at twelve. Had a good sleep.

At this point I should explain that although I don't have any of them, I know that Mamie wrote fairly regular letters to both Wesley and Oliver during this time because in her diary she mentioned writing them. (The diary extracts that I have given you are only highlights, and represent about five percent of the actual volume, most of which seems actually pretty mundane to me.) However, I actually have the aforementioned "dialogue" letter in my possession. It is eight pages long and hilarious. The dialogue was between Mamie and Maida as they took turns writing lines to "Pall" (as they called Oliver), each reacting to the previous line of the other. They signified themselves as "S" for Mamie and "O" for Maida, evidently for their last names Sirrine and Oakey. The "dialogue" appears to be an extension of their April Fools' antics. It is too long and the inside humor is too opaque for me to reproduce it for you here.

It is a miracle that I actually *have* this. No other letter from Mamie to Oliver survives. He evidently saved just this particular one and brought it home with him from his mission. And then, despite their tenuous relationship upon his return, at some point he had to have given it back to Mamie for it to have found its way into my hands.

Starting at this point I have some letters which Mamie wrote to Wesley. Thank heaven he began saving them.

On April 8, 1910 she wrote: *It would be nice to be with you in the land of flowers. Though it is getting hot, the hills are still covered with snow. Had a rough ride to Paris and back, saw a huge flock of ducks, maybe 600, also lots of big fish. I'd go fishing if I thought I could catch any. Uncle Hyrum went up to take Mary some things. Maida and I went along for the buggy ride. I feel like I've been on the ocean. Big dance tonight, last of the season in Montpelier. I'm going with Maida...well, it is one oclock. We came home and had a midnight supper and as usual ate some pie for you. Now Maida and Emeline are asleep. Mrs. Larson and I teased Mitchel and his Lady half the time. Mr. and*

Maida about that time

Mrs. Hansen were there, looking smaller than ever but extra happy. Even if I hadn't known they were married, I would have guessed—when they left the dance he went out of the room in head. She followed a few feet behind until they reached the gate. Can you remember Mr. Hughes? He says he went to school with you in Logan, is a Telluride Boss now. Orson Grimmett just got his call to go to the New Zealand mission. We've had two boarders. I need to get up at six, so I won't get much sleep tonight. Would like to see you in your new suit. The roosters are beginning to tell me that it's bed time. Send a new picture.

The same day Wesley was writing to her: *...What do you think, I am the town "bill poster." I spent three hours at it this afternoon and put up 144 sheets, for which I got two dollars and forty cents...also I milk two cows and feed them bran. At noon and at night I wash dishes and milk again.*

You said that you and Maida were there alone and would like to have me guess what you had been doing...consider it the part of a wise man never to rack his brains over such problems as those, for not two heads would be able to hold enough guesses to get what two women's heads would put together when they are alone. I think the quickest way out of it is for you to tell me. He sent his picture. I can't find it.

On April 11th, Sarah returned from conference. She had left Mamie and 13 year old Emeline alone, which may explain much of the fun Mamie was having.

Oliver wrote again on April 12th, mostly about a conference and returning elders. *...What is wrong with Maida? She seems to be awfully discontented by the way she writes. Tell her to try and content herself until I get back, but then I guess she will do like all the rest—get married.* Sounds like that mission was getting pretty long for him.

On April 17th, Wesley wrote*...you tried to evade my question, you said that it was just foolishness that you were doing and saying, but that does not tell me much...now come along like a good little girl and tell me all about it. You say that it was something good and about me. If so, I need to know all the more...am glad my picture got there in such good condition...but do not know whether to be flattered or not by your saying it looks just like me. We have a typewriter in our place and I have learned so that I can write fairly well and fairly fast on it. I wrote a letter to Mamma and one to Beulah and another to Ida... Track tryouts next Saturday...*He has been practicing the quarter mile and plans to try that. His weight is down to 158 ½. *The coach thinks I can jump 6*

Wesley is in middle row, second from right

ft. so I'll try the high jump, also possibly the shotput, maybe the new event, javelin.

Mamie responded on April 24th...*The last letter was so jolly I felt you had been here a few hours. Mama and the rest are in bed. Maida is staying with me but I think she's asleep, too. You missed half your life in not hearing Laura's and Maida's duet. The meeting house is as you left it, but they're starting work. They're hoping to finish it for 15 hundred. The Lindsay's are getting higher and higher. They have two organs and a piano now and Edith is taking lessons at Paris. The Town troop gave a show. The last one disgusted everyone, so I didn't expect to see many there, but there was no standing room. There was a Hindoo there—he nearly frightened me to death. Made James walk up with me and since then have been afraid to step out of the house after dark for fear he would grab me. Hope you have good luck in your running and can beat those fellows.*

She wrote again a week later...*I've been printing and toning pictures for Mrs. Larson. She is beginning to pack up, seems to feel quite blue and says she never expects to come back. She hates to leave the friends, but is glad to leave Dingle. Miss Sullivan leaves in the morning. She, too, seems blue—hardly spoke. She said she was homesick. I hate to see them go but hope to see them again someday. Mr. Tucker has gone, I guess no one knows where. His class gave him a party last Friday.* These are all teachers in Dingle and school is ending. *I just heard from Edna, who is doing fine in France. She has made friends with a rich old lady, who has been helping her. She gave Edna a locket with pearls and little diamonds in it—she's happy as a bird. Last night I got Warren's picture in his high hat and long coat. He looks so fine and is getting as fat as a pig.* (He's on his mission in London.)

On May 4th Wesley reported that he had run the 440, but faded to third, could hardly walk after. He threw the javelin pretty well. He only made 4th of 5 runners in the 220, but made the team and got a uniform. They went hurriedly to a meet at Walla Walla, but the team was tired from training and didn't show well. He was three letters behind, so the remaining pages were responses to her questions.

Ten days later Wesley wrote: *No letter this week. Did you think two was enough with no answer? Our track team lost in Seattle, so won't go to California. We have made a miserable failure of everything this year not excepting study. I should be home by the 10th—we will try to have a little better time together than in the past...*

Wesley wrote to Nora that he had applied for a job in Boise with the reclamation service, but asked that Papa might enquire of Telluride. They were hiring for survey work in Bear Lake. On May 22nd he wrote to Mamie: *I am posting bills for the circus. I told you I'd be home this summer, but just got an offer for a job in Boise at $80 per and expenses. It goes from June to September. I did not know that there were any automobiles in Dingle. Who has*

the other one, Tom Quayle? How in the world did Hansen scrape up enough money to get one? My little Dingle is putting on style, but wait until I get mine. I wish I could have gotten a job with the Telluride so that I could have been with you this summer. I'll have to send my love in writing...

Mamie wrote her disappointment that Wesley would be going to Boise rather than returning home and took a trip to Salt Lake for a week and sent Wesley a card that she arrived OK. He replied on June 9th: *I got your letter saying you were going to SL. I'm sick too, spring fever. Six more days of school. I have three more exams. School has been too long for my Boise job, so it is home for me, I suppose...unless something turns up. I won a third place at Pullman, that's all. Next year I'll do better.* June 10: *I may go north to Kingston this summer.*

I don't think he went to Kingston. I don't know where he went that summer, but suspect it was Dingle and that Wesley and Mamie were together. Why? Because there were no letters between them from June to September. Also, there was another kiss.

This is the letter Wesley wrote September 22, 1910 when he was back at school. *I arrived in Moscow today.* Another layover at Umatilla. *Say Mamie, I want you to tell me and tell me truly why you laughed at me the second time I kissed you. Did I act all of that silly...or were you playing a game with me? I know I am foolish, but...oh well, never mind.*

From Mamie, probably before she received the above: *You left just in time to miss the pox. There is a case at Charley Nates. He was all around Sat. and Sun. The Dr. said the whole town is exposed. He closed the schools Monday, but says it is in a light form. Uncle Tom and Oakey have gone* back to Salt Lake *and taken Mama and Emeline, so that leaves Uncle Fred and I to ourselves.*

Now comes the story of Wesley's legendary strength test. According to his autobiography, around the country over 8,000 students were tested on machine measuring multiple muscle groups. Males averaged 4124 lbs. Wesley tested 7070 lbs. Second place L.F. Hunter made 6390. Wesley was written up in at least three newspapers. He wrote to Mamie on October 2nd: *The physical director is testing the strength of all male students...I tested 2,925 pounds more than the average man and nearly a thousand pounds more than the best student tested here.* He got a lot of attention including the "Pres." *I hope your folks will soon be back so you won't be lonesome. I hope you had a good time at the convention.*

Small Pox was still an issue. Mamie wrote: *Skipped church meeting today to write to you, also to Mama and Warren. After chores, I'll attend the evening meeting. I don't know how the folks will get home. They had bad luck going down, broke the tongue out of the rig and had to make one without any ax. Then they lost old Pet, and Oak had to come back to the saw mill. Once they nearly tipped over in the river and I don't know what all, but they got there. Maida is still in Paris. They had to take that man's leg off that she spoke of when we were there and she is nursing him.* Monday morning: *Just as I was about ready to go to meeting, Uncle*

Hyrum came in and said there wouldn't be any. Dr. Ashley had just put a quarantine *flag up at Clark's. Both Molly and the babe have small pox.*

And a few days later, *I'm glad you are popular, just so you let your thoughts come this way. Congratulations on your physical strength. More small pox at Nowlands* and other places. *No, Mr. Hughes hasn't been to see Uncle Fred. I haven't gotten small pox yet and hope I don't. It's all around me. It is 21 days since I was exposed. "The folks" are starting home next week. I'll be glad, I'm lonesome.*

Wesley replied on October 9th: *So Dingle is entirely tied up with the small pox? That is too bad...you are so used to being out among the people...glad you had such a good time at the convention. Tell me why you are now getting up at 5:30 all the time. I was introduced to a number of people as Mr. Sampson, but they knew my real name. I will enclose a clipping to explain.*

On October 10th, Mamie got a postcard from Wesley's sister Ida, who was going to school in Pocatello. Mamie had tried to set Ida up with her boarder, Mr. Hughes, whom we mentioned earlier (spelled Hues in her diary). *I should like to have seen Mr. Hughes but he did not see it that way. So I don't mind. He always did hate me. We are having a football game, the first half is just over and we are 50 to 0.*

Remember that name, which will re-appear later. I think this guy had a thing for Mamie. Ida wrote to Wesley the same day: *I'm glad that you're the strong man and that you will graduate. I got another card from Mamie. I'm going to be a star in every way this year. If you want me to make you a U. of I. pennant, you'll have to send me the material.*

This year Wesley was interested in football. On October 11th he wrote: *We won the football game Saturday 52-0, the first game of the year. They wanted me to play, but I said nix.* The next week: *We had another football game yesterday. This time we won by 42 to 6. Next Saturday is the day of the big game though...W.S.C.* The day of the Washington State game he wrote that Idaho won in Pullman for the first time in 12 years with a goal line stand in the final seconds. He had attended the game along with a big senior class party at a campground 12 miles out of town and the county fair.

Word of Wesley's strength reached his sister Ida in Pocatello. She wrote: *Say, I saw it in the paper about your being so strong. The boys here wanted to know if you were my relation. I am developing into a genuine basketball star. I made something like 10 baskets, now that's pretty good. The coach wants me to practice for the team. Say, I have a fierce "case" on a feller, but I will soon take it off. I hate Mark Anderson this year.*

Ida Ream

On October 30th Wesley wrote Mamie ... *I've taken on my old job of bill posting. I think I can make 1-2 dollars per hour with it. I will send you a clipping from the other paper. Will you keep it if I want it some day?*

The same day he announced to his parents that he had passed an almost perfect test.

The next day Mamie responded to his big football weekend: *Glad to get your big jolly letter and that you're having a good time. Glad you could go to the mountains. Wish I could have had a snap* (photo) *of the cloud. Edith came up. She was in Pocatello and saw Mitchel. I had a good laugh on Mama. She came home late from your place at a ditch meeting and I teased her for arriving at 1 am. Burt Sparks got run over by a wagon and broke his arm. Fred went fishing on the river for a few days. Politics is at its highest point. Tom Sparks is on the Independent ticket for Sheriff and Henry Nate for constable. Big rallys tomorrow and the next night.*

Wesley's response: *So Mama can't say anything to her little girl for staying up late at night any more, can she?*

On November 9th Oliver sent another post card, still cautiously keeping their relationship at arm's length: *Thanks for the photo of the meetinghouse. It looks pretty good. Had a good letter from Warren the other day. Was sorry to hear Maida had a case on a fellow from Paris. As ever, OH.*

At the same time, Wesley was taking his own relationship with Mamie in the opposite direction. On November 16 he wrote Mamie a long letter explaining that he had loved her for years, and that he thought about her all the time. The letter is very philosophical and allegorical. He felt that her letters seemed to hint that she didn't care for him, giving him doubts and this was a reason that he wrote less often than she would like. By the 23rd he was back to the mundane.

I decorated my wall with postal cards, arches, double arches, diamonds and squares. On the opposite wall we have photographs and paintings...Ida is making some pennants for us now. You want to come down here sometime in your dreams and see me and see what you think of our place. You know I am not the strong man any more. One fellow in school beat me ninety pounds. I still hold the record in this set of muscles. I'll send you a couple of pansies.

After Thanksgiving, Nora was wishing the older boys could be home, but suspecting finances would prevent it. She wrote: *I wish you and Fabian could come home for Christmas, but I guess money is scarce this year. Bills are pressing and Papa has not shipped yet. Doing the chores is hard on him. The little boys are milking, but Papa has to feed the cattle—his rheumatism is the worst it has been in years.*

Mamie was disappointed, too. *Sorry you don't expect to come home for Christmas. It is too hard on you to study so much. I'll expect you any way—they're sending the money. I'm sure you'll graduate this spring...Do you remember we were skating a year ago tonight? The boys lifted you out of the sleigh and were not going to let you go, but you got away and we all went on. Got lost in the fog, but Lee found us.*

Most disappointed of all was probably Wesley. He wrote a plaintive Christmas letter. It was Christmas day and he was alone and pensive. He had made it to three different Christmas Eve celebrations, but was feeling lonely. He gave advice to Mamie to get all the pleasure out of life she could, but only "true" pleasure. His romantic ending: *My heart longs for you as it has for many years, only tonight the barrier between us is not the same as it has been in the past; but must be forgotten, for we live in the present.* The present barrier is distance—I wonder what the past one was. *Write soon to the one who loves you beyond the power of expression. Wesley.*

On December 28th he wrote: *Fabian brought your letter to me this morning before I was dressed for I did not get up until nearly nine o'clock. All there is to do is to eat and sleep. I am getting so lazy that I don't know what will become of me.* He sounds a little depressed to me.

But Mamie wasn't depressed: *Went to dance last night. Ida and Mitchel were there. Maida has gone to St. Charles. There's an inch of snow on the ice but we are going skating tonight. Wish you were here.*

1911

On New Year's Day she reminded him of the previous year: *A year ago today you were here. We didn't go to the dance, but Edith came up and we had ice cream. Remember? There's a little snow, enough for sleighing. James cleared the pond and we went skating last night.*

The same day Wesley was writing: *My chief occupation is eating and sleeping.* He was skipping parties, working, trying to study, but with little success. He was "crowded" by work and class, working like "Sam Hill" to get ahead during the Christmas break. By January 9th, school was back in swing.

Ida wrote from Pocatello that there were 500 cases of smallpox and scarlet fever. They were thinking of closing the Academy.

But good news was coming for Wesley. His father wrote from Dingle a letter typed on Farmer's Union letterhead, WD Ream secretary: *Sold 67 head of cattle for good price. I banked the money for you and Fabian—I'll send you a signed note so you can withdraw it.*

And his landlady cured a severe headache for him by wrapping his head in hot *clothes,* applying *stuff that burned like fire,* tied a silk muffler on overnight, and he awoke feeling *as bright as a new silver dollar*.

It was a cold winter in Dingle. On January 23rd, Mamie wrote: *Coldest day I ever saw. Went to Montpelier for a Mutual conference and about froze. When I came home they had a goose in the house to try to thaw it out. It didn't die and is now trying to stand up. I'm skipping the meeting tonight because of the cold. The ice is so thick on the windows I can't see out.* And then a week later she sent a postcard—he hadn't earned a letter: *Haven't heard from you in an age. Raining here 3 days and nights. Have been to Paris for MIA conference and a lecture Saturday.*

The next day she had received a card from him and responded with a letter. She was glad to hear he was busy with exams. Dingle had had a week of rain with flooding that was now turning to snow. The river ice had broken up. A group of young people serenaded the bishop from a sleigh. She went to a fine piano recital in Paris. Many parties were reported. She missed Wesley.

Wesley was feeling great pressure to graduate that year. He was*...simply worked to death...exam every day last week...trying to get some A's this time but it is doubtful...In the subject where I was the star of the class I only got 81% on my final paper...(Doing well now) means whether I will graduate in the spring or not. Mamma says she will come to the Graduating exercises if I graduate...How are the newlyweds and where did they spend their honeymoon?* I don't know who he was referring to here.

Mamie wrote on February 8th that she was glad for his last letter and that exams were over. *Maybe you could go to dancing school for a break. Visited Mary and Maida (Oakey) in Paris, came back with Uncle Fred in the cutter. Awfully cold and windy. I'm thinking of going to Paris to take some classes, maybe dress making. But don't send mail there until I tell you. Maida is nursing a young girl from Bloomington recovering from appendicitis. Your Laura has fallen desperately in love with one of your Father's hired men, so don't be surprised if you hear of another wedding soon.* "Your Laura" would be Laura Overgaard, age 24, who emigrated from Denmark, in January, 1911, according to the 1930 U.S. census. That date must be wrong—Wesley could only have met her if she had come earlier, say January, *1910*. She married Soren Sorenson on October 12, 1911, a little later than Mamie had predicted. They lived in Dingle and had four children. She listed other friends of theirs getting married. *With love, Mamie.*

February 19th Mamie wrote: *Douglas* (Wesley's brother) *asked when I heard from you last—they hadn't heard for six weeks. We're worried something has happened with you. I think you could spare a few minutes to write a little to me... I'm going to take that sewing class in Paris. I'll come home on weekends, staying with Sister Morgan.*[22] *Send your letters to Dingle.*

Wesley was having trouble getting all of his credits worked out for graduation. *Last fall they told me that if I took 19 credits, then I would only have to take 17 now to graduate, but*

[22] This was probably Olive Ruth Morgan, who lived with her husband Emmett Ernest Morgan in Lanark, just north of Paris. They had a boarder in the 1910 census.

when I went to register this time they said that I would have to take 28...after I pointed out some mistakes in their books, I now have to take 23. That will keep me going some to make good grades. My roommate and I are designing and building a steel bridge at ½ inch to the foot.

The next week: *In one of my classes there is a prize of two bound volumes of law books given to the best one in the class. I am going to make a hard fight to win them even though I am doing more work than anyone in the class. It is my chance to make a mark in school…I am batching now. There are only two of us in the rooms. Mr. Davis Jr. is working for his board and room. It costs only about half as much* to batch.

Mamie replied on February 26, 1911: *Glad to finally hear from you and that you got such good marks. I think you're taking too heavy a class load—you'll get sick.* This sounds like something her mother would say. *Try taking time to get to some parties. I want to see the bridge when you finish it. Uncle Fred says the man putting in the steel bridge on the river is having a hard time of it and won't finish until spring...Your Laura is here working for Sister Morgan. I've been sleeping with her and have learned some secrets that I'll tell you about when I see you. Now the lights have dimmed clear out, so we've gone to bed. Had a talk with Mr. Hughes. He's just been to Pocatello to see Ida.* (Ida was 18). *It's a long story which I'll tell you when you come.*

In addition to his concerns for school, Wesley was thinking about setting up a stone quarrying business. An acquaintance named Dawes had interested him in extracting stone from the Pine Springs homestead. Wesley wrote to his parents about it. Although willing to support the project if Wesley could get some financial backing, both of them wrote to let him know they thought he would be better off to find a job that fit his college training.

The following week Mamie wrote: *Last night James* (Oakey, her cousin)*, Mr. Hughes, Ione, and I went to Montpelier to the dance. I didn't have a good time on account of those girls, swearing and acting foolish. To make it worse, we had a covered sleigh and I've been dizzy ever since. I helped Uncle Hyrum set a lamb's leg—hope the poor little thing gets well. Oh yes, did I ever tell you that a stamp upside down on a letter means write no more.*

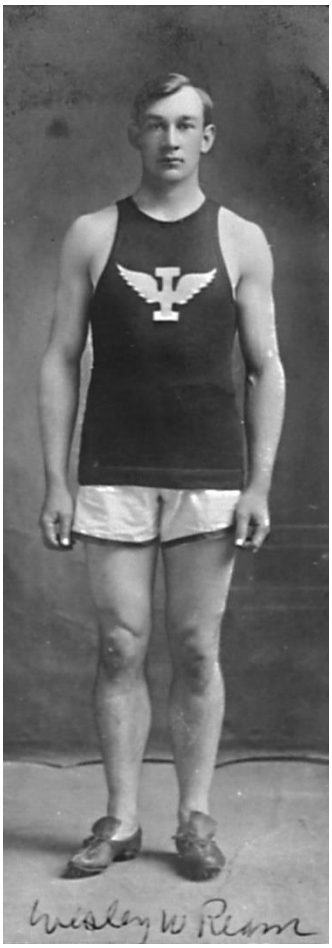
That day Wesley replied to her previous letter, a little concerned about Laura's "secrets." *...my old suit is getting so faded that I am almost ashamed...I am going to get a blue surge and a derby and see how swell I can look the last two or three months of my college life.* He is waiting for spring to do this. *When I got up to the college they had made a mistake in my time and were going to pay me double, but of course I would not stand for that and it took me some time to get it straightened out. Fabian has a chance to go to West Point next spring so he has changed his course and is preparing for the exams in May. About all those secrets you have found out about, why do you not write them to me?*

The next week he wrote: *"I have had three views of our room made—what a nice place we have. Fabian got a letter from H. W. Tucker the other day, certainly a dandy."* Here are two more room shots.

Mamie had been exploring job possibilities for Wesley. On March 12th she ran this one by him: *Here's a surprise: Sister Morgan asked me whether you would be through this year. The Principal has been watching for someone to take Inst. Humpherys place for he is going to leave next year and they're hoping to get you if you are not too high* (expensive?) *I hope you'll decide to come. They want a civil engineer, but I don't know what they will pay.*

And two days later: *I'm staying with Sister Morgan now. I help with the work for my board and room and sew as much as I can besides. I'm busy from 6:30 am to 11 pm nearly every day. <u>Your</u> Laura has gone home. She is not well and Dr. Ashley advised her to go and take a rest for a month or so.... How does Fabian get on? His little Maud was down to see Mary tonight. What do you think about coming to Fielding by now? I hope you come.*

She is still teasing him about Laura. I wonder what the "secret" was. Wesley was at least mildly interested in the teaching job in Fielding, wanting to keep his options open, but really wanted to be an engineer. He answered: *About teaching at the Academy: I think I would like it fine for a year or so, but you see if I take it there would be a pretty poor show for me to get out in engineering. Still, if they would pay enough I may do it. I wish you would try and find out about what they would pay and what the teachers are getting and what they would expect me to teach.*



Despite his monstrously large class schedule, Wesley was still hoping to distinguish himself in track, and track season was beginning. On March 26th he wrote: *Training for track. Rules: no whiskey, beer, cake, hot cakes, pit, tobacco, tea, coffee, and refrain from staying out late. I'm not much good on the run any more, but think that by the time I train off about twelve pounds more I will be able to stand up with most of them. They have a new "stunt" at the meets called the javelin throw. I think I will be able to do it pretty well. The American record is 50 yards and I think I can come close to that...had my picture taken—I'll send you one if they turn out. Your advice was good, that I was too dignified to do any more cain rushes, (which are) too mean to be good, have not time nor occasion to laugh and have a powerful dislike for eggs.*

The same day Mamie wrote: *Went to the Calico dance—wish you had been there. The girls wore calico dresses and the boys, calico ties. I got lots of "comps" for mine. Fielding lost the basketball game to Preston and the debate team lost in Pocatello. Got a letter from Edna.* She was studying in Paris at the time. *She may be home in October.* Then she gave information on the wages and classes Wesley would have at the Academy. *There will be six new teachers.*

It was time for Sarah to go to general conference again, this time without her brother Hyrum. On April 2nd the bridge was still out, making it hard to get to the train station in Montpelier. ...*Helping Mama get ready to take the train to SLC. Uncle Hyrum and I took her to the river, then she went over in a little boat. There was a team there to take her to town. We stayed a while to see the men working on the bridge. They are hoping to be able to take teams across by Saturday.*

On April 10th Mamie and her friend Edith had a long chat with Wesley's mother Nora. Warren had written that he was attending his last conference in England. He sent a picture, but didn't look well to her. She liked the photo that Wesley sent. *I expect Mama home the last of the week.*

About that time, former president Theodore Roosevelt was making a speaking tour of the west after attending the dedication of the Theodore Roosevelt dam in Arizona. On April 10th, Wesley reported his stop at Moscow.

TR came Monday. I caught a glimpse of him from my window. Then I saw him close the next morning. The cadets met him at the tram, cleared the way to the hotel. Five guards kept over him at the hotel and two in the street with fixed bayonets. He went to the campus, planted a ceremonial tree, and then mounted a platform made of wheat sacks with a table built of apples. The governor introduced him and he spoke nearly two hours, interesting and informative, then off to Spokane.

There were more people in Moscow than ever in history. Thirty passenger coaches came on specials, loaded to the limit. Probably 6000+ heard him speak, spellbound.

Do you hear any more about me teaching at the Fielding *academy? I won't apply now any way. Maybe when I come home. I'm not particular about teaching anyway, but if they had asked me, I might have come. They probably looked up my record and didn't see enough A's. I've had experience enough to know that while it's nice to get big grades, they don't count for much if not gotten in the right way. By the way--getting ready for England? It's nearly time.*

Mamie replied with details about the Fielding Academy job and the travel plans: *Saw Sister Morgan in Paris. They haven't hired any of their teachers yet. Twelve have already applied—I think you could get the position if you were to apply. I expect they'll pay from eight to nine hundred. Don't let them know I told you. Uncle Fred heard that Mr. Shaub is coming to do more surveying, so you may be able to get a job with him this summer. Mama's home, had a dandy time. Edna will leave France the last of June by way of Italy. Warren wants me to come to England. I could do it for about $400. If I can I'll go in June, but it looks pretty black. Uncle Tom is thinking of going, but he doesn't know either—if Aunt Ann would go with him he would, but she won't. Now, Wesley, be sure to apply to the school*.

On April 20th Mamie got a postcard from "Maumadudias" at nursing school in Pocatello. Sounds like Maida, making another joke. Then this came from Wesley: *I sprained my foot stepping over a box while running. Out for a week, isn't that luck for you. If you go to England I wish you a good time and the best of luck.*

Lee Ream on right with track medals

Mamie wrote on May 8th with lots of news about friends dating and getting married. *A big troop* (sic) *is coming from Salt Lake to play "Corianton." Miss Mable Cooper, who sings in the Tabernacle Choir is with them. Did Lee go to Moscow with the team?* Lee was on the Idaho State track team. He wrote, *How is the bridge coming?*

Wesley was sweating out the graduation credit issue. *It is nearly time for school to let out—about four weeks more. I may have to come back if I don't get my degree.* And then the next week his classes were over: *All there is left for me is grind, grind away for money until night, then I may have to stay over to finish my bridge*.

Mamie had to give up the Europe trip, probably lacking the money for it. She wrote on May 19th: *Heard from Warren and Edna. They're going to spend a few days together in France. How did the track team do in Oregon? You haven't told me when school will be out and what you'll be doing this summer.* Tuesday: *well summer if over and winter is here full blast. We played "Old Hen" and "I doubt it" with Flinch cards. I ate a dish of ice cream for you...I haven't yet heard what you want to do about the Academy.*

Wesley did well, but the track meet was with Washington State, not Oregon. Wesley placed first in shot, third in hammer throw, and second in javelin. He wrote: *I had the pleasure of taking eight points away from them* (WSC) *at the track meet. Only two men beat me, both seniors at Idaho. I won my I* (letter). *Still going to England?*

On May 29, 1911 Oliver sent Mamie another postcard alerting her to his possible return date from his mission. *Dear Friend. Received your card a few days ago. Glad to hear from you once again. Have just had a visit from our mission President. Quite a number of our elders are ill. Has Warren had any notification of his release yet? Pres Romney tells me that I will go home about Feb 1912. Love to all, Oliver.*

On May 31 Mamie wrote to Wesley: *I haven't heard from you but know you're busy with those horrid exams. Maida and I are getting ready to go to Salt Lake. Maida is going to represent the Mutual.* This will be apparently at the June MIA conference. *A lot of people from Dingle are going. Have you heard from Mr. Shaub yet? He is going to stay here a year. Tell me when you go home. I could meet you in Pocatello and we could come home together.* Then she gave him Tom's address: 33 E. Herbert Ave, SLC. She would be staying at his new house near Liberty Park.

On June 2nd, Mamie received her patriarchal blessing from Elder John Smith. That day she sent a postcard: *Got to Salt Lake at 5 pm, large crowd. Am at the Barret Hall now. Have been meeting this morning, going to the gym to exercise tonight.*

Mamie was busy in Salt Lake. *Sorry to be late answering your letter, but I've been too busy to write. This AM went to the 31st Ward where Edna lives. They had about 100 kids in the*

kindergarten. Maida and I went to the tabernacle for a meeting. Uncle Tom took me for a ride in his fine rubber-tired buggy all around the city—it is so large. We went from Camp Douglas to Liberty Park and also visited (illegible)*. We stopped on our way back to pick Sego Lilies. The band is playing at the Salt Palace.*[23] *I so wish I could attend your graduation. I suppose your mother is there by now. Glad to hear how well you did in your exams. Send a picture. Is Fabian going to West Point?*

On June 2nd Wesley wrote: *My bridge is not finished, but my professor said I do not have to stay to finish it. You want to meet in Pocatello, but your ticket won't last long enough—I can't be there before the sixteenth. If I go to the coast as planned, I might not be home until the first of July.*

Her mother Sarah wrote to her in Salt Lake with news of Dingle. *Pleased to hear you are having a good time. Hughes sent for Fred last night to take S. Lamb and the surveyors down to the bottoms, for all the Telluride teams are going to the circus today, nearly everyone but us.* Next day: *Everyone seemed to go wild at the circus. Fred has to meet the commission this morning at ten—they are coming about that trouble down the lane.* I wonder what that was. The Reams lived down the lane. *The little colt is dead. Hyrum says it would have been worth about a hundred dollars, the only one he had this spring.*

Wesley graduated with honors, earning 23.5 hours the last semester. No family member was there to witness it. There were 31 grads. He wrote afterwards that he had given up the planned trip to the coast in order to come home to work for Telluride. He had gotten a letter from Mr. Shaub, who would put him on as soon as he could arrive. He would leave the 15th and arrive Pocatello noon of 16th. He hoped Mamie could get her ticket extended to meet him there. He hated to leave the bridge to someone else to finish but had no option. I think he won those three books, but am not certain.

On July 20th Oliver wrote. The little ring was broken again—it was at the jeweler's to be repaired. He said that it could tell some interesting stories if it could talk. He was dismayed that everyone in Dingle seemed to be getting married. He was now in the last of four years on his mission, and expecting to come home in April with "Elder Humphries II." This was Willard Haynes Humpherys from Millville, Cache, Utah, no relation to Oliver,

Back row: Alfred, Louise ("Louie"), Oliver, Alta
Middle: Martha (mother), Irene, Ella, Nora, Samuel (bishop.)
Front: Dave and Vera, (Edna was born during his mission.)

[23] According to Google, this building was on 9th South between State and Main and burned down in 1910. Obviously it was still standing a year later according to this letter. Tom's house at 33 Herbert Avenue was just 1½ blocks further south.

but with exactly the same mission dates. He asked Mamie to kiss Nora and Irene. He had younger sisters named Irene and Nora, ages 12 and 15. I don't know why he did not want his other four sisters kissed as well. Above is a photo of the Humpherys family taken just before he left on his mission in 1908.

Edna Estelle Evans

In the meantime, Warren was on the Atlantic, returning home from his mission in London. He arrived at NY harbor August 10 and Salt Lake City August 23. Edna came back also, and did not lose much time getting back into Salt Lake life. On October 5th, President Taft was honored at the Salt Lake Tabernacle by Old Folks of Utah. That Saturday night, October 7th, Edna gave a performance in the Tabernacle, soloing with the Tabernacle Choir and New York Chorus. Hyrum had come down, though I think Sarah did not, staying home to take care of the family since Mamie had left.

Maida wrote to Warren in Dingle on October 2nd. *How do you like being a Telluride man? I heard from Mamie but she doesn't know any more than when she was home. Ernst is out on the porch in the wheelchair. ...I think we can come home in the later part of next week.*

This letter requires some explanation. In October, Maida was in Ogden, doing a clinical rotation to finish her nursing study. Ernst George was an eight year old boy from Dingle in her care at the Dee Hospital. He was Maida's first cousin on her mother's side, the Daytons, who was recovering from a ruptured appendix that nearly killed him. More on that coming up. What Mamie *doesn't know any better than when she was home* is the condition of Wesley. He had become sick and she had taken him to Salt Lake for medical care. I suspect his health may have been influenced by his herculean effort to finish up that last semester.

I have no letters to fill the gap between Wesley's return from Moscow and this period. This is, of course, because he and Mamie were together again and had no need for letters. I assume she took the train from Salt Lake to Pocatello as they had planned, and they finished the trip home to Dingle together. From there I'll begin with a quote from his autobiography and then backfill the sickness story with a series of letters. Wesley wrote of this period: *I went to work for the Utah Power and Light Co.[24] They had an office in my home town of Dingle. They were surveying to make canals to put Bear River into Bear Lake and take it out again. I worked for them under a man named Eugene B. Schaub. During the summer he had me paint a "dark room" for developing blue prints and photographs. I used*

[24] Technically it was for Telluride. Utah Power and Light was organized in Maine on September 6, 1912 as a part of a national consortium and immediately began consolidating power plants in Utah and Idaho. On November, 22, 1912 it bought the Telluride Power Company and finished the hydroelectric/irrigation project in Bear Lake. On February 13, 1913, UPL bought Knight Consolidated Power at the Tintic Mines, then proceeded to buy 130 companies in Utah and Idaho. In 1989 UPL was sold to Pacific Corp.

four quarts of wood alcohol. I breathed so much of the fumes that later I became sick. Doctors did not know of industrial diseases at that time and could do nothing for me. I spent four weeks in bed at home, then went to the hospital in Salt Lake City.

Maida wrote to Mamie at Tom's house on October 8th. *...wish I were in LDS hospital...so lonesome. Haven't seen any of the folks yet...How is Wesley? Tell him hello...*then she added a lot about her Uncle Lester and little Ernest as well as "Dr. Rich," whom they both seemed to know. I suspect the doctor was a Bear Lake Rich who was on the medical staff at the Dee Hospital and taking care of the boy.

On October 11th, Sarah wrote to Mamie: *Hope you (got) there all right. How did Wesley stand the trip? Do write soon and tell us all about it. Hyrum just came in with a letter from Maida, they think Ernest is getting on fine. The Dr. told Lester he could go home any time now...Wesley's mother is there too, so they won't need you and don't stay any longer than you have to.* Sarah wanted Mamie home, but Mamie stayed.

Two days later Maida wrote: *How is your better half?* She explained to Mamie how to take the Bamberger electric train line to Ogden to visit her at Dee Hospital. *Uncle Lester went home today. Ernest is doing fine. The Drs. marvel at his getting well. They took his appendix which is very rare because they thought he would not last while they were operating.* She was also taking care of James Taylor, 18 from Paris, who had been injured on the dredge. *He fell 20 ft. into 8 ft. of water and might lose his arm.* Interestingly, he was the son of Arthur Taylor, which made him the step-grandson of James Oakey through the second wife Ann Carson. Maida sent a postcard two days later with another Oakey-related health bulletin: *Aunt Bess* (their Uncle Jim Oakey's wife) *is quarantined for scarlet fever.*

Sarah was keeping Mamie posted on things at home. On the 18th she wrote: S*orry Wesley is not improving. Lee said they* (Reams) *have had only one letter...it seems to me they ought to know something about the case by this time. Maida writes every day to some of us...Ernest is doing fine. She likes the hospital and they want her to stay but I hope she won't...Tell Aunt Ann (that) Fred can't find anything good to eat since he came back...he wants some of that squash*. And the next day...I *think Mrs. Ream would be discouraged about Milton* (Wesley's brother, who happened to be sick with a ruptured appendix and in the same hospital).[25] *How does she feel and what does she think of Wesley. Does she want you to stay?* It probably did not seem proper to Sarah to have Mamie taking the role that a concerned wife would be playing.

Maida also wrote Mamie on the 19th: *...wish to the dickens I was with you down there. I get so blamed lonesome here...Glad that I'm on the floor with the men. Well...they should be finding out something about Wesley. When do the girls leave for NY?* (Tom and his daughters were

[25] From Helen Bateman's autobiography, "(Milton) was their miracle child. Grandpa (William Dewine Ream) took him to the LDS Hospital when he was a small boy with appendicitis. It had burst and he was full of gangrene. They couldn't even sew him up, just put in a drain and left him to die. He was in the hospital for 11 months and then went home and broke it open again and came back for two more months, the way I remember the story."

planning a big trip.) *Did you see the president? ...What does Edna do? Is her beau there? Nora said they were planning for my shower...I guess you will be so swell when Aunt Gurtie gets you fixed, wish she were there so she could of fixed me.* I think she is talking about a hairdo. *You ought to see my (nurse's?) hat. When I get home I am going to start a fire with it...George* Sparks, her betrothed*...is lonesome. I wish we were going to NY....Tell Wesley hello.*

On the 20th, Mamie wrote home to Sarah from Aunt Lucy's. She had visited Wesley. Dr. Landerburg had said he couldn't find anything wrong with Wesley, so he won't stay long. Milton was still in the hospital. *Seems a little better, but he is back to where he was weeks ago through neglect on the nurses' part.*

On October 22nd, Sarah wrote: *Mr. Ream* (William Dewine) *said he had a letter that said Wesley was sitting up and you would be coming home in a few days. I did not think you would be gone this long. The girls are nearly ready for their trip...Fred thinks Uncle Tom will go too. If he doesn't go south with the girls, do you think he will come with you? Maida has not written, wish you could come together.* Five days later, she wrote again: *Maida got here yesterday from Ogden. Lester left here to get her and they missed each other on the road. Ernest is just fine. Maida thought you would be on the train so write and tell us then. Haven't seen Mr. Christy since you left.* And two days after that: *Sorry that Wesley is no better. She thought Mr. Ream said that his Mother wanted him to come home and I thought you were coming. Do what you think is right. I hope Wesley will soon be able to come home...*

On October 29, Wesley received a patriarchal blessing from John Henry Smith, Church patriarch. We possess a copy, typed up by Mamie. He was finally out of the hospital.

Of the experience, Wesley later wrote that he had a severe *pain in my heart that spread diagonally across my body to my right hip. I nearly died.* He went to the Judge Mercy Hospital in Salt Lake with Mamie. He was there two weeks, afraid to sleep for fear his heart would stop. If he lay still for any length of time his pulse would slow to 10 bpm. The doctors could not tell what was wrong, and according to him, did nothing but feed him strychnine. He took only half of what they gave, but it made him so nervous he would jump and holler if anyone even pointed a finger at him.

After two weeks there I got disgusted with the way they were treating me. I just got up and walked out of the hospital and went home. I thought that if I were going to die I might just as well be active while I could. Mr. Schaub put me to work in the office for a week or so. Then they were short of men in the field. So I went out in the field to run a transit. It was winter and very cold. Each night when I went to bed I felt that I may not wake up in the morning. But I did. The work came to an end in the spring.

Sarah wrote on the 30th: *Pleased to hear Wesley is out of the hospital...I saw Maida a few minutes yesterday. She is so anxious for Wesley to have the x-ray...she thinks they could tell what was the matter with him. She goes up every day to dress Ernest's wound but...he is almost well. Have had a letter from Uncle Tom. He said he was having a fine time.*

Tom's trip was to visit the dedication of the Oliver Cowdery monument in Missouri. He had taken his granddaughters Edna and Ivy with him. They returned November 30th. On December 22, his brother Jim Oakey died in Ogden. The whole family except Mary gathered there for several days until his burial December 26th.

1912

Among Mamie's letters is an interesting document dated 1912. It is the account of two dreams. They are written in Mamie's handwriting in the first person, but the second dream is similar to one related by Wesley in his autobiography. I believe that they were Wesley's dreams, which she transcribed as he dictated them to her. This would have been about two years before they were married.

I will give them here in their entirety because they will introduce the latter phase of their relationship and may shed light into Wesley's attitude about their relationship and the influence of his mysterious illness of the fall of 1911.

Was walking down a long narrow valley alone. It was dark. Occasionally the darkness would lift just enough that I could see on my right a high range of barren and rocky mountains and on my left a deep, swift river. It was dangerous to leave the path in either direction after a while I knew that I had something in my arms. Soon I realized it was a child. Part of the time it was in my arms. Part of the time it was on my shoulder. Later it was walking by my side, holding my hand. The valley widened out somewhat for some reason I was bound to stay with the path and the child took to wandering off, first to one side, and then the other. At some time along here I realized it was a girl. When she was away from my side I was worried about the danger that she might be meeting and would call to her and she would return. Each time it seemed harder to get her back. At times even though it seemed dangerous, I would leave the path a little way to search for her. There came a time when I could neither find her nor would she answer my call. I traveled on alone for some time feeling badly because it seemed she was a special charge. Then suddenly the darkness disappeared entirely and I was standing in a broad valley, beautiful sunshine, meadows, and flowers. Then at a distance I saw a beautiful girl whom I recognized as the child who had been with me. Still unable to leave the path for some reason or other I called her and tried to persuade her to come back, but she would not come. Sometime later without knowing how we were together again wandering through the fields, enjoying each other's company. It seemed there were other people somewhere but not within the possibility of getting to them. By mutual consent we became marital companions. Then for some reason or other she was going to leave me. And on my knees I begged her to stay and we would go and find these people and have the marriage confirmed. But something seemed to be forcing her to go. So I told her I would be waiting for her when she came back. Then she left. My sorrow was great beyond my conception. Then a voice said to me "never mind, she will return." I answered "yes, I know, but it will likely be too late."

A dream 1912

Walking along on one side of a river and you were on the other. The river was clear. Was trying to get over to you but couldn't. The river was too deep and too swift to cross. I finally came to a tree which had fallen across and I walked across. When I got in the middle the river was muddy and a lead coffin stood upon my right—out of the water the top half of the lid slid down showing a pock marked corpse, which reached out its right hand touching me over the heart with its index finger and drew the finger diagonally from heart across body down to right hip—followed by a very severe pain in the entire region covered by the finger. Coffin then closed and sunk into the river out of sight. I continued on across river and joined you. The day the fields were beautiful and we had an enjoyable time. Next we were living in a log house facing south. We had a few head of cattle and several children and had a hard time to get hay to feed them. There seemed to be very great sorrow. I was out in front.

During the year 1912 there were no letters between Mamie and Wesley until June and no clues about their relationship in any saved family letters.

From his written history, we know that Wesley was working for UP&L, doing what his weakened body could tolerate until the end of spring. Then he took the summer off. He did not mention Mamie in his account of those months. In April, Oliver returned from his mission. According to his mission journal, he arrived in Salt Lake April on 10th just in time for the Sunday session of general conference. (He must have remembered wrong, since Sunday was the 7th that year.) *...Father came and found us at the Wilson Hotel. After conference was over we remained in the city working in the temple the rest of that week (for our dead.)* Sarah was at that conference, but we know that Mamie was not because she received a letter in Dingle from Sarah, telling her that Tom had some work for Hyrum, so they would be staying a few days longer.

Oliver wrote that he and his father left for Dingle the following Saturday and arrived by dark. He stayed in Dingle for about three weeks, then went to Shelley to work on the farm of Joseph C. Hansen, his brother-in-law. I do not know for sure whether Oliver and Mamie even saw each other, although it is likely that they at least were together in church. In his missionary journal Oliver wrote of Mamie and Wesley: *...on my return home I looked upon them as being matched for I learned from good authority that they were engaged. Just why I left my home town I could not at that time tell exactly and yet I felt when I left that I was starting out on a new way in life. I shall never forget how I felt when I rode away.*

Mamie around 1912

Maybe they were engaged. Maybe not. The recording of Wesley's dreams by Mamie certainly suggests that they were together. By Wesley's account, he was in Bear Lake Valley around the time of Oliver's return, so the two men may have interacted in some way, if only at church meetings.

What we do know is that Mamie and Oliver corresponded at least once after his return. What she may have written is unknown, but she saved his letter of May 23, 1912, written three weeks after Oliver began working in Shelley.

...I had heard yesterday that George and Maida were to be married next month. I thought you were going too, and had kept your promise to make the fact known a month before (as you of course remember) so my hand shook and my heart beat faster as I tore open the seal and read you were not going to Salt Lake, you were not going to be married. Well it is bad enough as it is but it could be worse...

Yes, I do like my new place...don't you think I left home without an effort...My folks, although they said nothing...I could not help but feel that they thought I was deserting them...I wanted to have an old time chat with you, also with Maida while I was at home, but it seemed as the opportunity never presented itself. Pall

P.S. When I think of Maida's marriage I also think of that little verse which reads: Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, "it might have been."

Apparently they did not spend private time together during his three weeks in Dingle. And it sounds as if Oliver did not approve of Maida's choice of George Sparks. Of course, Lester Nowland had no longer been an option for her. Maida and George were married June 6, 1912. Tom Oakey wrote in his journal the following day: *Sarah and the folks went to Salt Air.* And on June 11th: *Mr. and Mrs. Sparks went to Cedar.* I suspect he meant Cedar Fort, where Maida's mother's family was from. Tom took a vacation to *the ranch* on Mamie's return train ticket, leaving her to vacation in the big city.

On June 7th Wesley wrote to Mamie, who was in Salt Lake at Tom's to attend Maida's wedding and for conference. He wasn't any happier than Oliver.

I don't know that I will go to the Salmon country. He had planned a fishing trip with his brothers. *We have too little money. I've got to pay for my life insurance tomorrow, but have a month's grace. I am getting almost discouraged with life, nothing turns out like I want any more. It don't look as though I will ever get anything ahead. Mitchel is home and he says Mabel has made up with him. You know she is the one who would not speak to him for so long.*

When Sarah had returned with her brother Tom to Dingle on June 15th, she wrote to Mamie. *We got home yesterday. Tom has gone with Fred to the gauges. Maida wrote that they will be home on their tickets. Don't know if Wesley has come but Mr. Hughes has sent in his resignation. Tell Uncle Will (Evans) that Tom found Johnny Jones and he is very bad and not much hope for him. Emeline came to meet us and while she was gone the lamb got hurt and died this morning. Uncle Tom will write tomorrow.*

By June 23rd, Mamie was back in Dingle, sending a postcard to the newlyweds, who were in Clarkston on their honeymoon. Tom went home on her return ticket. She wrote, *Mr. Hughes leaves Monday.* This was a boarder of the Telluride group, who had been at her house for a year and a half, and whose letters I featured to open chapter one of this book. She had introduced him to Ida, and it hadn't worked out well. But now he seemed to be turning his attention to Mamie.

Robert E. Hughes

By July 2, 1912 he had arrived at Strathmore, Alberta, Canada and was writing to her. He had been thinking about her all day and wished he could be with her at the dance that night. He sent Mamie $2 to buy a present for the newlyweds for him. Ten days later she received a postcard from him asking about Maida and George. On August 27th he wrote again: *Very glad to get your letter, made me a little bit homesick...would have liked to have met your cousins and also to have been in the party when you visited Daddy Ream's. I haven't attended a social event since I left Dingle...tell Uncle Fred to write. He can deposit the money in the Bank of Montpelier for me and send me the deposit slip. Hello to George and Madia.*

Hughes was genuinely a close friend to Mamie's Uncle Fred, having done many work projects with him. I don't know why everyone had trouble spelling Maida. And I don't know whether Hughes sensed an opportunity with Mamie while her two beaux were off track, but he was pretty persistent in pursuing a relationship with her, however polite his literary style.[26]

On July 30th Mamie's cousins Edna and Ivy Evans gave a vocal concert in Dingle. A week later Mamie received a postcard from them in McCammon, thanking Mamie for the "artistic" lunch she had sent with them on the train. Edna was visiting her beau, "Johnse" Johnson, a young law student who was there working on a family farm for the summer.

Mamie was staying with Aunt Lucy in Salt Lake to attend conference when Wesley wrote to her again, evidently now feeling better about himself. He wrote on October 10th: *...I have nothing to say except that I am awfully handsome and it is not much use to say that...Ida*

[26] Robert eventually married Margaret Dayton, a cousin of Maida's in March, 1915.

invited Maggie D. up to dinner. We had goose. She spent the evening here...made me more lonesome than ever for you. "Old Faithful" Findley died the other night. Mamie wrote back that she would be staying a few more weeks.

On November 3rd Robert Hughes wrote again from Strathmore. He was doing work similar to Wesley's. *We've moved our camp from a tent to a house, much better...sounds like you had a glorious trip to SL, wish I had been there...I am really very glad to think that you have passed the last month without changing your name.* He dreads April and October, wedding season, probably coinciding with general conference.) *...I shouldn't worry since you promised so faithfully to tell me some time in advance...you must be sure and keep your word and I shall do the same. Received a nice letter from Ida...enjoying her school work but...still does not take part in the Dingle society circle. Tell Uncle Fred if he buys Maggie he must be good to her.* He has to be talking about a horse named Maggie.

Mamie's old friend Edith Lindsay was still at Fielding, but wishing for better. She wrote Mamie in Salt Lake: *Now Mary if you go to SL I don't know what I will do when I come home...don't know whether it will be possible for me to come home for Thanksgiving...but if you intend to go write and tell me, for snow, rain, hail, mid and what-not I will come then. Just think how old Lula, Maida and Lanora are getting it seems like they are ten years ahead of me now in age. Is that the way it seems to you? Don't tell them...well write and tell me all the happenings.*

November 22, 1912 was the day that Utah Power and Light bought out the Telluride Company.

In December Mamie was still in Salt Lake at Lucy Evans' house and Wesley was in Dingle. He wrote that it was cold. He had been doing a lot of skating, hadn't seen Maida yet but thought he would before the letter was posted. He had a bad accident on his horse chasing a cow--ran under a willow and injured his back. Beulah, Lee, and Fabian were coming home that day. He couldn't afford to buy Mamie a Christmas present—no money, and asked her not to send one to him. She was planning to stay there all winter. Hyrum and Sarah returned without her.

On December 18th, Wesley wrote, *Surprised to get your card from McCammon—I expected one Saturday from the City. Sprained my left ankle so bad I didn't go to Sunday meetings. We'll all be home for Christmas but I will not have an extry good time because you are gone. Lee sent 200# of apples from Wieser—wish you could have one.*

I'm not sure why Mamie decided to stay so long in Salt Lake or what she was doing all that time besides just having fun. Maybe she was trying to avoid making a choice between suitors. Maida, now married a half year, wrote to her December 20th: *Strange to have your folks come back without you.* Maida called her new husband George Sparks "the kid," and "the boss." She mentioned the beginning of their new life. Then she asked *How are you and Oliver and Wesley and Robert* (Hughes?) *And the new fellows you have caught down there.*

Maida always liked to joke around. But there was usually a little truth in her jokes. She seemed to see the same triangle that I am observing.

Wesley wrote to Mamie from Dingle on December 29, 1912, obviously missing her. *Sorry to hear that you were sad. I hope you are feeling better....Surely wish I could have seen "Ben Hur" with you, even if I was on my knees.* He spent Christmas in bed, didn't get up for three days. Almost everyone was sick and missed the planned skating at the lake. *These holidays have been a fizzle.*

Sarah wrote Mamie on New Year's Eve, reminiscing about the past year and *old times.* She warned Mamie not to be alone at night.

1913

Oliver wrote in his missionary journal that he worked in the sugar factory at Sugar City until December 24th and then returned to Shelley until after the New Year, when he went to his parents' home in Dingle to work for the Utah Power & Light Co. He said he remained there until spring. Mamie stayed in Salt Lake until February 15th, when she returned to Dingle. Wesley was working for Utah Power and Light that winter as well. I don't know how much contact he had with Oliver, but he was writing frequently to Mamie in Salt Lake. He and Mamie saw each other briefly in Dingle that February before his work took him to Idaho Falls, and then to various posts in Utah. He was basically away from Idaho working for the rest of the year. A lot happened while he was gone.

Tom Wallentine

Wesley wrote Mamie from Dingle on January 3, 1913: *On New Year's Eve we went to the dance. When we got there everybody had gone over to T. Wallentine's to help put out the fire in his house. They did not succeed so his house burned down.* Tom had 10 kids in the house. He had moved from Paris sometime between 1894 and 1897. He had been born in Paris in 1868, the son of Peter Christian Wallentine, a Dane who had settled Paris in 1864 with the Oakeys and farmed with them and Humpherys' across Bear Lake in Eden in 1866.

Robert Hughes sent greetings from Canada: *Hope yours (holiday) was happy in SL among your people. If WW was with you your joy must have been sublime.* (He wasn't—Wesley was in Dingle). *Of course with him away I can imagine you longing for Dingle. Now, Mamie, honest wasn't he with you Christmas? I had a letter recently from Ida—said she really missed me. Do you think she meant it?* Ida was 19 then—Robert was 30 *...I really would have liked to have been in Salt Lake with you...we could have put in a very interesting time there together. I hope you are there when I go home...I spent my Christmas in Calgary about 30 miles from here, about the size of Salt Lake. An old Colorado school friend (remember I said "friend") got married Christmas day...without asking my permission. Well I was shocked to say the least. I will not do the same thing...you need not expect for some time. Speaking seriously, Mamie, it is a big question if it is undertaken and made a success in*

the highest sents. (sic) *Wish I was with you then I would give you a long lecture on this subject....How is Uncle Fred? Who is he living with now?*

On January 10, 1913 Wesley received a business letter from P.P. Chamberlen of the Aluminum Cooking Utensil C. in Portland Oregon urging Wesley to follow up his application by submitting a signed contract to sell cooking utensils. He had been granted the requested territory and salesmen were making about $1 per hour. An order sheet for a sample case was included. There is not evidence that Wesley pursued the offer.

Wesley was lonely in Dingle. On January 11th he wrote: *I thought that you had found someone else and did not consider it worthwhile to write to me anymore. Lee and Fabian got back to their schools alright. The Utah Light and Power Co. have lots of surveying here now. I wrote for a job but have not heard from them yet...they say there will be five months of work here. I have the Book of Mormon nearly half read through now, but I have not seen any place where it says that anyone who would read it with a desire to know if it be true or not will know. It is more interesting reading than I thought it would be...I am letting my moustache grow until you come home. If you do not like it you can cut it off. How will that suit you? I get awfully lonesome. I feel as though I could jump up and run away and never stop unless I should see you.*

There was trouble for Wesley in Dingle that month, which began a few days before the above letter. It unfolded in a flurry of letters among various family members and must have been a worry and a riddle for Mamie. In retrospect it seems trivial to me. If Wesley's eventual explanation to Mamie is true, it was an ugly manifestation of bad feelings that had been brewing between the Reams and the majority of Dingle people over decades (and continued long after.) I'll summarize the letters for you to puzzle over, and then try to put it all together. It was certainly the talk of the town.

The first probably arrived before Mamie got Wesley's above letter. It was dated January 9th and was saved in the same envelope with another written on the 18th. These were mostly unintelligible to me including the signature—I suspect they were from Maida. The gist was that Wesley and George Sparks[27] stole a coyote from one of "Grant's" traps. Grant suspected them and said if they would bring the hide he would say nothing. They did, but he promptly went to Dingle and had them both arrested anyway. George pled guilty and paid $5, but Wesley said he was innocent and would rather go to trial, which was still pending. She said he was looking lonely.

[27] This was probably not George Henry Sparks, who married Mamie's cousin Maida the following June. Incredibly, there were five people named George Sparks in the 1910 Dingle census, so I can't be certain who it was. The only one of these that was significantly younger than Wesley, but old enough to have been involved was George Milford Sparks, who was not related to the Daytons. He would have been 19 at the time. However his family had moved to Idaho Falls before 1912, so if he was the culprit, he must have been living in Dingle by himself.

Sarah weighed in on January 18th. Sarah had heard from *Ream,* (William Dewine, I think) that Wesley didn't pay the fine because it was George Sparks and the hired man who stole the coyote and Grant had accused Wesley purely out of spite.

On the 19th, Wesley wrote about the incident. He planned to act as his own attorney: *I guess you heard that Grant Wilcox had me arrested for stealing a coyote out of his trap. The case was set for Sat night at 7:30 but it stormed and attorney Jessie Rich did not like to get out in the storm so he phoned over and tried to get me to plead guilty to save him the trip. I was away and Papa talked to him. Then he set the case for Monday (the 20th) at 7:00. I am not going to hire a lawyer for it is expense that he wants to put me to, and truth ought to win without a lawyer. So I am going to plead my own case. The decision will make little difference in the minds of the people. If they think me guilty my winning would make no difference. If they think me innocent my losing will make no difference. Their opinion is not much to me anyway. As long as you believe me, the others may go straight up. And I know you will think me innocent. I have been working up my evidence today. I expect to get stuck but George Dayton will swear to him and Hyrum Dayton will give a biased judgment if I do. I will tell you about it when I see you.*

I am working for the Ut. P & L Co. now at $65 and expenses including board. I wanted to board myself but it is not arranged so yet. My hand is better now. Best Love. O! How I would like to see you and have you help straighten out my troubles. Wesley

Sarah did not attend the hearing on the 20th, but she heard about it. The next morning she wrote to Mamie what she had heard. She had ...*stayed down to Aunt Mary's and had officers meeting and then walked home in the snow after dark. They nearly all went to the trial. Warren went. They had it at Hy Dayton's and the house was just packed. Warren says they proved that Wesley was with George at the time they took the coyote so held him guilty and fined him five dollars and costs which will be about 20 dollars or something like that...I guess he has told you all about it. I would like to hear his side of the story but I am so sick of the talk and excitement of it...James told me Wesley was working with the surveyors...Emeline has got her sore feet again. They are swelled so bad she can't wear her shoes...going to school in slippers.*

Two days later Sarah wrote more. Much more. *We have not heard any more of the trouble. People are not talking of it now and no one has ever said anything to me about it, only Bessie. She came up and wanted to talk about it but I told her I did not know one thing, only what was talked around so would not say anything to her. I tell you what I think. It is all talk. I don't believe nor...think anyone believes that Wesley ever tried to steal the hide but you see Sparks and Grant thought they had a good thing in Reams. It is all spite and talk. Everyone seemed to feel sorry for Wesley till the last night and he talked so bad. Warren was there but he would not tell me what he said. Does Olie* (Oliver Humpherys) *write to you? He was there. Has he ever said anything about it? I told you Wesley was at Sunday school. I heard Frank Dayton telling Hyrum he* (Wesley) *wanted to be released from being a teacher and they thought that was the best. That is about all I know about it. Wesley is at work here but Olie is*

up the Lake. They don't expect him for two weeks or more. Now Mamie if you want to come home do so. I don't know what to say about it. A while ago they were talking in the store that the bishop wanted Wesley to go on a mission but now he don't want him to go but I don't know if there is a word of truth in it. They don't talk of it at all now. I have tried to tell you a little about it so you don't feel bad, now don't worry about it at all it may be all for the best. Now Mamie you must write and tell us if you would rather come home or what you think is best to do. Don't be afraid to say what you think. Fred says he hears you are homesick and he wants you to come. He is going to Phoebe's to take her washers. He has just come in so I must stop for this time. Love to you from Mama. Maida said she would write to you.

There's a lot in that letter. Sarah supported Wesley, thinking it was more of a town vs. Ream issue. And Oliver was at the hearing! Uncle Fred had become a washing machine salesman. Mamie had been helping him on the Salt Lake end of the business.

Sarah wrote further, *Well, Fred wants you to go and see that woman about the washers and see what it would cost to send six washers up by parcel post as express or freight. He thinks he can sell some. He thinks you will have to order them for him, but he will send you the money when he hears from you. He has given an option on his land, the 40 acres outside the fence to the new Co. for $500 till the 15 of March.*

By the 26th Mamie was writing to Wesley to get his version of the story. She was disappointed and a little angry. She had not yet received his explanation on the 19th. Right while she was writing, he was writing to her again. She wrote:

No letter came this week—I expected it every day, waiting for the postman. A week ago I heard reports that you and George had taken a coyote from Grant's traps and that he was very angry. I felt sure there must be some mistake. Still it made me feel very badly and I am sure I would hear from you. And when I did not and heard from others that you had been arrested, I felt worse. Later I heard that you had been proven guilty—still not a word from you. I could hardly stand it—went to bed feeling very wretched. The folks thought I was sick, well I was, but a different sickness than they thought. It all seems so strange and like a horrid dream. I cannot understand it at all. How I should love to have a long talk with you. I am sure it could all be cleared up. It would kill me to think you anything but innocent. Tonight I feel so far away from home and all my loved ones. I went to conference this afternoon, but it didn't cheer me up much. I am going with Edna at 8:30. She is going to sing at the Methodist church. I have heard that you are working for the Telluride. I hope you are. And guess what else I have heard. Well I'll tell you—that you have a call to go on a mission. Is it true? I am not going to tell you what else I have heard, in this letter. She then discussed the weather. *I do not feel as if I could write more tonight, Wesley. Hope I shall feel better when I hear from you and that the trouble is over, and you are well. Much love, Mamie.*

Here's Wesley's letter of the same day.

He explained that he was in a surveying party awaiting orders to run a pole line from Montpelier to Grace, which would soon supply power to Bear Lake including Dingle. *Most*

of the gang have been drunk or nearly so all day and...gambling all day and all last night...I have had an awful day...so very different from the Sundays I have spent with you...

Grant Wilcox Hyrum Dayton

Then about that coyote. I suppose that you have heard how it came out. Dayton pronounced me guilty and stated that it was because I should have stayed with George and not let him take it, for I was older. Then he fined me sixteen dollars and I had worked so hard for it and for my good name then to have him combine with such a thing as Grant to steal my money and my good name as well. I was so angry that I could almost have killed them. But never mind. I will be able to see them behind the bars yet and that is worse than dead. If I can work it right, Grant will spend this next summer in Boise. (That's the state prison). *I am going to cut them out entirely. I can't teach Sunday school with people talking that way so I am going to resign. And I can't take the sacrament feeling as I do toward them... Don't get the blues, as I have them.*

Hyrum Dayton was the justice of the peace, age 52. He was a half-uncle to Maida. Grant Wilcox, who made the complaint against Wesley, was Maida's half-cousin and a half-nephew to Hyrum, the same age as Wesley and likely a rival. He was born in Cedar Fort, but had lived in Dingle before the 1900 census. It seems that family dynamics were stacked against Wesley.

The explanation sounded honest and sincere. I believe Wesley's version. But I admit I'm biased. In any case, the whole thing seems to be a mountain made from a molehill. Mamie must have been relieved to finally receive those two letters.

Sarah sent Mamie some Oakey family news on January 30th. *Fred sent your money Monday, is anxious to hear whether you received it. Maida has been staying with me since Sunday. She got a card last night from George. He thinks they will be gone about ten days (moving to Nampa). Em is coming home at noon to fix my hair. They are planning for a big event featuring President Wilson and Governor Hawley of Idaho.* Fred was holding washing demonstrations in homes, hoping to sell washing machines.

The next day Mamie wrote to Warren in Dingle: *Was at Aunt Ann's at noon. Oakey got the washers off by freight. Ella and Thad say to say hello. Edna gives a swell party next Saturday. How is the Lady?* (I don't know who Warren's lady was—she obviously did not pan out. Warren was 24 then, and did not marry until 1918.)

Wesley's life had been upended. He felt he had burned bridges in his ward. I wish I knew what he said at the hearing when he lost his temper. He was now wondering whether Mamie and her family had turned against him, too. He wrote to Mamie on February 2nd, *Your letter Monday...was the first I had got since the trouble...I have told you most everything. I am very lonesome without you. Last Sunday my boss got drunk...so he got fired, so I had to*

work at another job...using giant powder. We used about a hundred pounds in three days. Every morning I would ride to work sitting on 25-50 lbs. of it (in the sleigh). The other fellows said it was foolish to sit on it, but I said if I need to ride with it I might as well have a good place to sit...if it exploded it would kill everybody. Now I have a (less dangerous) job...Link Williams is on the dynamite gang now.

I went to Sunday school today...resigned as teacher. I saw Emeline and spoke to her but she just looked and went on. Later I saw your mother and spoke to her. She just looked and walked away. I have not been called on a mission. The bishop will not even speak to me. So now you see my chances are very slim for getting a recommend in this ward. I guess that when I want one I will have to go to some other ward to live for a while. What do you think of it? I suppose that I will have to get some scheme to get it or lose you, eh? You said that you would not tell me what you have heard "in the letter." Will you tell me in the answer to this one..?

If she sent a letter in answer, I don't have it.

Of February 5th Maida sent Mamie money for train fare back to Dingle. She wanted Mamie to be with her at the end of her first pregnancy.[28]

On the 9th, Wesley wrote: *My work is walking 8-10 miles in crusted snow and I get home tired. Friday I walked five miles to the bottoms. St. Charles looked nearer than Dingle. Stayed all night. I shaved off my mustache and they thought I was the new cook, said I looked five years younger, but not as good as before. Mamie Larson[29] was out here yesterday and today. Heard you were coming home Tuesday...I am very lonesome.*

Mamie's reply came from 945 (Lake Street, Lucy and Will Evans', where the postman sometimes forgets to call), written on small card. *Good and bad news: Will be home Saturday* (April 15)*, expect to come back* (to SL) *in April. Hate to go just now.* The note seems to be missing a second page. I think she was coming to help Maida and expected to go back to Salt Lake after the baby was born.

[28] Selena Marie Sparks was born on April 23, 1913.

[29] Mamie Larson, the former Dingle school principal/teacher and Wesley's cousin, had left Dingle in April, 1910 and had now come back to visit. I wish I knew where she had been living—perhaps in Long Beach. I know that she ended up there at some point and may have drawn Wesley's mother there in 1918, when she moved permanently to teach school and educate Wesley's younger siblings.

By March 5th Wesley was writing to Mamie from Idaho Falls. He had been rescued from the cold, wet, boring job surveying the Bear Lake wetlands by reassignment. From the content of the letter it is clear that he had a chance, though brief, to be with Mamie in Dingle before going north. *Dear Mamie: The rest of the bunch are all out having a good time to night...I think that some of the boys have gone to the dance. I am not going out tonight but am going to write to you and to Mamma.*

Wesley and survey crew at Idaho Falls

I assume that Warren has told you about my coming to see you while you were over to Maida's. Well I will tell you why it happened. Here he gave a long story about going halfway to Idaho Falls, and then pulling strings to get back to Dingle to see her. *Then I asked the office man about the condition of things. He...wanted to know if I could get to Montpelier in time to go with Nelson. I told him that I thought that I could. So I went out and got my horse and then got together a few necessary articles and struck out. I stopped at the office and then went on down to your place. When I went to get off my horse I sprained my ankle and my little gripp fell on my head. Warren told me that you were over to Maida's but I did not have time to ride back.* So after all that, he missed her anyway. *When I got to Montpelier I went in and got a pair of socks but did not have time to have them wrapped up. Papa was in town but I did not get to see him. I sent my horse back by Karl Gilgen.*

I was very disappointed in not being able to see you before I left for I wanted to ask you about something that you told me in one of your letters that you would tell me if I wanted to know when you came home. (I think she was thinking about telling him about Oliver.) *I am very glad that you kissed me Sunday night for I would have felt very bad if I had had to leave without a kiss. You do not know how badly I wanted to kiss you again.*

As we came through Pocatello last night we met some more fellows from Salt Lake who were coming here to work on our gang. We will have to sound the Snake River in a great many places. ...it promises to be thrilling work. I can hear it roaring from my room now. We have not much snow here now, but Oh! My! for the mud. I like the place pretty well to stay in for a while but I would hate to think that I would have to live here for any length of time. There is too much lava rock and sage brush to suit me. You can see mountains on the north, east, and south, but not on the west... I will close for this time with best Love. Wesley Ream

Wesley wrote again on March 13th. He expected to get to St. Anthony by Saturday...*so address the next letter there c/o CW Wright, U. P. and L. Co....we have been sounding the Snake River lately, and have been in some pretty scary places, but we started on the worst one yesterday. It did not look very bad. At first we thought we could throw a cord across, then*

pull a rope across, but it was too far to throw so we tried to row a boat over but broke the oars and gave it up for then, and tried to float a rope down from above, but the current was so strong it nearly pulled us all in. He went on to say they ended up with two men in the icy river and had to give up sounding that part for now.

You say that you are very unhappy and can not understand why your life has not turned out as you expected it should. Now Mamie there must be something that is making you feel that way. Even though you do not know why, you know of things that tend to make you feel bad. Now you must be frank with me and tell me what the matter is. The next two lines are illegibly faded out in the crease of paper. *I can help you to feel (---) Don't be afraid of hurting me (---- ---) for I will do anything that I can to make you happy. If I am the cause do not be afraid to tell me and I will try to change. You know I love you so much. I think that you should do all you can to try and not worry and feel bad for that makes you look old. And you owe it to me to look as young and fresh as you can so please let me help you. I will be home in October if not sooner if everything goes well. Best love for you. Cheer up. Wesley.*

Well, it seems pretty clear to me what was upsetting Mamie at that point. And I can see why she has not been clear with Wesley about it. I don't think that he is exactly the cause of her issue, though it certainly involves him. I think Mamie is conflicted by the chance circumstance of Maida's request, which had brought her back to Dingle right when Oliver unexpectedly showed up. Awkward... She still had feelings for Ollie.

At the time, Oliver was romantically involved with a 22 year old girl in Shelley named Clara Jensen. Clara was born in Wardboro, just three miles north of Dingle. She had been orphaned when she was 15 and continued to live in Wardboro until she was 17, when she moved to Shelley with her brother Jacob after he married Vinnie Humpherys, Oliver's half-twin sister. (She was his age, but from the bishop's other wife.) This was just a few months before Oliver left on his mission in 1908. I think it is certain that Oliver, and likely that Mamie and even Wesley, had known her at that time.

In a 1922 addendum to Oliver Humpherys' missionary journal, he gave an account of what happened after Wesley left Dingle that February. Oliver wrote that he had considered Mamie engaged to Wesley, *altho she gave me a number of invitations to come and see her. This night as I remember was March 1913 when I at Mrs. Sirrine's invitation, went to her home. She* (Sarah, his former primary teacher) *told me her daughter had been engaged to Mr. Ream but that she felt they did not care for each other and if we still cared for each other she felt we should not each of us be trying to get someone else but should try and find out if we were not suited for each other. I promised Mary when we were alone that I would not marry anyone until I felt that I had found the woman the Lord had put upon the earth for my wife. I returned to Shelley to take up my farm work on the farm I had purchased the year before. I stopped going out with Miss Jensen and determined that I should not keep company with another girl until I felt sure she should be my wife, or at least to find out by humble prayer if I should go back to my old home and marry Miss Sirrine. This thing became a matter of daily*

secret prayer with me but the more I prayed the more I felt that I should look elsewhere for a wife.

So, Sarah had been working behind the scenes to get this couple together. After their liaison, Oliver must have returned immediately to Shelley, since we have a letter he wrote to Mamie from there on March 15th.

...I tried hard to greet everyone in my usual manner, but Clara noticed a difference...I did not tell her all at once but gave her at first to understand that something had happened that would prevent us from being married before next fall...I "told her" without telling her who it was that I had loved for years...whom I had always thought never returned that love, but when I learned from that girl herself (you) that she cared for me all that love which I for a long time tried hard to kill, tried to smother, came back to me and that I loved that girl...better than any other woman on earth...I also told her what father had said and how I wanted to do what was right and honorable. Mamie, she did not cry but said for me to choose for myself...I had decided as I told you that I would do nothing in a hurry so asked her to wait for a while...She guessed I would go back to Dingle...far from what I intended to do...if I ever married anyone but her it would be a long, long time...Mamie be sure we understand each other from now on however things may go...I must confess I am still puzzled.

He remained puzzled for a long time, while a lot of other people suffered.

Wesley, likely oblivious to what had just happened, was in Farmington, Utah. He wrote on March 24th that he was lonesome, but was moving around so much he considered it unlikely that Mamie's letters would catch up with him...*I think I will be going to Hyrum for a few days...c/o Andrew Nelson of UP&L. I got to SLC Friday, went to the hotel, then reported to the office...Sunday went out to see Chess and Hetty...David Crockett* (This was probably Ozro David Crockett, son of Nora's brother Ozro. He was then living in SL, born in 1882. Chess was the son of Mary Sophia Crockett Smith, Nora's oldest sister) *and family came over...we have been tramping through the snow...looking for section corners...but unable to find any yet and it looks hopeless. Say, have you seen Link* (possibly Lincoln Sargent of Montpelier, the same age as Wesley and Mamie) *any since I left?*

Oliver, still puzzled, wrote to Mamie the following day: *...father wrote me a few days ago...said he thought I had acted a little hasty in going with Clara still he assured me that if I did what was right all would turn out right...This will not help you by telling you how puzzled I am but will only tend to make your vision more cloudy. Mamie I know you are still sorrowing and I want to try and write something which will help...I must thank you for getting that ring for me. Mrs. Nowland will feel better too no doubt when she knows where it is for she wanted very much for me to have it.* It sounds as if Oliver had given the ring to Lester's mom when he came back from his mission, feeling he would have no use for it.

On March 27th Mamie wrote again to Wesley. I don't know where he was by then, but the letter obviously reached him. *I went to Sunday school and church and spent an hour or so*

with Laura. She is preparing for her wedding with Ed Albright. You might have been best man. Do you expect to be away all summer? Mamie was not calling her *your* Laura any more.

The same day Nora wrote to Wesley from Hyrum, evidently visiting her Crockett relatives. She sent his clothes as he had requested to Salt Lake on the first train minus the requested green ink, which she was afraid would spoil the clothes. She gave him news about two of their hired men, who had cheated each other. He must have found green ink somewhere else, since he used it in all of his letters that year.

I have a clue to Mamie's Salt Lake boyfriend. It was someone named Bert. He was getting news about her from somewhere, probably from Edna, I would guess. On April 17th he wrote to Mamie: *How's Mamie and Ollie anyway? I suppose just fine. Gee but I'm glad you are coming down this month for it would be nice to be able to see you once in a while. Never met those boys on the train. They sure went the wrong way. As ever your friend Bert.*

Wesley was in Salt Lake, too, applying to do government surveys. He and his group were chosen from 108 applicants. By April 29th, Mamie had returned to Salt Lake as expected, though a little later than she had planned. She wrote to Maida: *How is baby by now...hope you will soon be able to be up...tonight I am going to Mutual with Edna and Mr. Barber...all glad to hear of the little Miss Sparks.* Hmm. I wonder if Mr. Barber was Bert. Two nights later Mamie was on a date with Wesley.

On May 1, 1913 Wesley picked up his UP&L check in Salt Lake. Then he took Mamie to see "The Confession." He found out that his government wage was going to be $55 instead of $50. He had dinner with his cousin, Chess Crockett, and then spent most of the next day with Mamie, who saw him off at the depot, headed to his new job. The next day Wesley wrote in his journal that he received *one of the best letters I ever got from (Mamie.)*

That summer Wesley Ream surveyed the desert west of Salt Lake, dividing up sections, working under a man from Manti. It was rough, hot, lonely work. His first letter to Mamie was mailed from Low station on the transcontinental railroad on May 2nd. They had seen each other in Salt Lake before he went out.

Arrived OK, leaving early in the morning. Your lunch was very good. Say, I never thought until the train started that you gave me your lunch and went without yourself. You should not have done that. Would you please send a money order to $20 to Mamma for me? Love, Wesley. I am writing this by campfire.

On May 10, Mamie got an update from her mother Sarah. *I was the only mother at the Mother's Day program with a white carnation (that you sent to me.) Hyrum hitched up the mare and we went to see the babe (Maida's first, Selina Sparks, born April 21) after Sunday school.*

Her excitable friend Edith Lindsay, still in Paris, wrote the same day. *...pleased to hear from you and that you like school so well...Oh! I heard W. R.* (Wesley Ream) *had gone to S.L. also. What do you know about that? Was it all planned before hand? Write soon. E.L.*

On May 11th Wesley elaborated on the conditions at Low station. *Glad to hear from you and to get the flowers. We hardly see any. We are about 15 miles from Low out in the desert...have to ship all our water to Low* (on the train) *and haul it out here. I have had my hair clipped and will sent you a lock of it. If you do not want it throw it in the stove.* She did not throw it into the stove. It is still in the envelope and I am saving it. It is copper red, just as I remember it, and about four inches long. *We can see the Great Salt Desert from here but we will be near it after a while and will likely take a ride over it.* The next week Wesley revealed that he was looking for a rattlesnake to kill for a skin to send Mamie.

The crew was moving west toward Wendover. On May 22nd Wesley's letter came from Clive, Utah. *An evangelist came to the camp and we invited him to stay...came on foot from Chicago on route to San Francisco...not much preaching, mainly songs. We killed three rattlesnakes. Played baseball. I'm sending money for stamps and envelopes to send me.*

Clearly Mamie was answering each of these letters. I guess it is too much to expect for Wesley to have preserved them in his harsh desert camping conditions.

In his journal, Wesley noted that on May 23-24 he and eight other men from his work crew including his boss hopped a freight train across the salt flats to Wendover and booked a room in a cheap hotel. He ended up having to take care of the others, who all got drunk when they could find nothing else to do. He had a chance to explore the salt flats.

On May 24th Sarah wrote to Mamie that she was rushing to finish a dress for Emeline. Commencement exercises for the Academy were May 30th and the public schools were to end the next day. Sarah was hoping to go to conference.

Oliver was still writing to Mamie. On May 25th he announced that he had been called to be a "home missionary," traveling to other towns. He was also monitoring the dances for his bishop. That sounds like Oliver. Have I lost my objectivity? W*hat sort of class did you say you were attending? I want to drive down home in June after you return from the City—I may wait until about the 4th of July. With fondest love, Pall.* It sounds like all these spiritual callings were causing him to lean toward Mamie again.

The next day another suitor wrote to Mamie. This time it was Robert Hughes. He had finally escaped Canada and was working in Logan*...I received a letter from Ione* Bird Morrison[30] a *few days ago and she told me you were at Salt Lake...I didn't get back to Dingle*

[30] When I was born in Madison, Wisconsin in 1947, Mamie moved out from Dingle to help my mom with her first baby. During those months, Mamie was able to link up with her old friend Ione, who had married a college professor and lived her entire adult life there.

like I thought I would...Suppose Uncle Hyrum and your Mother told you about our meeting in Salt Lake and the good times we had there. To say the least, I was awfully disappointed when I learned that you would not be down...Spent a lovely evening at your Uncle Tom's...enjoyed their (the two girls) singing and playing immensely. Oh yes, I have a livel (libel) *suit against you...Miss Edna...told me all my past history in about five minutes, at least the Bear Lake part. Some things I had really forgotten...I have been working with the city engineer...outside of Logan, at Preston, Franklin and up Weber Canyon. Well Mamie, that treacherous month of June is almost with us again...the fatal month for Bear Lakers, so be careful the little bee don't sting you, too. Will you still be in SLC when I run down in June? I still will expect you to show me the town.* I didn't see how he could have missed her--thinking she was living with Edna or Tom. Then I learned that Mamie was now in Ogden, living with Aunt Bessie Oakey.

That same day Mamie got a letter from her mother, reporting on the end of Emeline's high school, and as usual Sarah was worried....*Mr. Payne called to say that some students have failed. Emeline only got 69 in arithmetic. Mr. Hart has been sick and everything has gone wrong. When they moved the graduation exercises up a week it made it bad for everyone. We think that Alfred passed, and Emeline too, but she is nervous.* Emeline was 16. *Bessie feels hurt. She thinks I am trying to get you away from Mutual work for Primary.* Bessie Oakey is the Aunt that Mamie is visiting. *I am glad you went to Ogden and that you are enjoying the work. I'll write again when we find out if they passed. Alf* Humpherys *was telling me today that they expect Ollie sometime in June.*

I think Sarah was hopeful that Oliver was coming for Mamie. Maybe Mamie was, too.

Robert Hughes was turning up the heat now and Mamie was back in Salt Lake. On June 15th, he wrote: *I have not given up the idea of coming down yet and so shall try to see you before you go home. If you are quite sure you will be in SL on July 4th I shall wait until then. I have been trying to figure out where you got your information about me going to Montpelier for the High School commencement exercises. Do you suppose I would do anything like that without telling you? No, I have not been there since March when I saw you.* He probably had no idea what a very bad month March had been for him to be with Mamie. *I shall not attempt to relate all the things I am holding you for and for which you will have to answer for when I see you...it would take too much time and writing to do it.*

You asked about "your sister-in-law elect." (Ida) He hadn't heard from her since he was in Dingle and was quite sure she would not answer if he wrote. *I think I told you about meeting her father at Salt Lake. He said then Ida was thinking about accepting a position teaching in the Philippines. I had great fears about you this spring until your letter came.* I think he meant he thought she would be married. Who did he think would be the groom, Wesley or Ollie?

On June 18th Wesley sent another letter from the Low train station. The Oakeys forwarded it to Dingle, for she had gone home. I think she was expecting to rendezvous with Ollie. And I think that Wesley was sensing that everything was not quite right...

...three weeks since I had a letter from you...very long weeks. He was working high in the hills—it took two days to make the trip to Low Station for water and mail. He wondered whether he had received the last letter she would write to him and was so lonesome he was thinking of running away with the coyotes that howled around his tent. The surveying was very rough. He expected to be in SLC in about a month, uncertain whether there would be another surveying assignment. He asked her to let him know if she no longer wanted to write so that he wouldn't be forever looking for letters that would not arrive. He was suspecting that Mamie had other suitors ...*better looking and more attractive than I am...* Three days later seemed more cheerful. He knew that she was back in Dingle and related the story of how the crew got rid of a cook they didn't like. Wesley was expecting a raise of $5 per month.

Well, Mamie was in for a big disappointment. She had come home for nothing—Oliver got cold feet and did not show up. He had been getting pressure from Clara and from his family. Now he seemed to be trying to bring Mamie down gently, but not doing a good job of it at all.

On June 24th he sent this: *First of all let me disappoint you by saying that it will be impossible for me to be home for July 4...(though) possibly the 24th. If not, Christmas will be my next visit home....I wish I could explain everything to you...but this much I feel should be said. Clara's people have just found out what has happened and perhaps you can guess what they think and say of me, that I have broken her heart...she had been in bed for four days after receiving one of my letters...and she has not answered my last one in two weeks. I tell you now, if you haven't already broken your engagement to Wesley, think well before you do so for if you think you can be happy with him don't wait a moment for me. I tell you this now because I cannot see you for some time at least and perhaps by letting things go on...may only add the sorrow and trouble...I feel that I am the only one to blame for all that has happened so if matters can be set aright I feel that no sacrifice on my part is too great.* On July 4th he wrote again ...*although it's the 4th I've been working all day. I can hardly allow myself to think of you all at home...*

Wesley was back in touch on July 6th. He was having portentous dreams about Mamie.

Wesley Bishop Humphries

I hope you had a little fun for me on the fourth and ate a little ice cream for me...we are going to leave for SL in ten days. Send mail to the US Surveyor General's Office c/o H.W. Miller. After a couple of days in SL we'll be going to Southern Utah. We'll work there until the snow drives us out, probably about Christmas. It will be up in the timber where there is a lot of fish and game. Do you want me to eat a few trout for you? ...killed seven rattle snakes...I have three skins I will send you when they have dried...You should have seen me a week ago. I had a chin beard like the bishop and a moustache. It is off now. When I shaved the fellows scarcely knew me.

The other night I had a bad dream about you and a fellow. At first I could not tell who he was, but after it seemed as though it was Link or Ed Williams. Of course I don't think there will be anything to it. Say, Mamie, when you write to me, why don't you tell me the things that you say you would like to tell me if I was there? If you don't write them to me you will forget them before you see me.

Wesley journaled on July 15th that he was back in Salt Lake, glad to see something green. He got lemonade, ice cream, and a letter from Mamie.

On July 16th Wesley answered her. He was feeling better about their relationship. It takes a lot of confidence to make a gift of snake skins to a girl. *Came in town last night...sending you the snake skins, wish I could bring them instead...we would go for a horseback ride...like the last one. That was one of the best times I remember of ever having. I will never forget how sweet you were that night, nor how you asked to try again. O, Mamie, that evening was worth the world to me...All cares and sorrows were forgotten. I felt that you loved me and I knew that I loved you. My soul was bubbling over with love and happiness....I have tried to tell you several times when you have accused me of never having a good time when I was with you, but something would stop me.* There followed a long love letter.

Wesley left Salt Lake for Ephraim on July 19th. The next day he went to church at two. Ephraim was a pretty place with lots of girls and children. Work was not ready—if he had known, he would have gone home for a few days. The men gradually gathered and they outfitted their expedition. On the 25th they took their "junk" to Manti, and from there into the mountains via Manti Canyon, where they set up camp. They searched until July 31 for a

corner marker until Wesley finally found one. Then they found the next one on the south fork of Six Mile Creek.

July 22nd and Edith Lindsay was now in Pocatello. *Had my fortune the other day—it was not a bit good. Is Oliver coming down for Millie the 24th?* She was probably referring to Millie Nate, aka Sarah Permelia Nate. She and Edwin Smedley were one of the couples married together with Mamie and Wesley the following year. I do not know what her relationship with Oliver had been.

About that time Wesley wrote a very emotional letter to Mamie, probably from the old Ephraim Hotel that is still standing next to Anderson's pharmacy. I think this man had psychic powers—he had to be sensing the trouble between Mamie and Oliver.

Ephriam (sic), Utah Sunday evening 9:30

Dear Mamie:

Do you still love me a little? If you do how much do you love me? Something is wrong somewhere for I have been feeling awfully lately. The worst I have felt came on me about ten of fifteen minutes ago. I had been reading and stopped for a little when my eyes filled with tears and I began sobbing with apparently no cause. Then I fealt sad for quite a while, when all of a sudden I fealt good and everything seamed bright, but still I did not feel happy. Then when I began this letter and got half way down the page it struck me again. Hot tears rolled down my cheeks and I began sobbing quite hard. I could not help it. Then came the good bright feeling again but it is gone now. Please write and tell me just what you have been doing all day everything, just like you would if I were there and could talk to you and ask you questions. And be sure and tell me how much you care for me.

I am laying on my bed writing this. I left Salt Lake this morning because I had the blues so. Then I had got so tired of the city and having nothing to do. So I just came down here where the next work will begin in a day or two. The other boys are still in the city. If I had known it would been this long before our new work began I would have come right on home and never stopped in the City but they kept putting it off a day at a time so that it seemed that if I went home I would have to take the next train back. That has made me feel as though I had lost something.

This is a very pretty place. The houses are not so grand but everything grows so nicely. If I had a place in a country like this I would have all kinds of roses.

Please, Mamie, when you write do not stop with the everyday news but write me some of your thoughts about the future or the past or present. They are much more interesting than general news.

Write soon. Best love and all my love to you my darling. Wesley

Alfred Oakey

On Pioneer Day July 24, 1913, Wesley went up Ephraim Canyon to survey the mountains of the Wasatch Plateau east of there and Manti. He said they saw bears there nearly every day including grizzlies.

On July 26th Alfred Oakey, Mamie's pioneer uncle died at age 64 in Dingle.

His good friend Robert Hughes wrote to Dingle from Logan on July 27th. *The (last) two Sundays Ione was visiting me...we went up Logan Canyon for a drive and needless to say we had a very enjoyable trip. Suppose you received a card from us. We wrote that just before she left for Mendon...I planned to come to Bear Lake for the 24th but...very busy...in fact I worked that day. Ione told me about the trip you all had planned and I envied you...then her card came saying you hadn't take the trip. I would like to see you and have a long chat with you. I am sure you have a lot of news to tell me. I have some to tell you, some that I can't hardly write. I heard that Fred was quite sick. I hope it is not very serious.* He had not yet gotten the sad news.

On August 17th Wesley managed to get a letter to the post office in Ephraim from *The Cove, Wasatch Plateau.* This has been my very favorite fishing spot for the last three decades. It takes me an hour and a half to drive there in my four wheel drive truck. It is amazing to me that my very own grandpa discovered that beautiful spot 70 years before I did. Evidently he didn't fish that stream that I have loved, but was camped at the lake. Incredibly, he seemed tired of it. There seemed to be more campers there than nowadays. He seemed to still be recovering from his illness of the previous year.

We are still in the same old camp...expect to move in a day or two. We run only a mile or two each day...if I keep improving I will soon be as well as I used to be...when I get back to a low altitude I will be almost entirely well. We are now above ten thousand feet...Wild strawberries are just in bloom...I have had a few raspberries. ...There are lots of campers up here now...some of the campers have beer and whiskey and are feeling good all of the

Wesley's camp at Snow Lake 1913

time. Some of them came in camp when we were all away...drunk, and nearly scared the cook to death.

I may quit in October sometime and come home for a few days. Then I will go up to the Salmon country. Papa says I ought to go up with the boys when they go back. Have you heard them talk of it? I will not have my four hundred by then but it may be more profitable for me to go than to stay here.

On August 18th they set up a "fly camp" on Little Bear Creek

Loggers' Lake Skyline Drive

On August 24th they were camped on Wagon Road Ridge, east of Manti. *Last night I dreamed that you were very sick and I was sitting with you....all of a sudden you raised up in bed and gave an awful scream and threw your arms about me, then became very limp. I thought you were dead, but you had only been frightened and fainted. Got caught in a storm. Found enough wild strawberries to eat cream on.* His party got separated and he had to find his way alone back to camp—the others got lost and were found 5 miles from camp. *I would like to be home for your birthday. We would go for a ride and see if we could get some chickens. If you were here we could hunt strawberries and raspberries...I spilled some red dye we use at work on my bed, then told the men I had cut myself with an axe. They got quite excited for a while.*

On September 6th Wesley went down to Manti. He stayed with Rathbone's family until the 8th.

Beginning September 7th in St. Charles on the west side of Bear Lake, Mamie hosted a Maori touring group of about ten, led by a charismatic young man named Stuart Meha. Afterwards she traveled with them to Salt Lake City, filling an autograph book with notes of their activities. The book contains an eloquent good-bye letter from Stuart, which he wrote from San Francisco on his way back to New Zealand in November and a response to him from Mamie, which we could only have now if was never sent. He must have been on the ship by then. It also contains a packet of photos and postcards that he sent to her.

Oliver did not come to the event, but mentioned it in a letter to her September 11th from Shelley. *...so you saw some of the Maoris did you—quite a nice lot of people don't you think? I was simply sick to go down home and see them...but it was an utter impossibility...it will be a week or two* before he comes home to Bear Lake. This seems to suggest that Mamie was also writing to him at this time. I don't know whether or not he actually did come down as he suggested. If so, he was back in Shelly by October 6th, writing that he had *...harvested all my beets...digging a cellar. I did not have the talk that I expected to have at the dance*

although Clara was there and I danced with her...too many people watching and listening...the first time people have seen us together since last spring. He was finally making peace with Clara.

Meanwhile Wesley was still on his surveying adventure in Sanpete County. On September 14th he wrote: *You should have seen me the other day. We were surveying a ledge called the white ledge, nearly two thousand feet high.* I know it well. It is in Six Mile Canyon, east of Sterling. This summer I plan to try to find some of his corner markers, but not that one. *We chained right up it. The corner came in the middle of it. Where the base rock was not sticking out of the ground there was only an inch or so of dirt on it. Near the top there was a perpendicular ledge about twenty feet high. I was part way up it and reached to the top to draw myself up...when the rock I took hold of gave way. I was standing on a shelf just large enough for one foot to hang on. The rock came down and struck the leg I was standing on at the knee. It tore the leg to my pants nearly off, but did not hurt. It scared me so bad that I dared not move for a long time. When I did get down I had completely lost my nerve and did not get over it for quite a while. I am going to get a picture of it if I can and...send it to you.*

Well, I got into a row with the boss's pet this morning and he says that he is going to have me fired, so you may see me before long...I may have to give him something that he will remember.

By September 19th Wesley was working between sections 21 and 28 on Haystack Mountain. He was still on Haystack on the 29th.

On October 4th he wrote ...it *seems I get one third of your letters and you get no more of mine...the job may be through in a few more days. It is hailing now and the leaves are falling but it has been beautiful the past two weeks.* He enclosed oak leaves. *I can think of nothing more to say.* A week later he was seeing bear tracks, but no bear. The weather was getting even more wintery. He was scheduled to work later in the valley around Ephraim, but his boss was heading for trouble and might be fired first. The crew seemed profane. He thought he might try to go up to the big football game between Utah and the Aggies.

It snowed all afternoon on October 9th in the Manti mountains. Wesley went to Ephraim, got clothes and a haircut on 11th.

On October 13th he wrote in his journal: *Got a letter from Papa. They are putting a heating plant in the house.* The last entry in Wesley's diary was entered October 26, 1913 after a scary four-hour hike trying to find the main camp.

Oliver was still writing to Mamie from Shelly on November 19th. *...You no doubt have plenty to keep you busy while you are attending school...a number of girls from Shelley are attending the "Rex" and taking the same course which you are...I expect to go home for a while before spring...Clara has been here a few days and I have met her at Church a few times but she*

treats me as if nothing had happened at all...so if it will die out so much the better. I am having trouble over the land which I bought and may lose it...

Three days later Wesley wrote again from the mountains. *I think I will be home for Christmas, sooner if the weather gets too bad. Yesterday...after walking two miles it stormed so bad that we could do nothing and got back to camp in the afternoon all wet. We have only about three days' work here, then we will move down about a thousand feet lower in the valley.* It is hard to believe that he is still up there that late in the year. It will be a relief to get down. If the valley is only a thousand feet below them, they must be working their way down Twelve Mile Canyon above Mayfield by this time, since his earlier camps were four thousand feet higher.

In his autobiography Wesley wrote that he finished surveying in the Ephraim mountains on December 4, 1913. Mamie was staying at Tom's house in Salt Lake when Wesley reached the city. He met her there and stayed several days before returning to Dingle.

1914

Wesley's account of the winter and spring was short and simple: *The winter of 1913 and 1914 I spent at home feeding cattle for Father.*

Wesley wrote in his autobiography that he attended the adult class in Sunday school before he was married, that they called the "married folks' class" in the Dingle church house, but he couldn't get along there. The two teachers were Sarah Sirrine and Bishop Samuel Humpherys. They always claimed that they wanted discussion, but couldn't abide Wesley's comments, so he stopped going for 10 years. There may have been another motive: they were the ones who had plotted against him during his courtship with Mamie! He did go to Mutual, sometimes taught, and at some point served as assistant in YMMIA.

Mary Sirrine and I decided to get married. The date was set to be the first of April. Then she changed her mind and I thought of going back to survey for the government. I took an examination for party chief, but another fellow beat me by one tenth of one percent. Still, I was going back as chain man. Then Mary set another date for June.

My brothers, Mitchel and Lee, decided to take homesteads in Pine Springs, seven miles southeast of Dingle. They asked me to survey their homesteads for them. I borrowed a transit from the Utah Power and Light Company to do the job. In the process we discovered that there was room for another nice three hundred-twenty acre homestead. So, I filed on it and became a rancher.

Mamie was facing a decision that was not simple.

She and Oliver were still corresponding. I assume that he came home to Dingle for Christmas of 1913 to be with his parents, but I have no direct evidence. She saved a letter that he wrote from Shelley on Valentine's Day, but it was very businesslike, discussing the weather, his stake conference in Blackfoot, and dances. Nothing personal at all.

Two weeks later her friend Myrtle Cook wrote from nearby Cokeville, Wyoming. She was the sister of Edwin Cottrell Cook, who later married Mary Elizabeth Oakey, Maida's little sister. Myrtle was 25 and had four (of her eventually eight) children at that time.

Myrtle Cook

Mama is awful low yet her health is failing more all the time...she has heart trubble and awful smothering spells...doctors have no hopes of Mama getting better. "Mama" was Elizabeth Nate Cook, who was then 51 years old and lived to be 80, apparently fooling the doctors. *Alice, a girlfriend of mine...and myself were in Montpelier one night to a show, Warren and Edwin Cook* (Mamie and Myrtle's brothers) *sat behind us, I suppose he told you about it. I want to ask you a question in this letter but will wait awhile... Mamie come up and stay a day or two with me this summer.*

Hmm. I wonder what that was all about.

I have no letters at all for the next two months. I suspect Mamie's decision to call off the planned April wedding happened during that interval. It must have been a difficult time for all three of them. She wrote a letter to Oliver during that time, which I would love to see.

Then Oliver answered on April 26th. *...for the life of me I don't know what to write. I have been thinking of it almost every day since your letter came...the delay has not bettered conditions any...That there have been and are regrets you know without my telling you...I have no regrets for our conversation a little over a year ago...I felt that I was doing right but when I look back and question myself I see my folly. Mamie you say you feel that your life is a failure...It only is a failure who thinks so and he only is beaten who admits it...I feel that I have been and am causing you more sorrow than anyone else by my constant, well what shall I say, "hanging on" and still tried hard...and not interfere when I first came home. Mamie, let me always regard you as one of the dearest of friends...but I cannot but feel that our paths lie apart. Now you will say the report is true that he is soon to be married. I cannot but contradict it and say wait and see for yourself. I trust this finds you feeling better and that peace and happiness is in store for you and may Heaven grant it to all concerned... Pall*

Ollie had made his decision. Then Mamie made hers. Mamie and Wesley would be married in June.

Chapter Four -- Raising a Family

July 6, 1914

Dear Mamie ...I suppose you are in Hayburn all right by this time. I hope you are at any rate...I'll bet you had a lonesome wait if you did not have company. I wish I had not let you go. I am so lonesome I scarcely know what to do. I can think of nothing but you. I will be going along and the first thing I know I will be saying "Mamie" to myself. We have got the money for the oats now so we will be able to get the furniture as soon as you come back, so you want to have it figured out just what you want by the time you get home. I forgot to water our plants yesterday so will have to go down tomorrow and water them if they are not dead....remember that I am anxiously waiting for you and will be very glad to make the trip after you, so please don't delay....With very best love, Wesley

This is the only letter I could find that was written between April and the end of 1914. It interrupts one of the longest gaps in the entire collection. Of course the gap frustrates me as a historian, but on the positive side, it exists because Mamie and Wesley were together--quite a change for them, and a welcome one.

They had not been in Dingle long when Mamie's Uncle Joel Sirrine died of stomach cancer in Heyburn, near Burley and about 170 miles from Dingle. Joel had moved back to Idaho from Mesa to be the watermaster in Heyburn when Mamie was about nine and had been the only Sirrine family member to be close to her father in his last months of life in 1907. There was no way that she would avoid attending his funeral.

Joel (left) with Emeline, James, Sarah, George Sirrine 1904

The honeymoon trip had ended in the front bedroom of Sarah's house. Wesley had saved $600 to start out their marriage, but when Mamie cancelled it in April, he loaned his father $450, which Will was unable to repay immediately when the marriage was rescheduled for June. The wedding and honeymoon took all the rest, save $76. Sarah had offered to let them live in the cabin where Mamie had been born, but they had no money to fix up the cabin's roof. When Mamie had returned from the funeral in Heyburn, what little money they had went quickly for food and some furniture, so they moved up the mountain to the southeast of Dingle to "prove up" Wesley's new homestead at Pine Springs. There Wesley built a dry farm house of a single 14 x 16 foot room. It had lace curtains, carpet, and

linoleum. His sister Ida and Maude Lindsay had cabins close to them. He took trips back down to Dingle when he could to shingle Sarah's cabin.

Of that summer Wesley wrote:

I had filed on a three hundred-twenty acre homestead and had to start improving it. I had a team of horses my father had given me as colts. They were about eight years old now and they had two colts. Lee and I worked together and cut aspen posts (aspens were growing on the place) and fenced our places together. We borrowed a plow and harrow and got a few acres ready to plant the next spring.

That fall there was little for me to do. I wanted to buy a lot and get started to build a house, but no one would sell me any land. Mrs. Sirrine said that eventually she would give Mary the log house and lot, but she was not ready yet. She said we could live in it until she gave it to us. That meant there was nothing I could do to improve the place without her permission and that anything I did would be a loss if she decided not to give it to us. Under these circumstances I could do nothing.

Fabian Ream

Wesley's brother Fabian had been teaching school across the valley in St. Charles. In October he passed an exam to go to the Philippine Islands as a teacher and arranged for Wesley to take his job teaching 48 pupils in grades 6-8 for $85 per month as principal of the school with two teachers under him. Since there were no letters until January, I assume Wesley and Mamie spent Christmas together in Dingle, but by January Wesley was boarding on the other side of the lake in place of Fabian with Nina Rich, a widow with two small daughters. I assume that Mamie moved back into her mother's front bedroom.

On January 28, 1915 Wesley wrote to Mamie from St. Charles. *Busy correcting papers...22 final examination plus a hundred more of my own. Only one student passed the final physiology test and in geography they all failed (got <80%). ...I am going to Paris Saturday to see Hart so if you are there I will get to see you...I got here all OK Sunday night. Monday I put my shoes both on and kept them on all day though I was a little lame. But my feet are both nearly well now.* I wonder if he had gotten frostbitten.

Oliver and Alba Humpherys

On February 3rd Oliver Humpherys was married in Shelley, Idaho. He did not marry Clara, the girl he had jilted for Mamie. It was another girl named Alba Jensen. I have no record of any further interaction between him and Mamie, although it was seven years later in 1922 that he recorded the story of their romance in his journal. He had not forgotten her.

Of his change of heart he wrote: *This thing became a matter of daily secret prayer with me but the more I prayed the more I felt that I should look elsewhere for a wife. So in a few months I became attracted by a Miss Alba Jensen living on a farm in Shelley. She was a teacher in Sunday school and one of the girls whom I*

met each week at the dances and at choir practice. I always felt impelled toward her, so started taking her out, began by taking her home from choir practice one night. I soon realized in answer to my prayers that she was my life's companion and on Feb 3, 1915 we were married in the Temple in Salt Lake City by elder (blank). We lived in the home of James M. Humpherys, (Oliver's cousin) *in Shelley, while he and his family were in California. During this time I built a house on our farm and by the time we could start farming that spring had everything ready to begin housekeeping.*

Oliver's family. Pat in first row.

Oliver seems to have lived happily married. When he died suddenly at age 56 of a heart attack, he was Superintendent of Agriculture at the Sugar Company in Sugar City, Idaho. He and Alba had seven children. I was happily surprised to discover that his youngest daughter, Pat, who was only six years old when he died, married Courtney Leishman, my basketball coach at BY High in Provo. I knew Pat (never suspecting the amazing story that connected us) and had spent time in her home before her own death in 2012. I have donated Oliver's letters, through Courtney, to Pat's siblings.

Wesley taught school in St. Charles until spring vacation, writing frequently and often returning to Dingle on weekends. Mamie seemed to have spent time with him in St. Charles when she could. On February 3rd he wrote to her that he had been ...*lonely since you went. The kids say that you ought to be here all the time as I look more pleasant when you are around...I have had quite a time with one or two this week but have come out on top so far...*

A week later he was ...*nearly dead with grip and an awful cold. June,* this may have been "Miss Pugmire," one of the teachers, *has been worse than I have. They have had the doctor to see her. Surprised to hear that you were in Paris, not sure whether you'll be there this week...I will go home in a few days and see you.*

On March 3rd he wrote: *I got over here in good time yesterday morning...am going to send you a check for ten dollars. I intended to make it for more but I will have to use all I have left for this month....Mr. Howell has got in trouble again over bumping a kid's head. It makes it hard for me. I wish you were over here so that I could have someone to talk to about my trouble...when I have to stand against so many things alone with no one to give even an encouraging word. I am between two fires. I can't stand for the things that he is doing and it is bad to go against him.* Wesley got questioned over this by the school board, but managed his way through the trouble.

A month later: *I don't expect to be home this week—there is quite a lot of work here and it is too muddy to travel. I gave my kids another chance at the finals in physiology yesterday so I will have a lot of papers to look over and mark. I hope they will all pass but it is doubtful.*

The next week on April 27th he wrote from St. Charles: *I got back OK Monday morning, do not expect to be home this week, but you might come over here to see me if Papa comes...I am*

going to change places with the Fish Haven teacher for the exams...The trustees have not said anything yet but I expect to come home for good next week. I am sending my application in now to Dingle. Watch it.

Well, the kids did pass. In his autobiography Wesley wrote that the formerly unruly class all passed with grades above 92. And he passed the state exams for teaching elementary school.

That spring Wesley had planted by hand about five acres of barley at Pine Springs. He had to haul it to Dingle to get it threshed. In summer he got more land prepared and got in twenty acres of fall wheat.

Wesley filed on 320 more acres as stock-raising homestead, probably in the bottoms where it was hard to raise grain, and his father gave him 13 heifers to pay the debt he had incurred before they were married. He build a sandstone granary near Sarah's cabin without mortar. Wesley and his two oldest brothers, Lee and Mitchel, began running cattle in the Caribou Basin about 150 miles north. Mitchel stayed to herd the cattle, so Wesley took care of both of their places in Bear Lake. He spent little time at home that summer, but Mamie did. Their first child, Wesley Jean Ream, was born in Sarah's house on June 27, 1915.

Two weeks before Jean was due Mamie started leaking water as she and her friend Edith Lindsay were walking to Smedley's store. Sarah and Uncle Hyrum were staying overnight in Paris to attend stake conference, possibly with Mamie's 17 year old sister Emeline. When they returned Sunday afternoon, they found Mamie in the front bedroom, just an hour from delivery with Wesley's mother Nora and the doctor present.

Mamie saved a letter of congratulation from Rose Patterson: *Received Emeline' letter today...I would like to see that dear little piece of humanity...I hope that he will be sweet as his mama.* Rose Patterson was a good friend of Mamie's, probably from their days at Fielding Academy. Her father was an immigrant from England, who had arrived in Salt Lake within a week of the Oakeys, probably having sailed on the John J. Boyd. He arrived in the spring of 1864 in Bear Lake Valley, settling in Bloomington. He was a polygamist, having married two sisters, and was a leading dramatist. Rose never married, and died in May, 1929.

Rose and her baby sister Venna Luetta

In September, Samuel Humpherys was released as bishop of Dingle after 29 years of service, the only bishop Mamie and Wesley had ever known.

There follows another dearth of letters.

Wesley spent the next two years farming furiously.

In 1917 when Mamie's brother Warren Sirrine joined the army as a Red Cross worker, Wesley leased his 220 acres, mostly hay but with 30 acres of wheat. Now he was working

two farms seven miles apart. He worked on them in alternate weeks, hiring help when he could. His brother Lee, had been drafted and could no longer help with the farm work.

On August 24, 1917 Mamie's cousin Edna married Frank "Johnse" Johnson, young man from Springville whom she met at the University of Utah, and who had graduated from Harvard Law School in 1914. He had entered the army as an officer that May. I would be surprised if Mamie and Sarah did not make it to the wedding, though it would have been a bad time for Wesley to leave the farm.

Edna and Johnse

Wesley surveying

By the end of 1917 Wesley was also raising a few hogs and cattle to sell. He had bought the necessary equipment and was doing surveying.

By January 10, 1918 Wesley's mother Nora Ream had moved to Long Beach, California to teach school. She had not yet established her permanent home on Gaviota Street. Will Ream was still in Dingle with Mitchel, but the Ream children had begun to scatter. Beulah was teaching school in Lorenzo, Idaho. Fabian was in the Philippines. Lee and Douglas were drafted.

On January 31, 1918 Mamie and Wesley's second boy Lane was born. By then they were living in Sarah's cabin where Mamie had been born 31 years earlier, but she went over to Sarah's house for the birth as she had for Jean. It was very cold and the roads were so bad that the doctor could not make it in time, but Maida and Mary Ann Sparks Bird, the Dingle midwife were there. They ended up paying both the doctor and the midwife.

On February 27th, Mamie's brother Warren married Catherine Quayle in Salt Lake. It was too soon for Mamie to travel, but she sent a post card to her mother Sarah at Uncle Tom's house on the day of the wedding: *We are all right. Maida and Lena are here. Mary came yesterday. The Babies were good last night. There is smallpox in Montpelier, quarantined, so no meeting on Sunday. Let us know when you are coming.* Sarah returned March 2nd.

Lane and Jean

When the weather permitted and spring planting was over, Wesley undertook another major project.

Mamie wrote: *It was a long way* (14 miles) *to go to Pine Springs, past the hot springs and up Indian Creek. So, Wesley wanted to make a road—a short cut over Lyon's dry farm* seven miles, but very steep. *Lee, his brother, helped him. They worked hard. Lane was born by this time. Wesley wanted us to go up with them every day. It was hard for me. I took lunch and made a bed on the ground for me to rest with the two boys. When I went to nurse Lane, he just looked at me and he would not touch the breast until he went to sleep. So, I found that he*

was weaned. I let him have some breast milk while he was sleeping until I was ready to completely wean him.[31]

It was hard to get men to go to the ranch. But Wesley had a few he could depend on to work up there. They were Joe Lewis, Stanton Wallentine, Hugh and Roy Lyons, Seymor Lindsay and a few others. I made bread which they all liked. I also made raisin pies every day for dinner. The reason for the raisin pies was because we could keep the raisins. I had to use what we could keep with no refrigerator. I asked the men if they were tired of the pies. They said no that the pies were perfect.

Lee and Douglas were both in military training at Camp Fremont in California that year. In November Lee was transferred to Colorado.

Then peace was declared on November 11th. Tom Oakey wrote that there had been a big celebration in Salt Lake City.

On November 19th, President Joseph F. Smith died. So did many others--that fall is when the pan-epidemic of influenza struck.

About that time Wesley bought some coal mining stock in a property at Cedar City, Utah. He was to work as an engineer at the mine to pay it off. With his farm work wrapped up for the year, he departed by train at the end of November, spawning a large volume of interesting letters. On December 1, 1918 Wesley wrote to Mamie from Salt Lake City: *Arrived safe. Very few people on the train or here wearing masks. I wore one to McCammon, when my nose began to bleed and I left it off. There are 88 new cases each day here, but people don't seem to notice it.* And the next day, *Wages settled at $165 and expenses. Leaving for Cedar City tonight.*

1919 Ford

He drove down the rest of the way in an open automobile—in December! Three days later all the men but one had the flu. The mine was at 9,000 feet, and he had to travel to Cedar City because *... (his) lungs began to close up.* The sick men were put into a college building that had been turned into an emergency hospital. A handful of patients died.

This is how he told the story to Mamie on December 12th. *Just got to the mine from the hospital where I spent a comfortable week. Seems I got the flu on the train between Salt Lake and there* (Dingle.) *Thought it was just a cold. The Ford's engine died and we nearly froze. I went to the mine, worked a day, and then got laid off. The doctor came up and said it was flu. I was feeling good, but had a temp of 101. Then my lungs began to bother me so I went to the hospital with*

[31] According to Helen's autobiography, Q (Warren and Catherine's oldest) was less than a year younger than Lane and, was not thriving on his mother's milk and they could find nothing that would agree with him. Uncle Warren came and begged Mother to wet nurse him. So she nursed Q in the daytime and then put Lane to breast in the night. He weaned very quickly and would not nurse if he was awake, but if he was asleep he would obligingly drain her swollen breasts. Q grew rosy and strong on his great diet. Mother would walk over to their house or they would bring Q to her.

six others. My fever was 103 there and they say I was talking to myself. Now I'm well and to work again. Probably none of the men but one Jap will die. The bank that this company does business with failed today but we're not sure how that will affect us. It was to be a big problem.

On the 18th he reported: *I'm not quite over the flu but am improving fast...one of the white boys died and one of the Japs just missed dying. The rest of them are all right now. The town of Cedar is quarantined up tight as a drum. No one is allowed to come in or out without being shut up for five days. And everybody has to wear masks. There has been quite a number of the town people die with it.*

I told you about the bank that the coal company did business with going broke. Well there has not been a pay day since...We have kept right on at work, but it looks as though we would soon have to close down. Webb is in Chicago trying to get some money now... (so) you have to call this letter your (Christmas) *present.*

He wrote on Christmas Eve from the mine: *Sorry to miss Christmas. You can come down for conference, then on to here—I may be superintendent by then. The mine is working fine. Cedar City is about 1½ times the size of Montpelier.*

Well, the mine may have been working fine, but Wesley's investment turned out to be a disaster. And there was soon to be a big personal loss of another kind.

Wesley's brother Lee, who was just being released from the military, had been courting Mamie's cousin Ella, Maida's youngest sister. In her autobiography, Mamie wrote this of him.

Lee Ream was a fine fellow. I think everyone liked him. He was taking a part in a play. Ella Oakey was in the play also. They were putting it on in St. Charles. While they were practicing there, Ella fainted. Lee caught her so she did not fall. Later Lee told me that was when he fell in love with her...Lee was soon called to the army. He and Ella wrote each other.

On January 3rd, 1919 Wesley asked Mamie for news about them:

Got your letter that said Lee was home. How are Lee and Ella getting along? Did you ever find out why she was so angry and burned that letter? Dad is fixing my taxes. Tell him to apply the money for the cow and deposit the rest. Things are looking a little black around here. The men have not been paid for nearly two months and it looks like the mine would have to close down unless Webb gets around with some cash pretty soon. Even if it closes I'll have to be here all winter to take care of the property. Tell Dad and Lee but no one else. Tell Jean I'll bring him a hammer and pincher.

Ella Oakey

Lee Ream

At the mine, things were deteriorating. The next week Wesley wrote: *Webb will be here Saturday, but I'm afraid it is too late. All the white men are quitting that evening. The Japs are going today. The superintendent has left. I should* (be the one to) *replace him, but I think the man here in the office is trying to get the job over me. Neither of us has run a coal mine, but he is a lawyer and failed at that.* And a week later: *Webb brought a little money for the men and kept them at work, but failed to arrange with the store manager for supplies, so our credit has been cut off and there are liens on the property. I think the mine will likely be closed. This will probably delay the railroad and I may be dropping in most any time.*

The mine had been intended to supply the train engines with coal as they passed through Cedar City, so the failure of the mine was also a railroad problem.

January 23—Wesley from Cedar City. *Hardly any snow here at the mine. We have received no pay since I came here. One of us is likely to be laid off by the new manager when they make a visit. Of course from my way of looking at it, the other guy will go, as I can do his work and mine too. I haven't started to build the house yet—it may never be built. The flu got a fresh start in town—I'm afraid we may have it in camp again.*

January 28—Wesley: *Dear Little Girl. I hope you are well now and don't have the flu. The manager visited. He plans to keep us all working but does not know if the new owner will act on his recommendation. We should get paid in a week or two. I would like to see you and hold you in my arms close to me and kiss you a thousand times—you know, just have nothing between us. My heart just longs for you dearest. I feel as though I was only half here.*

February 6—*I have been awfully lonesome for you sweetheart, about ready to quit the job. I've been tired from work, but can't sleep. The company has not got straightened out yet. They owe me $410.*

On February 13, 1919 Wesley's brother Lee Emerson Ream died. This is how Mamie continued her story about him and Ella:

Later Lee became ill and was sent home for treatment. He had a rupture and he had been neglected. He was home for a while. He seemed to be getting worse. They decided to take him to Ogden for treatment. On the way to Ogden they stopped at Oakey's for Ella to come out to see him, but she was ill in bed and did not go out to see him. They rushed on and I think were hurt that Ella would not go out to see Lee. Lee did not live long. He died in an Ogden hospital. Mamie may not have gotten the story of Lee's illness exactly right. His death certificate gives the cause as "influenza pneumonia."

They soon brought Lee's body home. I was there most of the time. Ida and I were standing looking at him. He looked fine. She said that Lee had been the favored one of the family. I was there when Ella came to see Lee. She stood by me with tears in her eyes. She said, "I wish I could crawl in the casket and go with him."

When Wesley heard that Lee had died, he left the mine and met his father and mother in Ogden. They took Lee's body to Dingle for a funeral in the Ream "mansion." While there, Wesley learned the coal mine had closed.

He had to return to Cedar City in March to get his things. There were four feet of snow at the mine. He had lost $500 in wages, found his mining stock worthless, and when he returned to Dingle, discovered that he had lost 10 heifers in a big storm, which cost him about $500 more.

On July 23, 1919, Wesley's homestead ownership was granted. He had proved up in Pine Springs, and no longer needed to actually live there. He produced 1000 bushels of grain that summer, but the market collapsed, so instead of selling the grain, he raised pigs on it, renting barn space from his dad. The grain-fed pigs won prizes and a top price which he said netted him 25-50 cents more per bushel of wheat than if he had sold the grain at market price.

According to the U.S. census in 1920, only Fabian (now back temporarily from the Philippines) and Douglas were living with Will Ream in Dingle. He needed at least two adult sons to help manage his ranch. Beulah was in nursing school in Chicago. The rest of Wesley's living siblings were living with their mother Nora on Gaviota Street in Long Beach including 31 year old Mitchel and his wife Mable. Ida, Rodney, Milton, and Kenneth were all in public school. Wesley and Mamie were in the Dingle cabin with their two boys. Sarah was sharing her house right next door with her son Warren, his wife Catherine, and their year old boy Sherwood ("Q").[32]

On March 15th, Mamie and Wesley had a girl. With Warren's family in Sarah's house, there was no room there, so little Helen Mae was born in the cabin, just as her mother had been. There was a March thaw and the mud was up the hubs of the wagons. Wesley's 24 year old brother Douglas volunteered to go for the doctor in Paris--they barely made it back on the bad roads for the delivery. The doctor cost $15—it had only been $10 for Jean and Lane. The 50% increase was not lost on Wesley, who had found 1920 a tough year financially.

Will wrote to Nora in Long Beach on March 18th. He accidentally picked up the party line phone and learned that Jean and Lane were very sick. She had been trying to reach her Uncle Hyrum, and Will mistook Hyrum's five rings for his own four.[33] *WW and Mamie's baby is sure a fine one. I believe it will look like WW.* Luckily, he was wrong about how Helen would look—she turned out much prettier. On the 25th, Nora wrote her congratulations from Long Beach on the birth. *Tell Jean and Lane Grandma loves them and the baby too. We're hoping Mitchel and Mabel made it safely back to you. They're fixing up the Long Beach house and garden.*

Sarah was not around very long to help Mamie with the baby. On April 8th she was in Salt Lake for conference. She was still there for June conference, hoping Mamie and the baby would still be in Dingle when she returned. That puzzled me until I discovered this letter from Mamie to Wesley from Logan on June 29th.

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[32] Hazel Dawn Ream wrote: *I will tell you what I know about Uncle Warren and family. Mother felt bad when he married Aunt Catherine Quayle. She wanted him to marry Aunt Ida, Dad's sister. Aunt Catherine was never active in the church when I knew her. I think she must have been when Uncle Warren was bishop. That was before I was born. Ma* (Sarah) *sold her property* (house) *to Uncle Warren, but he never paid her. I think that was the problem.*

[33] Party line calls rang in every house on the line at the same time. The operator assigned each house a different ring pattern so that people would know which calls to pick up.

Have just come back from the Temple. We were baptized and had such a nice blessing and trust we will feel better....We met Edna and she took us out to your aunt Roxie in the buggy...Don't know when we will go home. Helen is just fine. (Now three months old). *Your mother feels better.*

I will try to break this down. I think Mamie had gone on the train to Logan to be baptized in the temple for the purpose of healing from her delivery, probably leaving the boys with Wesley, but taking the baby. Although she saw her cousin Edna there, Mamie was primarily spending time with Nora's Crockett siblings. Nora was there as well, probably on her way back to Dingle, now that she was finished teaching for the school year. Perhaps Nora is the implied other person in Mamie's statement: *<u>We</u> were baptized and had a nice blessing, and trust we will feel better...* Rebaptism was usually done for re-commitment, but it was also sometimes done for the express purpose of healing.

Mamie, Lane, Helen, Jean

By September, Nora had returned to her teaching in California. I have no letters to let me know what was going on with Wesley and Mamie during the fall of 1920 and the following winter, nor is that period specifically addressed in Mamie's and Wesley's personal histories other than Wesley's comment that 1920 was a "year of hard times." He sent a train car load of 1100 pound steers to Omaha, which brought him only $20 apiece, which calculates to five cents a pound live weight. I'm not a farmer, but that does not sound like much. Google says a cattle car can hold 12-15 animals, so the total payment was probably about $240 to $300.

Jean, Helen, Q Sirrine, and Lane

On January 24, 1921 Nora wrote to Wesley and Mamie from Long Beach: *I loved the little picture of the boys and Helen. I didn't send a letter of explanation of the Christmas present we sent: it was a petticoat for you* (Mamie), *but since we didn't know your size, Ida thought you could cut off enough to make it the right length. I hope the pajamas weren't too small. Mamie, did Warren* (Mamie's brother—he was the bishop at that time) *ever get the letter from our ward here asking for our recommends? They never came—maybe Warren didn't think we were worthy of one…if that's the case, we won't keep asking. I am a little behind on my tithing, but I'll make it up as soon as I can. Kiss the children for me.*

In 1921 Sarah finally deeded the "old house" (the cabin), and two acres of ground, to Mamie. They had been living there off and on since 1917 and gradually improving it. Now Wesley had a place to keep his hogs, chickens, and milk cows and plant a good garden. Previously he had used his father's farm to raise hogs, requiring a 1.5 mile walk back and forth to feed and water them each day.

This was probably the year in which Wesley lost all of his horses. He gives no details on how that happened. There were five head of work horses and three two-year olds. This left him without the means for farming so he decided to teach school again.

Nora was in Dingle for the summer. In a letter to Ida she discussed Wesley's search for a teaching job. *Wesley was going to teach at Bern. Well he had all arrangements made, a furnished house rented and etc., 9th and 10th grades for $1600, a snap. The other day the county supt. called him up on the phone and told him Bern was in debt a little and could not have a junior high...*Nora was outraged and felt this was just a scheme to get more students to the Fielding Academy in Paris. It was to be Fielding's last year of existence.

But Wesley heard of another opening in the town of Lund, Idaho, about 65 miles north of Dingle. That town no longer exists; on the map it is just farmland now. He interviewed that summer with the trustees and was offered $177 a month with a house to live in and coal to keep it warm, on the condition that Wesley get certified to teach high school (he only had elementary level certification). He was to be the principal over two other teachers and teach grades 7-9. He studied for the certification exam that summer while driving cattle to the summer range in the Caribou Basin and passed with a grade of 96. He planned to farm a little on the side. Making the transition easier, Wesley's Aunt Delia Lechtenberg and her family lived nearby with kids aged 7-22. Delia was Nora's half-sister (Nora had a full sister with the same name), and remained a close friend to the Reams for the rest of her life.

Lechtenberg family

The Ream family moved to Lund in time to begin school in September. That summer Wesley had gone into chicken raising on the two acres they now owned in Dingle. He had 200 pullets and needed someone to take care of them. His Uncle Jim Ream, Wills younger brother, had moved to Idaho years earlier. Jim never married, and seemed to have issues with alcohol and gambling. He needed a place to stay and something to do. Wesley arranged for Uncle Jim to feed the chickens in return for the eggs and the use of the cabin, but took thirty Rhode Island reds with him to Lund. He built a small coop of aspen logs and they did very well, earning a dollar a day in eggs over expenses and feed, laying all through the winter.

It was probably about this time that Wesley helped Jim Ream in a more substantial way that ended up benefitting them both. He suggested that Jim take a homestead. Since Jim had no money to even begin the process, Wesley bought out George Nate's rights on a 640 acre claim just across the road to the east of his own property for $75 and helped Uncle Jim to file on it. People called the place Third Hollow. It was mostly good for cattle and sheep range and had a nice spring on it. Wesley moved his own old homestead house from Pine Springs onto the property. Uncle Jim died in January, 1926 before he made final

Uncle Jim Ream

proof in it, but he had willed it to Wesley for security on the initial loan, so Wesley ended up with two sections of land.

Wesley wrote that he had a wonderful time teaching that school year. He had about fifty pupils, who all made good grades for the state exam. He seemed to enjoy church activity in Lund very differently from Dingle, where the Reams were always regarded as outsiders. He wrote with a bit of pride...*the bishop got laid up and sent for me to come and administer to him. There was no other elder available so I had to do it alone. It was the first time I had performed the ceremony, and to have to do it to a bishop... I got through with it alright so he said. I took part in the church activities. It seemed that every place I went they gave me more opportunities than they did in Dingle.*

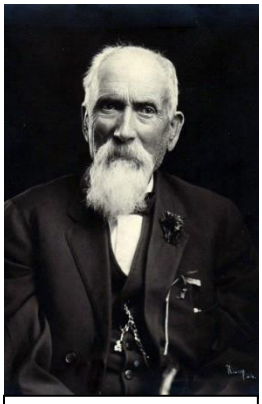
From letters exchanged between Lund and Dingle it appears that the family made fairly frequent visits to Bear Lake that year. For example, Sarah wrote on November 6, 1921...*have not seen Jim Ream today. Letter from Tom, they are all well. I found Jean's cap and coveralls just as soon as you left.* And a week later she invited the family to come home for Thanksgiving. The same day, Wesley's mother Nora wrote from Long Beach...*it is nice to hear that the teachers up there now board themselves—that's the way it is nearly always done down here. We had one, but she is going in with another girl to get an apartment. She had it good here, but felt it would be nice to keep house.*

Wesley and Mamie wrote back to Nora on December 19th...*cold house too, and cold weather...Helen gets cuter every day. She can say little rhymes all by herself. Her hair curls better now that it is longer. Jean and Lane often talk of you and Aunt Ida...Uncle Tom is up to Bear Lake he is feeling pretty good is expecting to stay till after Xmas. Uncle Hyrum is up to Nampa with Maida...Warren and Catherine have a fine baby girl...* This would have been Avon.

On December 27th, Will wrote to Nora: *Had Christmas here with all the kids, but WW was with Sirrines, they came home Friday. We had no fire and all the rooms were cold as was Mary's room.* The room where Nora's sister had died in 1908 has been called Mary's room ever since.

In January, 1922 Sarah wrote of Uncle Jim Ream. Apparently he was now receiving more help than he was giving. *Jim was not feeling well when I left. He had rheumatism in his leg, could not get around...so I sent his milk to him.* Two days later: *Glad you got home all right. I stayed to Aunt Mary's and had meeting...it was late when we got home, found Uncle Tom here. He has brought all his things back and says he is glad to get home again. He has been over to Jim's today, playing cards. Warren took him and brought him back again. Jim is lots better...ankle bandaged up bit says it does not hurt him much. We took his milk over.* She advised Mamie to devote one evening each week to do something with her children that they will like and they will always remember you for it. *I think of it often and all the mistakes that I made, but I can't do much here and only pray for you all.*

So Sarah was not just taking care of Uncle Jim. Uncle Tom Oakey, her 81 year old brother had also been staying with her since early December. He was frail to begin with, and



Thomas Oakey

worsened in the harsh Bear Lake weather. He said he didn't want to die in Dingle, so on February 19th she packed him in warm blankets and delivered him on the sleigh to the train station in Montpelier. He passed away at his daughter Lucy's home in Salt Lake City on July 25, 1922.

Wesley remained very busy teaching that year. He wrote to his schoolteacher mother in March*...seven weeks since I have been over to Aunt Delia's...seldom out of the house except to go to school.* He described having what seems to be several weeks of pleurisy... *(I) saw the doctor. Mamie is miserable now, so one of Delia's boys has been doing the chores...I have not seen so much snow since I was six...I expect to pass most of the eighth grade...but they don't study much....The people seem to like me quite well...will have the school offered to me again...but have applied to an agency to get me a school in a warm climate...or have Dingle put in a high school and have me there.* Mamie wrote to her own mother the same week. *Helen is cross...says her head aches. I am going to try to take some pictures on Helen's birthday. Yesterday Aunt Delia (took me) to the store. My first time. Then we called to see Elva Crocket, had quite a visit.*

Helen, age two

And on March 19th she added: *Left Helen with Wesley while I went to S.S. with Jean and Lane and he cleaned up the house while we were gone. Then I got Helen ready and we all went to meeting.* Then much about ward activities and people. *Took pictures on Helen's birthday and had a good time. She got a doll from Mable.*

Sarah was writing to Mamie in Lund each week that spring. On May 15th she wrote: *Fielding has its last day Friday. I would like to go. I can hardly believe you will be here this week.* The Ream family was back in Dingle by the 25th.

By June 9, 1922 Nora was in Dingle, too, returned for the summer from teaching in Long Beach. She was happy to see her grandchildren from Lund. She mentioned Helen, Jean, and Lane in a letter to Ida: *Helen is very, very pretty and can say pieces too and can sing a little.* Lund hired someone cheaper, and said they thought WW was not coming back. Judging from his own letters, he had probably not really wanted to return anyway. And now that the Fielding Academy was closed, the Bern job had opened up for him. And it was only thirteen miles from Dingle.

Here's Wesley's version. *At this time many school districts were short of funds and were trying to economize. Here* in Lund *they wanted to reduce the school teacher's pay. I did not want to take less, besides the County Superintendent of Bear Lake County was trying to get me to teach there. She got me a school in Bern. So I went to Bern to teach the next year. There I taught the seventh, eighth and ninth and tenth grades. After I had signed the contract they found they were short of funds and wanted to cancel my contract and have only two teachers. This would have been agreeable to me if I could have found another place, but it was too late in the season. There were a number of ninth and tenth graders there that had not done so well in the Montpelier high school. The parents thought I could get them up to par*

if I could teach. The County Superintendent was against it as she said the county could not afford to pay my wages. Then the parents agreed to give fifty dollars for each of these pupils. After several weeks delay I started teaching. I was hired as principal. There were two other teachers, a Howard Clark and a Miss Cynthia Derricut.

Not only was it too late in the season to change plans, Mamie was pregnant again, and the money would be needed. Mamie wrote about Bern, too.

We moved to Bern, Idaho in September, 1922 as Wesley was going to teach. We rented Tony Kunz's home. It was a large house with a kitchen, dining room, living room and three bedrooms. Our bedroom was in the northeast corner. The kitchen was in the southwest corner.

In the wee hours of the morning of the 4th of November*, my water broke and I was drenched but had no pain. I lay in bed until about nine when the pain started. Dad had made a good fire. Dad went to Dingle to get my Mother. By the time he got back my pains had stopped and I was feeling fine and had started washing the glass in the door when they drove up. Mother was frightened to see me out doing that. We ate dinner and I still had no pains. About 2 p.m. Wesley called the doctor who was a little alarmed and said he had better come.*

Dr. Ashley came and made an examination. He said the baby was lodged with the chin over the hip. I think he had to turn the baby. He gave me some medicine which I think brought on the pain. The pains were fast and hard. Before dark, a darling baby girl was born. We were so thrilled! They named her Mary Ida.

I shall never forget how happy Helen was. She would run to me and then to everyone saying, "It's my mama's baby." Then she would run to Tilly Kunz, who was washing and dressing the baby, she would look at the baby and then run back to me saying, "It's my mama's baby. It's my mama's baby." Then she noticed the baby had ears and she ran through the house saying, "My mama's baby has ears." She told me and then ran back to the kitchen. Then she ran back and forth saying, "My mama's baby has toes." And then again, "My mama's baby has fingers." "—little hands." Etc. She was so excited and happy running through those big rooms. She was never jealous a minute.

She was a very good baby. She had a lot of dark hair and her eyes looked almost black. Mother stayed a few weeks. She was very proud of our new baby and also the other three. We did not have the baby blessed on fast day in December. Bishop Schmid came to our home in Bern, the last day of December and wanted us to have her blessed so it would not go on record born 1922 and blessed 1923. So he and his counselor blessed our baby in our home.

That fall Nora was a little late getting back to Long Beach. She had some sort of medical issue that required surgery at LDS hospital in September. Her sister in law, Stella Crockett, wife of Will Crockett, who was now a storekeeper in Montpelier, had surgery about the same time in the same hospital. Before they were discharged, their brother Henry Wallace Crockett, 14 years younger than Nora was also hospitalized with acute appendicitis with peritonitis and an abscess of the right lung. All three were watched over by Beulah, who was a supervising nurse at the hospital. Upon their discharge, Stella and Nora went together to Long Beach to recover. Upon arrival they learned that Henry had not been so lucky and had died at age 45. He had managed the farm in Provo that supported the State Mental Hospital.

Henry Crockett with 2 of his 4 daughters

On January 9, 1923 Nora was hoping to get back to school teaching. She wrote to Mamie and Wesley from Long Beach: *Glad you liked the Christmas presents. I can just see little Hellen* (sic) *carrying her little bead bag around and saying Aunt Ida sent this. Do you like Bern as well as Lund? Ida went up in a plane last Sunday. She experienced an Immelman turn, tail spin, loop, head dive, vertical reversement, Barrel Roll, Wing over wing, Verticle side slip, from 1500 feet up. She can't get over talking about it, especially the head dive. You'll never get me into one of those. I'm doing very little work, hoping to get strong again.*

In one of his weekly letters to Nora, Will spoke of Wesley and family in March. *Jean and Lane have been very sick with fever. Reasons that I am not coming to Cal are numerous. No money, no time, many others. I do not look for anything doing in court till regular session sometime about June.* Will had been involved in a drawn out lawsuit on water rights. *WW and Mamie's baby is sure a fine one. WW seems to be liked well at Bern and put in an application for Bancroft for next year. W.W's last horse is dead. Jim calls occasionally. Does not feel so very well.* It sounds like all those horses Wesley lost hadn't died at the same time as he had seemed to imply.[34]

A week later Aunt Delia touched bases from Lund. I'm sure it caused no regrets in Wesley: *We must have 3 feet of snow on the level—hope this means a big harvest. We have been few in number this winter.* She gives updates on several families that have moved. *I'll probably go to conference to represent the Relief Society.*

As usual, Sarah went to conference, too. From the following letter it is clear that she had recently visited the family in Bern. Mamie wrote to her in Salt Lake from Bern on April 4th: *Too much snow to get out. Alfred* Hyrum's son *called but I couldn't hear well. He said his father was going in* to conference *after noon, but I couldn't tell what he wanted me to send. I couldn't reach Ella. Vivian made me have dinner, then we stayed till Wesley came for us. I baked bread, the first since you left. Baby (Mary Ida) is 5 months old today. Helen,* now three, *says Ma isn't in Salt Lake, she is over to D. and she wants to go and get her.*

After a year in Bern, Wesley decided to leave school teaching to become a full time farmer and rancher. He had saved a little money and was able to buy a ford tractor and plows--no

[34] See page 113.

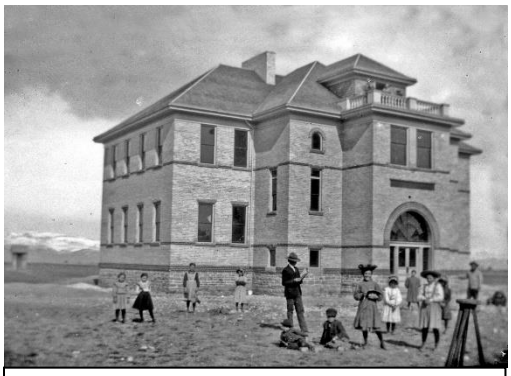
more reliance on horses. He was glad to be rid of *the petty politics of school boards and county superintendents.*

Since they were together, and home with their larger families, there were very few letters in the next year to guide my story. A few, however, give some interesting family events during that period.

On February 28, 1924 Nora wrote to Wesley from Long Beach on a quarter sheet of paper. *I am mailing today a few things Ida is sending to Mamie and the children. The bonnet and the little George Washington dress are for Hellen for her (fourth) birthday. We hope they fit. I made the dress out of Ida's old one. The big dress of course is for Mamie. The coat I thought would fit Gene (sic). The little windmill (is) for Lane and the harness for Mary Ida.*

In July, Uncle Hyrum went on his third mission, this time to the Northwestern States. He was 63. That fall, Beulah, a registered nurse, entered medical school at the University of Utah. Wesley formally requested that the War Memorial Association of Boise add Lee's name to the bronze plaque of World War I veterans that they were creating.

In September, 1925 Helen began first grade in Dingle. She was 5 ½, which was a year early, but her teacher was Mamie's sister, Emeline, who got her in.[35] Emeline would also be her second grade teacher. Two months later, Hazel Dawn Ream was born in the old log house.



Dingle schoolhouse

In 1926 Helen was learning to tap dance. The two boys split their time between school and farm work. On January 30th, Uncle Jim died. On April 12, his homestead deed was awarded, but it was another year before the probate was completely settled and Wesley was awarded the property.

Hazel Dawn, Jean, Mary Ida, Lane at Pine Springs

Among the letters in the collection was a document sent June 11, 1927 from Superior Coal mining Company, paying W.W. Ream 75 shares of stock for surveying. On July 20 came a letter from the coal company awarding him an additional 647 shares in payment of a bill he had sent them for surveying to date. They said they were not in a position to have any more surveying and enclosed a receipt for him to sign, which is still unsigned to this day. My guess is that this was a start-up coal company that stiffed him, substituting worthless stock as substitute for a lot of surveying work.

In November, letters from Sarah began again, not because the Reams had moved, but because Sarah had. She was living with her last child,

[35] Helen wrote of the school: Our little country schoolhouse was only about a quarter of a mile north of our home. It seemed like a tall building to me. It was brick, two-stories high with two rooms with a hall in between on each floor.

Emeline, who had started at B.Y.U. By Christmas, Sarah had moved with Emeline to Salt Lake to "house sit" for Ella. She wrote that she was glad to hear that Reams might get *the electric light* in the old log house, she hoped so. Sure enough, electricity finally came to Dingle the winter of 1928. Sarah had written in amazement about the Salt Lake City stores all lit up with electric lights for the holidays.

In February Sarah, 1928 was still in Salt Lake, living with Ella. Sarah was doing three temple sessions a day, leaving the house at 7:20 am and getting home around 11 pm. She had skipped the third session that day in order to write the letter, but Hyrum had stayed for the night session. Ella had made Sarah a white temple dress. She was going to try and get three names done if she could the next day. *But I think we are doing the best we can but there is so much to do but we can't do it all and it is no use trying to do too much.* Indeed. Sarah finally left Salt Lake before the end of February, but instead of coming to Dingle, she moved back in with Emeline in Provo. Em was preparing to graduate with a degree in education that May at age 31.

Mamie wrote to Emeline on May 27th: *Little sister: ...you will soon be in possession of your most coveted sheepskin....I am so glad that (Mother) can be with you.* Apparently they were trying to get her a school teaching job, but were not sure. *So don't sign up too soon.*

Here the letters cease again. But there is an interesting program written on elementary school paper in a childish hand for a home Sunday school held July 31 by the grandchildren at Sarah's home in Dingle. The meeting was attended by Ma (Sarah), Warren's children: Ruth (age 3), Avon (7), Q (9) and the Ream children: Lane (9), Helen (7), Mary Ida (5), and Hazel Dawn (2). It included sacrament passed by Mary Ida and Ruth, a *peace* (piece) recited by Helen, opening prayers and songs. By August 15th, Ma and Mamie had gone to Nampa to visit Maida. Hyrum was there, sick, and was probably the reason for the trip. They had left the kids for Emeline to tend.

When school began in September, Emeline was teaching again in Dingle, now fully credentialed, and probably looking for a better opportunity.

On September 2nd, Helen and several other children were baptized in the Ream Crockett irrigation ditch by Oscar Arnell. It had been too cold to do in March, and they were bunching the kids up to do all at once.

Helen's baptism

I have little information on the year 1929. Nora wrote to Mamie and Wesley on March 21st from Long Beach, California: *Disappointed, Wesley that you did not get down this winter. Dad thinks you did very well with your pigs to get 94....No, Mrs. Bourne never wrote or sent any money. I wish you or Wesley could see her and see if you can collect anything. She owes $20. Next month it will be a year since she has paid a cent. Lena Smith owes $10 too. If I can sell my ticket I will not be coming home when Dad does. Our ticket are only good till Apr. 8. Dad's rheumatism is not very good. We had letters from Beulah and Milton. They are all well up there.*

I have a record dated September 12, 1929 from the Oregon Short Line Railroad conveying to W.W. Ream $113.80 for 12 reclaimed scrap rails between 16 and 27 feet long. I can't imagine where he went to salvage those any more than how he managed to load and transport them to the station. It appears that he was looking for work wherever he could find it.

On October 29th the stock market crashed. If his coal company stock had been worth anything before, it was useless now. This was the start of the Great Depression, which as we will see left a deep mark on the Ream family.

At some point that year Wesley had begun planning to build a real house and move his growing family out of the cabin. It is hard for me to imagine a family of seven including two adults and two teen-age boys in a one room cabin with an attached lean-to. If he began building that year, it did not go far.

This is how the house looked in 1929—with company

On November 3rd, old ex-bishop Samuel Humpherys passed away.

Will wrote on January 3, 1930 to Wesley, Mamie, and kiddies from Long Beach. *We got the turkey O.K. before New Year's. It was a nice one. Just Mama, Beulah and myself to enjoy it....I am going to order paint to go over the place and will have a job for Wesley to do when he gets here. We are beginning to look for him now soon. Beulah is here and will soon be going home. She is at the beach now. I was not at Berkeley very much—it is a long ways from MP's and all seemed so busy.*

On January 17, 1930 Jean was going to high school in Paris. I only know this through this letter from his grandmother Sarah.

Dear Mamie and all,

I will send you a line to tell you we are all well and not quite froze, but it is very cold. I can't do anything but sit by the fire and warm my feet. They are going to the basketball and mail had to go, but it is so cold Jean has just gone. He is going to play in the band for the first time. They have practiced 2 hours today and he is excited. He wants me to hear them play. He has his new suit on and looks quite swell. He has to be there early. They have given him a part in the new play. Don't know what it yet but he is glad he wants to be in it. There is so much going on at school all the time. They had a very good program Wednesday. I went over. It was very fine. I am so sorry it is so cold. I don't' know when we will get home. I would like to come but we are all right. We have plenty of coal and can get along all right. I am sorry Mr. Wright could not come up but the roads must be terrible and it is so cold he would freeze. Don't worry about us. We will be allright. I hope you are all well. Jean will post this tonight. Mother.

From Jean: *Dear Mother. I am allright. We played in the band. Our team beat Soda Springs 36 to 16. I am now in the pavilion. It is decorated very nice. I wish you could be here. It lookes like summertime is inside, but is very cold outside. Love to all, Jean*

Apparently Sarah was staying in Paris with Jean, who was then 15. I don't know where or why Sarah was there—the rest of the family were in Dingle, according to the address on the envelope. I think they were living with Emeline. Mr. Wright might have been visiting Em—they would not be married for another two years.

William Dewine Ream was still expecting Wesley to come to Long Beach to work for him when he wrote again January 18th and again on February 15th. But it was not to be.

On February 14, nearly ten year old Helen wrote Sarah from Dingle. Apparently she was just recovering from measles. *Dear Ma, Glad you can come home again. I am very glad I can go to school soon. Think I can go Monday but don't know. Glad I can at least write to you. I wish I had some more valentines. The valentine box we had was almost full. I got quite a few to send down to school. The snow is melting very fast. I was glad to hear from you last night. Hazel Dawn has not broke out with the measles, but is quite cross. Wish you a very happy Valentine's Day. I send good wishes to all. Love from Helen*

On May 18th Wesley wrote to Will and Nora in Long Beach to report on a troublesome lawsuit that had been plaguing Will over water rights. *They are still going round and round over the ditch. The latest is that they may arbitrate the assessment. I think that I would settle for the best that they would do, then sue Quayles and Oakey for damages, what their cattle have done to the ditch and hand it to them in other ways.*

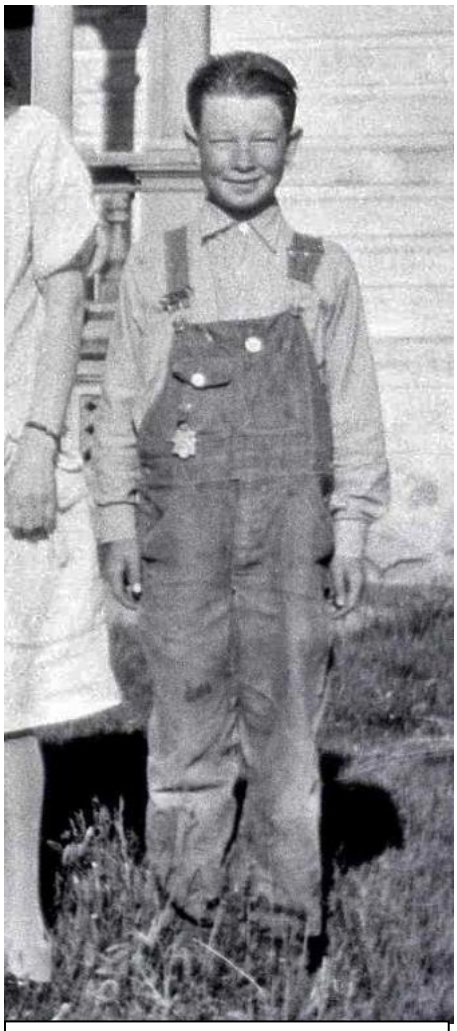
Hazel Dawn, Helen, Mary Ida about 1930

The reply came from his sister Ida, who was living with their parents in California. She was 37 and pregnant with Rick, her first child. *Mother and Dad say your family has grown up so fast the last two years and how lovely they are. I have an idea that you all will be down here next winter for the school year. That would be great. The folks have a location all picked out for you.* Well, they did not come down. I don't know if the idea of their moving to California was just wishful thinking on Will and Nora's part, or a real concern of Wesley's that Dingle was no place to live during a depression.

Sometime that year Wesley began moving forward on the house plans. Again he did not get far; this time he discovered that he had a title problem that took a year to iron out. Here's the story in his words. *I was going to have a full basement. I laid out a space forty-two feet square and began to dig. I planned it on a hill side so that the whole south side would be above the ground. The rest would be only four feet underground. I had just got going good when I noticed that Hyrum Oakey came by nearly every day and stood by the fence about forty feet away, watching me for an hour or so. He seldom said anything. He did this so much that I*

began to think something was wrong with the title and that I might be wasting my time. I got in my car and went to Paris and looked up the title. It was in Hyrum Oakey's name and the deed Mrs. Sirrine had given us was worthless. Their mother had deeded all her land to Hyrum and he was to deed back certain parts of it to Fred and Sarah. This he had never done. When I asked him about it he said that he had never got around doing it. He said he would do it sometime. I told him that sometime was now. I said I wanted to build and could not do it without clear title to the place. He allowed there was no hurry. I allowed there was. It took about a year to bring him around. I had to threaten publicity and even a church trial.

On December 16, 1930 thirteen year old Lane Ream wrote to his Aunt Ruth in the Philippines. *I wish I could send you a Christmas present but we have put all our money into the new house. We have two chimneys about four feet above the top of the basement and half of the cement on the roof al the doors are in the basement and most of the windows are in. Jean and I are sleeping down in the basement this winter.*



George Lane Ream

The year 1931 brought a tragedy that Mamie and Wesley never got over. On March 31, Lane died of appendicitis.

I would like to tell the event from letters, but few survive from the bereaved family. Likely the news was spread by other means. Both of Wesley's parents were in Long Beach at the time. Nora left her teaching job and came immediately, as we can infer from this letter from Will dated March 28. *I sure feel sorry for Wesley, Mamie and the kiddies and glad you went. They must feel glad you are there. I would like to have been there too, but they know the reasons why. The more I think about Lane the more I feel for them.*

Mamie saved a letter of condolence from A. J. Winters, Lane's school superintendent in Montpelier and another from Fabian's wife Ruth, arriving a full month after the funeral from the Philippines.

Of course, Sarah was in Dingle with them for the entire event.

On the fifth anniversary of Lane's passing, Nora recalled Sarah's support in a letter to Mamie: *I'll always remember this date. My heart and thots are with you. I seem to live over again that trip and the following days. I think of the song "Count Your Many Blessings" and your Mother's sweet voice, Mamie, singing it as she sang it to my sister Mary when she was sick.* Mary had died in 1908 in Nora's parents' house.

Here is Wesley's recollection: *I was out surveying one day. When I got home Mary said that Lane was sick. He had a pain in his side. I had the doctor come out. He could find no pain but*

Lane had a sore throat. There was diphtheria around and he thought it may be that. The next morning Lane seemed better so I went to finish the surveying. I got home at four o'clock. Lane was worse. I got the doctor again and had him taken to the hospital. They thought it might be appendicitis. The blood count was high. They operated that night. The appendix had burst and infection had set in. There were no miracle drugs in those days. We had a special nurse. She turned out to be a dope fiend. We may just as well have had no nurse at all. In two days Lane was gone. I had been sitting in the hospital lobby and closed my eyes. I saw a door with five panes of glass in it. It was the door through which I was to look at life. Two of the panes were large, three were smaller. While I was looking the second large pane was taken out leaving an empty space. I knew then that Lane was to go. About twelve hours later he was gone. It was very hard to bear. I have had an empty space in me ever since.

Mamie's mother Sarah Sirrine had recorded family genealogical information in a bound ledger book that is still in the family. Appended to Sarah's entry on Lane's death is the following note from Mamie: *Such a shock to his daddy and me. We were called to come to the hospital about dusk. Sat by our dear one for a while. He wanted a drink of water (but the) Dr. would not allow it. When he fell asleep W.W. went over to the office to rest. He had been up so much for three nights. They let me stay in the hall by the door of Lane's room. Phone rang several times. I had to wake the special nurse we had. She did not hear a thing. I went in....* And Mamie wrote no further.

To the end of their lives, never did I hear my grandparents speak of Lane without emotion. My mother says that it changed them permanently—things were never again the same in their family. Wesley felt robbed by the doctor, believing correctly that if the proper diagnosis had been made initially, the outcome would have been good. As a physician, I agree. Today it would make a valid malpractice lawsuit.

Mamie barely mentioned Lane's death in her life story. I think it was too painful for her to even write about. This is all she wrote of it: *Jean really missed Lane when he died at age 13. How we all missed him.*

Eight months later at Christmas time, Mamie was still grieving. Sarah was away again at Paris with Emeline, and was enlisting little Helen's help in buoying Mamie up: *Dear Hellen. ...You must help Mama all you can to make a nice Christmas for the rest of them without money. Just see how many things you can do for everyone...remember Mama feels so lonely without Lane and he would want you to help her and love her and make her feel as happy with all of you as she can. Do try to show how much you do love her and see what you can do for the girls too. I wish I was there to help you. Love to all, Ma*

On May 31, Maida lost her last child, Maida Elaine, to whooping cough at eight weeks of age. Maida was 43.

Wesley funneled his grief into the house project. Apparently Uncle Hyrum had by then finally started the process of deeding the land to Sarah as he had promised their mother long ago. I know that Wesley began working in earnest because a few loose pages of a journal that Mary had sporadically kept turned up among the letters she saved. They covered the days of June 8-28, 1931.

Pouring cement for house. Martin, Eldon, and Wesley doing it. Fixed supper for Salt Lake folks. More cement on 12th. Finished up by 3:30 on 13th. Wesley went to town for farm loan. Horse fell on Jean, injuring foot and shoulder. On 15th Martin plastered West room. Finished 16th and moved scaffold to playroom. Jasper Weaver helped with plastering play room and garage. Clifford (Hansen) *married on 20th, Helen and Ida walked down. Reunion at Lake on 21st with ice cream.* It must have been a WD Ream reunion*. Rickie's birthday party on 25th.* He turned one year old—had been born in LA. *Ida came to wash on 27th Saturday. Made ice cream and took it up to Reams to freeze. Douglas and Beulah left on 28th for San Francisco. Made ice cream for Bob.* I think Bob a nickname for Ida's husband, Leo Rock Choquette*.*

Dawn and basement house

Sarah was not around for the Ream reunion. She was living with Emeline in Salt Lake, house sitting for Edna and Johnse, who were in California. Emeline was enrolled at the University of Utah for summer school. Sarah was fitting in two temple sessions a day. Emeline was getting a letter from Mr. Wright every day.

On August 15th, Sarah's deed was conveyed officially to Mary S. Ream for four acres of her Dingle property. Wesley wrote: *He* (Hyrum) *finally gave a deed to Mrs. Sirrine and she gave us another deed for four acres in 1931. Then I went to work in earnest. I made six rooms in it and got it covered with a concrete roof. We moved into it. Hard times kept us from putting the house on it for ten more years.* It was actually over eleven years before they moved in! That is a long time to live in a concrete basement. They did not move into the house until Helen was in her last year of college.

Christmas 1931 in the basement

That year Wesley bought 40 acres across the street from him from William Dayton's estate, who hadn't been able to make the federal farm loan payments. He and Milton took over part of William Dewine Ream's land. Wesley leased Milton's half, and they had to pay shares of their father's remaining farm loan. He borrowed money to feed 200 ewe lambs, and was now also raising hogs and cattle. And surveying.

That fall Sarah lived with Jean and Emeline in Paris again while Em taught school. She wrote on December 20 that Em was *very, very busy.* She was going to give Reams two water shares and Hyrum was giving them Fred's so they would now have four at the token cost of $1 per share. She, Jean, and Emeline planned to spend Christmas vacation in Dingle. I suspect that part of the reason that Sarah lived these years in Paris was that there was little room for her in her own house. She had allowed Warren and Catherine to

move in, keeping only the front bedroom for herself, and now four grandkids were there as well.

Jean stayed in school in Paris through the spring of 1932, living with Emeline and Sarah. He would turn 17 the month after graduating. The three of them wrote a letter on March 21st to Mamie and Wesley. Jean asked them to come to parents' day and told of his basketball team. Sarah was taking a genealogical class. Emeline asked if someone was coming over to bring the radio from Montpelier to her.

Lelland Rider Wright

I know little of that summer except that Jean and Wesley worked very hard on their ever enlarging farm, and were not getting much to show for it.

On September 14, 1932 Emeline married Lelland Wright.

From a letter to his father that October we learn that Wesley was making a little money on the side by collecting on farm loans. He received 3% of whatever money he could collect. Trouble was, no one was able to pay off debts any more. In Mamie's addendum to the letter she wrote, *we have no potatoes or any other vegetables except carrots. We have nothing but hard work here. I know the boys are working too hard.*

In the January of 1933 Jean had gone to Long Beach to live with Nora and attend high school there. He was not so much needed on the farm during the winter and it was helpful to feed fewer mouths.

Wesley's siblings were passing career milestones. Douglas opened his medical practice in the Bay Area and Rodney entered the turkey business. In February Fabian wrote to Will from the Philippines that *Beulah seems to be doing well...has made some good contacts that will help her when and if she starts out on her own. She takes the examination next week.* She had moved to the islands after graduating the prior year from medical school. *We have extended our business...absorbing two competing companies. It gives us about 1,500,000 bus miles more each month...operating 150 buses...a practical monopoly on land transportation in a district with a million people...but no one has money to ride.*

On March 15, 1933 Jean wrote an excited letter about the devastating earthquake in Long Beach that killed 120 people and injured him and his grandparents. The mantle had fallen on them and Jean heroically lifted it off. Luckily their injuries had been relatively mild and they were now doing well. They were living out in the yard temporarily while the authorities cleared homes for use. They were experiencing many scary aftershocks and cooking over a campfire because the gas

Will and Nora after the earthquake

lines were turned off. Jean said he would sent his photos when they were developed.

In May, Helen graduated from the 8th grade in Montpelier. On May 22nd, her Uncle Milton, who only rarely wrote letters, sent this missive:

Don't faint or become suspicious because of this unexpected letter from such a usual silent source. Little Susan (is) 11 months old today—prettiest Ream I have ever seen...Between the baby and the telephone, Helen (his wife) *is tied down to the nth degree. Solution: get someone to keep the telephone company. Question: who would we like best to help? Your Helen, if she would like to and you would to have her...There is a high school/junior high near here. The work would be very light such as helping with dishes and probably with the house some, Saturdays. If she hasn't had her tonsils out yet I would be glad to remove them and (take care of) her health. It will "tickle us pink" if she can come.* Aunt Helen added: *I just love Helen and would treat her as my own...I know you would miss her terribly, but sometimes a year from home does one a lot of good. She would love it here.*

Helen agreed to go, and then got cold feet and changed her mind, possibly reacting to Mamie, who was reluctant to part with her. Wesley weighed in that Helen had made a promise and had a responsibility to follow through with her commitment. (And this would mean they had one less person to feed and clothe.) She left home on July 24th with an adult Crockett cousin-in-law whom she had never met, who drove her to Salt Lake and then accompanied her on the long bus ride to San Leandro. Shortly after arriving she wrote: *Little Susan is so sweet...we had a good trip coming down, Logan Canyon is lovely.* Her companion, Mr. Anderson, had wanted to go to Grantsville on the way, and then when they tried to get back on the bus was full and they had to wait for another. They changed in Reno at 3 am. She was so sleepy she lost her lunch box, but also gained someone's new hat. A nice lady paid for her to get cantaloupe and a big dinner. *Aunt Helen bought a new piano today...a parlor grande. Aunt Helen is going to teach me to play it...it cost $1200.*

Helen's grandmother Nora wrote to Wesley on July 30, 1933 ... *I am glad you let Helen go stay with Milton and Helen....If you want Jean to come back here next fell we will do all we can for him... I hope better times come for all of us, but if we can all keep well, that is the main thing.*

Helen stayed with Milton's family for the school year 1933-34. There were many letters both ways, which I reluctantly leave out, saving them for Helen's own story. She lost her tonsils, her long ringlets, and her childhood that year. With Jean in Long Beach another winter, Lane forever gone, and Helen in San Leandro, it must have been much quieter for the Ream family, and lonely.

The day after Helen left, Wesley wrote the following letter to his parents. Times were really getting tough. *Sorry that my check to Dad was not good and that you had to pay it. I can't figure out how I made the mistake...here is one to you and there is enough there now to cover it. Money is very scarce though. I just sent Helen to Milton. She should have arrived last night at 10:30. M.A.* (Mitchel) *and I are going to get no crop at Pine Springs this year. Fall wheat winter killed and spring grain did not come up. I do not know what to do with my pigs. I sold 40 but have that many more left beside the old ones. M.A. and I and Jean are stacking Dad's hay.* Jean had come home in June after school was out to help on the farm.

On September 20th, Jean wrote to Nora: *I may not get down before the second semester. Thrashing for Uncle Kenneth...* Mamie added: *Daddy Ream was here Sun., did not get out of his car...said he did not feel good and was going to bed.*

On November 5th, Milton wrote to his father on his birthday. Will had gone to Long Beach. *Disappointed you didn't go to LB via our place. I only learned from a card Mamie sent to Helen. Did you have your operation? Took Helen Mae's tonsils out...haven't been able to get her to part with the long hair but haven't given up hopes. She seems very happy to be here.*

Mamie was surprised to hear that the tonsils had come out. I imagine she was not happy when Helen finally consented to have the haircut.

That month Roosevelt was elected for his first term. And Hitler became chancellor of the Reichstag.

On November 18, 1933 came this notice addressed to *WD Ream, Dingle, from Largilliere Company, Bankers in Soda Springs: Your note for $1882.52 matures Nov. 24, 1933.* Wesley was now responsible for a good share of this.

On November 23rd Mamie wrote to Will in Long Beach: *Glad to hear you got to Long Beach OK. (Wesley) has heard from some of the loans...thinks he will hear from yours and the others before long. Lonesome with Jean up to the ranch. He went up on the ninth. Will stay till it snows.* Jean was alone in Pine Springs, herding sheep. It sounds as if Wesley, his brothers, and Will had been applying for secondary loans to pay off the big one that would come due the very next day.

To make matters worse, Wesley was now injured—he had dislocated his shoulder. He wrote to his parents on December 18th: *I threw my right shoulder out last Thursday while hauling gravel on the road. I was lifting on a dump board when my left hand slipped and out went my shoulder. I put it back myself, but have had to do nearly everything since with my left hand. I saw a doctor and he said it was in all right, but that I should carry it in a sling for some time....we had one bid on the steers...I told them to go to ---! I expect to get $400 or $500 before spring but it has a way of hanging off. Several hundred that I should have had now, I will not have for weeks yet. The Home Loans are coming in pretty regular now. I have 15 accepted and 4 turned down so far. I have ten of fifteen to hear from yet. I will let you know as soon as I hear anything.*

Christmas was going to be sparse in Dingle. Mamie wrote to Will and Nora in the same letter: *Kenneth gave us a small tree. We are going to fix it the best we can and have as good a time we can have without money (which) seems to be more scarce than ever. Wesley got work for five days and I wish he had not for he hurt his arm. I'm glad you wrote about Jean. He wants to go down and if we can get any money I guess he will be going. Had a nice letter from Helen. She sure loves Susan...* On December 29th Helen wrote her family a long letter detailing a lavish Christmas in California that exceeded anything she had ever imagined. Here's just a little part of it. *Went to Oakland, the market, with Santa. Friday...Uncle Milton gave me a Xmas present of a haircut, a finger wave, and a shampoo in the most expensive beauty parlor down here. Gee I look cute. Saturday Aunt Helen is having 10 guests for Xmas dinner.* Helen recites the three courses. Then, *I went to Oakland with Aunt Helen to see*

"Alice in Wonderland" at the Paramount Theater. I send my love to you all. My darling Mother, Dearest Daddy and Ideal Ma especially much love. Your Lone Star, Little Helen.

1934 was the year of Bonnie and Clyde and the dust bowl.

On January 16, Mamie wrote again to Nora and Will: *Thanks for the Christmas gifts. We would like to have sent you something but have not had much money. Wesley has had ten days' work. He bought coal and food. He sent Helen five dollars. Maybe Jean will be there and tell you more news soon. Wesley's arm still bothers him.* Jean made it back to California for winter and spring quarters.

On February 19, 1934, Hazel Dawn was baptized. Mamie wrote about it to Helen. *Glad to get letters from you and Aunt Helen—sorry it is such a burden to write. I thought you'd have so much to tell us. You don't know how much I miss you. Bishop Lindsay said they were going to the springs to baptize several and wanted to take Hazel Dawn Saturday morning. Daddy took us and eight were baptized. There was three carloads. Bishop Lindsay and Oscar Arnell baptized them. Last night they were all confirmed in Church. Uncle Kenneth is home now.* He had been in the Philippines since 1927. He met his wife Ruth in Long Beach soon after this letter was written in 1934, and then married her in the Philippines that July 29th. *He and Daddy cut each other's hair. It is not cold. Ma walked over in the snow storm today* from Warren's next door. *She'll turn 79 this March.*

Will sent Wesley a post card on March 20th asking, *How about my loan?*

Wesley wrote to Long Beach on March 24th, still struggling. *We have had California here* in Bear Lake *this year, earthquakes and all. Only two or three days that were below zero. I have had lots to do with the Farm Loan but have got no commissions yet. I have closed only three loans...out of about thirty that have been accepted.*

Lell and Em in their new car in Madison

Emeline had been living in Madison, Wisconsin, where her new husband, Lell Wright was in graduate school. From Dingle, Sarah wrote Emeline an interesting letter about an exciting technology that was making it possible for her to participate in General Conference without the semiannual pilgrimage to Salt Lake City. Sarah was listening to conference on the radio which Emeline had bought for them—it was just as clear and loud as in person and she was full of the Spirit. She dressed up and listened to every session including hearing the Singing Mothers. Wesley even listened to a session. He took Sarah and all the schoolchildren in the bus to Montpelier to see the Union Pacific "Pleasure Train" go through. It stopped for three minutes. Then they got back home in time for the next session of conference.

On April 19th Wesley wrote to Nora: *Hope you are improving still and will soon be able to come up here. I have been lambing for a little more than a week and have 91 lambs. I am about 1/3 through.* He was not finished until May 11th, when he continued, *We are through lambing and just finished shearing yesterday, and will take sheep to the hills today. I don't suppose we will have much of a crop on the irrigated ground this year. There is about five or six second feet in your ditch yet...* It was not a drought, but water wars. Sarah mentioned it in a May letter to Emeline*...they have put all the water in the other ditches into the Dingle ditch to water the gardens...much trouble about the water—Wyoming is taking the water that belongs to Idaho. They have sent a committee up to Boise (Warren, Hyrum, and Alfred Sparks and others). Wesley came home so I went home (I had been staying with Mamie). It is so lonely for Mamie and the girls (when he is at the ranch).*

Helen and Jean hatched a plan to come home from California together when school let out for the summer of 1934. She would take the bus from San Francisco to Los Angeles and meet Jean in Long Beach. He would show her the sights, and then they would ride the bus together to Salt Lake City. That's just what they did. Mamie met them in Salt Lake and accompanied them home. They were in Dingle by June 19th.

By July 4th Mamie was in San Leandro. She had joined her mother-in-law Nora on a visit to Milton and Douglas. By August 22nd, both women were back at their homes—Nora in Long Beach and Mamie in Dingle. Nora wrote to Mamie and Wesley. *Here it is your birthdays again.* They were 48. *I thought I would be up there for them. I don't seem to be able to do anything that requires me to be up on my feet.* She was 71*. I hope to be with you next year. Will Jean be coming down in time for school?—it will start September 17. P.S. Helen left a little ribbon here. I'm putting it in with another one.* I don't think Jean made it back that year.

Jean was enjoying Long Beach. And the absence of two children made the food stretch further for Mamie and Wesley. He wrote on January 28, 1935 from his grandmother's house. He was taking final exams, and then would go to Ida's to work. He met Ida's maid, Doria Bailly. *She is a pretty brunette about twenty years old. Aunt Ida has her car, a 1928 Chevrolet. It is a nice looking and riding car. Aunt Ida is a good driver too.* Jean was making money for his school fees by doing yard work. *When is Grandpa coming down? Grandma would like to see him.*

By February 10, 1935 Emeline and Lell had come back from Madison to Salt Lake and were settling into an apartment, but looking for a house to buy. Ma was living with them. She said that being in SL felt like a dream and she missed Jean and the children, but was happy. From that time on, Mamie's mother lived chiefly in Salt Lake with the Wrights.

On May 8th Wesley and Mamie took out a crop mortgage for $250 on their land to the Farm Credit Administration.

On May 14th, Helen won second place in a speaking contest sponsored by the seminary. She was on the honor roll at Montpelier High School.

On July 7th, Mamie wrote to her mother Sarah in S.L. from the dentist's office in Montpelier. Both Wesley and Helen had toothaches. The dry weather was ruining the wheat. Wesley's

job in Paris was about over—there was plenty for him to do at home. I wonder what job he did in Paris. Clearly he was still scrambling for money.

In September, 1935, Jean was back in Long Beach at Nora's house for more school. Nora had been sick all summer and was staying in San Leandro, so that her two doctor sons could take charge of her care, and had not yet returned home, so Jean was on his own. *Sorry you had the hemorrhage. Hoping that you would be down here before long. I have been trying to fix the place up nice. You needn't worry about me because I can take care of myself.* He was cooking for himself, watering, mowing the lawn, trimming the flowers and bushes, and taking 18 ½ credits in school. He could ride the bus to school but had to hitchhike home, since he was staying late for school projects.

Ma was living in Salt Lake with Emeline. Emeline wrote to Mamie in September that Lell was gone most of the time. She and Sarah were trying to find female students to board with them. Two nice LDS girls from Kemmerer had just inquired. In October Ma was worried about Jean living alone in Long Beach. *You have not told me anything about Jean is he all right? Has Mrs. Ream gone? If you go to Cal I will come and stay with the girls. Send this to Jean.*

Well, Jean wasn't alone long after that; Nora was well and back in Long Beach by early October. She had been determined to get back there to gather all of her kids in California to celebrate the 50th anniversary of her marriage to Will on November 11, 1885. Except for Beulah and Fabian in the Philippines, all the children and their spouses gathered for the event.

On October 29th, Sarah wrote to Mamie, *I'm glad to hear from you that you're getting ready to go.* I think *I know you are working too hard. Mr. Wright came home Sunday with a deer that he had shot. We are so pleased he could kill one. It is very fine meat. I do want to come and visit with the girls while you are gone. Mr. Wright went home this morning, really sorry he could not take me home, but they are so busy down there. He says you had better not go if it's too snowy. I think I will go Saturday and you can look for me there if it is not too awful bad.*

Beulah Lee Choquette

From this letter I figure that Mamie and Wesley probably drove to Long Beach rather than take the train, or Lell would have not worried about the snow. They probably took Will with them, leaving 15 year old Helen in charge of her sisters. Jean sent a postcard to Hazel Dawn on November 8th for her tenth birthday. *Mother and Dad arrived today at 3:30 pm.* Mamie sent a card the next day. *Ida brought Beulah Lee over—she is sure cute.* (She was 16 months old). The Reams stayed a month, spending time to visit their Oakey and Sirrine relatives in Southern California.

On November 12th, Sarah wrote to Mamie "and all" in Long Beach. She was in Dingle and watching over the girls. By December 2nd Sarah was back in Salt Lake City writing in amazement to the Reams, who had now returned home, of her first experience with outdoor electric Christmas decorations on the homes in the neighborhood.

In Wesley's autobiography he wrote: *About this time the W.P.A. came into full operation. Men who used to help harvest my wheat refused to leave their homes, because they said if they were called by the W.P.A. and were found to be at work, their names were taken off the relief roll. I had a good crop and it looked as though I would lose it all. I had been using ten men and teams each year. Now I could get no one. Some of us farmers got together and helped each other out. In this way I got my crop in. I said I would not be caught that way again. I went and bought a large tractor, and combine, and a pickup truck. This set me back about five-thousand dollars. I had just got my taxes paid for the last five years of delinquency and began to get on my feet again...Now though, I had a large debt. I was set to go it alone. I never hired men to help me in the harvest again. I could put as much wheat in the bin alone as I had been able to with the ten men and teams. I took custom combining to help pay for the machinery.*

In 1936 Helen was a junior at Montpelier High. She got a job serving lunches at Washington School, probably the elementary school in Montpelier, for 40 cents an hour and worked a half hour each school day. Mary Ida and Hazel Dawn were still in the Dingle school.

They were still in that concrete basement. In January, 1936 Sarah mentioned it in a sweet letter to Helen from Em's house in Salt Lake. *When I look at the snow and think you have to go through it to get to school it sure does seem bad and then the house leaking too. I sure do feel sorry for you, but we must look at the bright side...and think what a blessing it is to be able to go to school where we can learn all the wonderful things that we are taught but most of all ...to learn to be kind and loving to all around us and do some kindness each day...a little bird is singing and telling me what a very beautiful world this is and how happy we should all be. I wish you could hear him...*

In February, Mamie mentioned their condition in this letter to Emeline. *I know your secret.* Me too, it was her first pregnancy, and with twins*. I know how happy you will both be. I hope you have a good Dr....glad Mother is with you...hope she will soon be stronger...we have only enough coal to last two weeks...it is leaking in here—I wish we had the top over. I am*

glad we have plenty of flour and milk and cream. Our meat is gone but we are going to kill another pig soon. Wesley measured 22 inches of snow.

And on March 30th Mamie painted a grimmer picture for Nora. *We're busy...every room is leaking and the worst of it is, it is running down the walls and we can't catch it but have to wipe it up and even shovel it with the scoop, and have carried tubs and tubs and buckets and buckets only to start over again soon. Helen got two tubs of ice she chopped off the floor and wall in the wash room...and it is so cold it almost makes me sick. What makes it worse is that Wesley is worn out with the lambs. He is trying to take care of them alone...He hasn't had his clothes off for five days and nights and wet most of the time. The new lambs would freeze to death in just a few minutes if not taken care of. He is about half through...Thank you for your lovely letter on the 21st. Yes that is a day that we can never forget and I shall always remember your visits. They did me so much good...* She was, of course, remembering Lane's death five years earlier. The pump had broken and all their water had to be carried from the spring.

Someone had let the bucks in with the ewes by accident that fall, and the lambing came a month early, right in the middle of a blizzard and extreme cold. That day Wesley measured two feet of snow on the level.

Mary Ida around 1936

April 21, 1936 Helen sent Sarah a postcard from Montpelier Hospital. *Mother and Daddy and I are down here at the hospital. Mary Ida seems better today. She is getting tired, though and wants to go home...Mother asked the nurse if May Ida could have some ice cream. She said she could so I went and bought some cones. We just finished eating them Mother has been here most all day.* Mary Ida's congenital heart disease had been acting up.[36]

Sarah was fretting about Emeline's health: *Em can't wear her clothes. It is four months now and she has not anything ready.* The twins were due in August. On Mother's Day she wrote to Dingle again: *I was the oldest mother at church and had to sit on the stand. They gave me a very beautiful corsage. The program was fine and the house was packed. Wright was here until Monday, fixed the garden and done a lot of things for us. Mamie, it would have been nice if you could have come for Mother's Day, but don't grieve about it. I know you do want to come...take care of Mary Ida. I think she will soon be strong but she needs so much care and you can't leave her. Emeline has gone to help the lady with the names for the Temple again. They have 5000 and they want her to go.*

But Mary Ida was doing fine. On May 26th she surprised Sarah by arriving at Emeline's house unexpectedly in a car with someone coming to Salt Lake. Sarah wrote that Mary Ida was doing well and was not homesick. There would be room for Helen too if she wanted to come.

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[36] When she was young, Mary Ida was felt to have rheumatic heart disease. When she was an adult she was found actually to have a congenital ventricular septal defect, which was repaired by Dr. Russel M. Nelson before his illustrious church service began.

Helen did go down to Em's as invited.

On June 16th Jean arrived unexpectedly from California, surprising his dad. He was there to work for the summer. Before the 28th, the girls were back in Dingle, but Mamie had gone to Salt Lake. Helen wrote that Beulah had come back from the Philippines to visit. Kenneth returned a month later. *Jean got a letter from Hazel yesterday saying that Aunt Beulah is there and they are leaving...Saturday...We are getting along fine...get Mary Ida some shoes those others are too small.*

Wesley was listed as a resident agent for Dingle of the Utah Home Fire Insurance Co., Heber J. Grant and Co. on the occasion of the company's 50th anniversary. He was starting to emerge from his dire financial condition.

Wesley wrote a letter to Mamie on July 4, 1936. Probably she was visiting her Salt Lake cousins. *I hope you are having a good time, for we surely miss you up here. It will be several days yet before Ida and Beulah will be in Salt Lake. I guess Helen has told you most of the news.*

On July 12, 1936 Wesley's personal brand was awarded by American Poultry and Livestock Assn. It looked like this: +R

On August 17, Sarah sent a somewhat incoherent letter about the twins' birth. *I am alone and he is gone to the hospital. I think my foot is a little better—I have bathed it three times and kept it up all I can. Edna called me. They got home last night and she is overjoyed about the twins...He has been fixing the fruit shelves.* This would be Lell. Curiously, Sarah never referred to him by name in her letters. It was always "he" without an antecedent noun or sometimes "Wright" or on a good day, "Mr. Wright." *He has just come. It is nearly nine, says the babies have nursed today so Em feels so good. Did not say anything about coming home.* Next day: *I saw her last night but I was tired and went to bed. We got there in time to see...boy "one" nurse. They both nursed yesterday earlier. He looked so sweet and she is so thrilled, has been dressed and walked around today. We did not see the Dr. They may send them home tomorrow but he still seems so gloomy and has not heard anything yet.*

Three days later Helen wrote to Ida and Nora: *Aunt Em has a pair of twin boys born Monday. Grandma Sirrine came this morning...she thought this would be her only chance to come home for a few days* (until Em is out of the hospital.) Helen was hoping Jean could return to school and thinking about how she would get money for school. Nora wrote back: *...tickled about the twin boys. Thinking about your Daddy and Mother all day. I'll bet your ice cream was good...*

In the third week of August, Nora wrote to Wesley and Mamie for their birthdays, as she did every year. She had just gotten back from visiting her two sons in the Bay Area and was aware of the poverty of her Dingle children. She remembered the hard winters of years ago. *It is hard on the women folks in the house and harder on the men folks out in the storm and cold. I think just such things as that is what crippled or laid the foundation for Dad's condition today....Dad is taking treatments and I think they are doing him good. He looks well. Jean kept batch while we were gone. He had everything looking nice when we got back.*

Sarah and Emeline had their hands full taking care of the twins. On September 17th she was calling the oldest, Laddie, and the other, Sonny Boy. They had not been given names yet. On October 7th Sarah wrote to Mamie: *I've been too tired to write—so busy with the twins. Hyrum stayed overnight after* general conference *meeting. He thinks the twins are fine—it is a miracle to see them so good. I was disappointed that you could not come. I listened to it on the radio. I was so thrilled I forgot that I was sick and tired.* There was some sort of trouble with the farm...*sorry to hear about the grain and the lambs. It does seem so bad after working so hard...it just make me sick to think of it all.*

Will was wearing out physically, trying to disengage from farming in Dingle and move permanently to Long Beach and Nora. He wrote on October 16, 1936: *All summer I am not in a condition to be out. Just could not cut the mustard. W.W. was in this afternoon. He will finish cutting grain...I have had my 12th fall and it sure was a good one...had my legs strapped close together so I could not move. I reached down got the chair and tried to stop it but was not strong enough so it gave me a jerk from behind as it went round so I got a fall that counted. Have not recovered yet. Just rested a few moments listening to a campaign talk. Things are getting hot up here. Just now Roosevelt is going to have a hard time to win if he does.*

A document among the letters attests that on October 28th, Will and Nora Ream formally transferred property to W.W. Ream for the consideration of one dollar. Evidently Will had divided it among all of his sons. He wrote to Nora on November 11th: *Boys have done nothing in getting the place divided. It looks to me they may procrastinate too long.*

On November 28th, Sarah wrote a long letter to Helen asking her to help Jean to *feel better.* He wanted to go to school, but apparently was stuck on the farm. Things were not going well. Mamie replied *...it just seems like we can't get any money and owe so much. We had to borrow $500 more for hay. I don't mean to complain or bother you with it all. If we can keep well we will come out some way.*

Mamie wrote again to Sarah in Salt Lake on December 14th commenting on some pictures that Sarah sent of herself and David, one of the twins. Hazel Dawn loved the one of the baby. *Buster* (Warren's ten year old boy) *got his leg burned...tipped the boiling water over on him...it just seems like we can't get any money and owe so much. We had to borrow $500 more for hay. I don't mean to complain or bother you with it all. If we can keep well we will come out some way.*

On January 1937 Will granted parts of his land to Mitchel, Wesley, and Milton.

In February the Wesley's lambs were born early. Someone had let the rams in with the ewes at the wrong time. Mostly all of them were lost. The water pump broke and Jean had to carry all of their water from the spring.

Then on March, 6, 1937 Buster died of appendicitis.

In April Sarah enjoyed seeing Mamie and Hyrum in Salt Lake for conference and for her birthday dinner. On May 16th, Ma wrote Helen, congratulating her on winning a speaking contest and being honored. She hoped Helen would get her dress done. Helen graduated

second in her class and spoke at graduation and seminary graduation. She had made her own graduation dress with rows of satin ribbon on the skirt.

Helen in 1937

That summer Helen worked again for Milton at $25 per month. Russell Swenson was there in San Leandro visiting his sister, Aunt Helen, and offered to host Helen if she would go to BYU. She had been planning on attending LDS Business School, where she had a scholarship.

That fall Jean was in Salt Lake attending the University of Utah. He was living with Ma and with the Wright family. Sarah wrote: *Jean wanted to go to the ball game, but was not sure Rodney was going. He is helpful and good with the babies. They asked him Sunday to help with the sacrament. He sure did well and I was thrilled and glad he was so obedient. I do hope he will get a testimony of the gospel. I think Helen will go home for Christmas.* She was at BYU, having taken Russell Swensen up on his offer.

On November 30, 1937 Wesley and Mamie took out a Crop and Chattel mortgage on their three horses, 57 cattle, 410 sheep, and 180 tons of hay for $1,483.97.

Helen and Jean returned to Dingle for Christmas. On December 20, Mamie wrote to Sarah: *We have made big fires to keep the pipes from freezing. Jean and Wesley brought the sheep down two days ago and are getting them hay. The girls are at school. Helen and I were fixing a box for you and found out James had already gone. We'll mail it.* Helen went back to BYU after the holidays.

On January 2, 1938 Mamie wrote to Sarah, *I am glad Helen can go back with Swensens. I don't know how Jean can go—Wesley needs help. Got up early to get Helen ready.* Well, Jean found a way to go back to school, too. In a February letter from Wrights' Sarah mentioned him: *The baby is fine. Jean bathed the twins.* Emeline's third boy, Warren Sirrine Wright had been born on January 14th.

Down in Provo, Helen was worried about things at home. She wrote to Mamie: *My Dearest Mommie, I hated to leave you feeling so blue. You are so sweet and dear, but honest, I think you are wrong to take Daddy so seriously and to let the things he says worry you so. There couldn't be a sweeter mother and we do love you so. If the girls don't show it, it's only because they are so young and thoughtless and Daddy because he is so blue and discouraged. I haven't any money from Aunt Helen yet, but hope to have some so I can register Monday...*

Helen got a job at B.Y.U. working for Wiley Sessions to help register students. She would ride the Bamberger electric train to Salt Lake to visit Ma and Em.

In March there was a major mishap in the concrete basement-house. Here's how Wesley explained it to his mother Nora in Long Beach: *It was on March 18 at night that Mamie went into the other room to get some milk for supper. She slipped and fell and pulled a table down*

on her. The table had four or five hundred pounds of curing meat on it. It broke her right leg four or five inches above the knee…they just hung 14 lbs. on her (she was the Montpelier Hospital in traction) *and kept it there for three weeks. Wednesday they put the cast on…she will have to wear it for several months. It may be a week or two yet before she can come home.*

On May 17th Nora wrote to Wesley and Mamie. *Am glad the leg seems to be getting all right, but sorry that the homecoming had to be postponed. If I could stand the altitude and the climate and work I surely would like to be up there.*

In June, Mamie was recovering at home. She wrote this to Nora: *Have been on my back all the time…feeling a little better. The cast was taken off on the first…now we can bend the knee about five inches and can move the ankle but it hurts…Helen came Tuesday…she looks fine…but can only stay a week. She will be working in the library and expects to make enough for her tuition. It is fine for Dad* (Will) *to have the phone in. We can talk when we want.*

Mamie wrote on in August from Dingle to Nora and Ida, *Mabel operated on for appendicitis Sunday…doing well… I can go without my crutch around the house and have my knee bent a little more.*[37]

In October she reported again to Nora: *Mary Ida is still thrilled about her trip* to Long Beach to visit her grandmother *and would like another. Wesley shipped a car of cattle. Mitchel went back with them. No, my leg is not as good as ever, but is much better and I am thankful. I get very tired and it swells a lot. Helen seems fine. We met her in Salt Lake and took her to Provo. She has a good place to stay. Jean is busy. He is at the U., stays with Emeline. Wesley and I are going to go up to see Dad tonight on his birthday. I think he is going to Cal. soon.* He did.

Wesley wrote to both of his parents in Long Beach in December. *We are feeding everything, but it does not take so much because they do a lot of grazing. The weather is mild…You probably heard about* (Warren's wife) *Catherine Q. Sirrine dying, heart trouble and dropsy. Jean will not be home for Christmas as he has a job in Salt Lake but we expect Helen about the 24th.* Mamie: *Catherine died suddenly without a struggle.*

The Reams received an unexpected, but welcome windfall when a letter came from the attorneys of executrix Florence Salter, awarding $234.55 in accordance to Mary Ellen Steele's will. Florence was Mamie's cousin. Mamie's aunt Ella Steele had passed away in California the previous August.

On March 27, 1939 Sarah fell and broke her hip. Neither Mamie's history nor any of the letters gives the details of how it happened. Her doctors felt it would be best treated conservatively, so bed rest was prescribed. She was confined to a bed for the most of the

[37] Mamie gradually recovered the use of her leg, but never got a full range of motion—she could not bend the leg over 90 degrees for the next fifty years until the 1980's when she slipped on the ice and accidentally broke through the adhesions. In a few weeks, the knee was finally like new.

rest of her life, about 3 ½ years, chiefly at Emeline's home. Mamie went straight to Salt Lake to help. There was a flurry of letters about the event.

Mamie sent a postcard to Wesley postmarked March 29. *Mother a little better. Putting hot packs on her. Will try to have her sit up in bed when Jean comes.* Mamie asked for $5**.** Wesley responded the very next day: *We got your cards last night. Sorry your mother is hurt....enclosing a check for $10. I cannot decide for you when to come home....the lambs have started to come. Must go to town and have a tooth pulled. I branded yesterday. Hurt my left shoulder, hip, and ankle, each at a different time, but all are lame now—I can continue doing my work. Come home when you can.*

On April 23rd Wesley gave an update to his mother: *Just about through lambing, over 300. I don't know if you heard about Mrs. Sirrine having a fall and hurting her leg. She is still in bed. Mamie was down there with her for about two weeks.* From Jean: *We have Grandma in a hospital bed and it makes it a little easier for us.*

Wesley wrote to Nora again on May 10th. B*rought Mamie back from SL after two weeks. Went to Provo to see Helen. Dad seems to be feeling fine.*

That summer Helen stayed in Provo. She had a job collecting plants at Aspen Grove for Professor Bertrand Harrison and was still working in the registrar's office. That summer she met LaVar Bateman along with his friends Wayne Booth and Marv Mowers. They were working as night watchmen, and discovered her at her desk working overtime.

On September 16th, Mamie informed Nora that Will had been in the hospital. *Dad had not been feeling well for about a week, but he is better now. He felt he had a partial bowel stoppage and sent for Dr. Spencer Rich. He had them take him to the hospital for an enema...Last night Wesley and I went down to see him. He seemed to feel pretty good, said he was going home tomorrow. The nurse said the oil went through him and she thought he was better, but that he was worried about himself...he had several bowel movements last night. We don't want you to worry...think he will be all right.* Will was right to be worried. This bowel blockage was the first sign of the colon cancer that would soon claim his life. By September 24th, Will was writing back to Wesley from San Leandro. He had gone with his colon complaints to his boys, doctors in whom he could trust.

That same day Beulah wrote home, alarmed by signs of war in the Philippines.

That month Mamie had left Dingle to take a few weeks in Salt Lake. Emeline was due to deliver Carol Lynn. Wesley was really missing Mamie. On September 30th he wrote*...very glad to hear from you. It helped a little. When I stop working my thoughts get me down. If I could work all the time I would be fine, but then I can't. I don't sleep after one or two o'clock.* To my doctor's ear that sounds like depression--early morning insomnia. He was working hard, as usual. He had sold 36 sheep, borrowing Joe Lindsay's truck to transport them, but left his coat at the stockyard. He sold the steers for $80.50 and the lambs for $5.33 each, put in 190 bushels of wheat and had 1,315 in the bin, but still had about 100 more to reap. After that he needed to seed and plow. *I got a card from Dad...says that he is not so good, but*

expects to get "quick results." Will was on another of his many trips to Lava Hot Springs for therapy. *Wish you were here. I need you.*

Mamie wrote to Wesley and the two younger girls, that she hoped she wouldn't have to stay until Thanksgiving, but it depended on when Wesley could come to pick her up. She was happy to hear that Hazel Dawn had been elected class president at Montpelier High.

Nora was worried about Wesley and had pointedly asked him if he was all right. He responded October 9th. *You say you have been wondering if I am alright on account of my being on your mind for days. Physically I am fine...there things though that put a person under an emotional strain and that may be what was reaching you by telepathy. Emeline has a baby girl.* Carol Lynn had been born September 27, 1939.

Will was ailing, too. He was still in San Leandro, trying to get well enough to get down to Nora in Long Beach. They were writing each other about every ten days, but Nora seemed to have no idea of the gravity of his situation. On October 3rd she wrote: *I am glad you are there where they will take care of you and you will soon be feeling alright again. Sorry you had a bad night and hope you are feeling better and that all your nights will be good from now on.*

Alone in Dingle, Wesley was still depressed. He wrote *...after seeding I can come after you...deer season opens Friday, but I do not seem to be able to work up enough interest...Kenneth says if he can he will get one for me.* To Jean, who was at Wright's too, he wrote: *Glad you have your glasses and that they help you... (I) have the grain all in the bin. 1625 bushels of wheat.*

Three days later on October 22nd, Wesley wrote again, not feeling much better. *Mitchel and Kenneth went deer hunting...gave us a front quarter of a two year old. I didn't intend to work today but got so nervous at eleven I went to the ranch and finished sowing the summer fallow. Then could not stand it out there any longer and came home...I was all built up to see you next Saturday and now it will be hard to wait for another week. I guess I can stand it, but don't know for sure. I am getting so lonesome, but then I guess I've always been that way. Well I guess I've said enough, maybe too much...remember that I love you dearly.*

Will wrote to Nora from San Leandro on October 23rd, *Well, I am now well, but just lazy...The Drs. both are offle busy day and night and then some...I am weighing 180# and still going down. Also my strength is not good, but I guess it will come out in the wash.* He was not "just lazy." The cancer was getting him.

Wesley wrote to Will on November 4th. *Mamie has been in Salt Lake taking care of her mother and Emeline for two months. I am going down after her today, back Monday...I heard from Mother the other day. She did not know if you were coming down there or when. You may be there before you get this letter.*

I do not know whether Will received that letter in San Leandro. I don't know exactly how or when, but somehow he managed to get to Nora before he died on November 24, 1939 in Long Beach.

At the beginning of the year 1940, Sarah and Jean were still living with the Wrights. Sarah was trying to document that she had lived in Utah for five of the last nine years to qualify for an old age pension. Her hip had improved to the point that she could sit up on the side of the bed. Jean was in law school at the U. He would be graduating that June. Helen was at B.Y.U., still living with Russel and Beulah Swensen. Mamie was living for a few weeks in Provo with Helen. Wesley, Mary Ida, and Hazel Dawn were in Dingle.

Jean with Marian Bullough

On January 28th, Wesley wrote to Mamie, *The girls got your cards. I suppose you are with Helen now. I need you at night.* The next day Jean forwarded the letter to Provo and added, *here's dad's letter. I'll be getting my graduation pictures on Tuesday. We are wondering when and how you will come back.* Mamie was back in Salt Lake by February 11th. She wrote to Wesley and the girls, *Swensens brought Helen on their way to Ogden for a funeral. She went to Sunday school with Jean, met his girl, Marian Bullough. Mother is about the same, so tired. She can sit on the side of the bed. Do you think your mother will go home soon? Be sure to write her.*

Wesley answered the next day, still depressed. *...we have two or three loaves of bread left yet. Wish you were here to make more. I do not know if I can get along without you for another three weeks...I am "looking through blue glasses some more."* He wrote to his mother as Mamie had suggested: *Mamie is still in SL and will be there for about 10 days yet. Her mother seems a little better. (Overall) I think she is gradually growing weaker. Emeline and her man are selling their place and buying another one.*

Mamie was finally home before March 14th, when she wrote to Sarah. She wanted to know whether Emeline's boys missed her. Maybe they did, but it could not have been as much as poor Wesley had missed her when she was with them. As far as I can tell, since leaving in September, she had only been Dingle from November 6th through Christmas. She wrote to Sarah again for her birthday, inviting her to come back to Dingle. *We will bring you home and if you feel better you can go back when it gets cold.* Sarah did not take her up on the offer, but was improving a bit. *Maida has just given me a good bath. My leg feels a little better. They are going to get me up in the chair. The bishop and his counselors have been in. They were very nice to me gave me a blessing.*

After nine years living in the cold, dark, leaky concrete basement, Wesley was beginning to think about completing the house. The first hint came in Mamie's hopeful letter to Helen on

April 17th: *I am going with Ruth and Avon to SL to get Maida. Down Friday, back Saturday. Daddy is trying to borrow money to finish the house. Mary Ida and seminary going to S.L. May 10—hope you can see her.* He began to secure the loan in 1940, but a serious effort toward construction of the house would need to wait another year and a half.

Wesley wrote, *I was too well off to get an F.H.A. loan and not well enough off to get a Farm Loan. I had been to the lumber company who said they thought they could make a loan to build an entirely new house but not to build on the basement. I got enough ahead to go to a saw mill and buy native lumber enough to build the house I wanted. I piled it up to cure and then went back to the lumber company. I told them if they would make me a loan of twenty-five hundred dollars I would buy the rest of the material from them. If not, I would build a little at a time as I could get a little money and that I would buy where I could get the best prices. They loaned me the money. They said that if I would give them a list of the things and leave the money with them, I would be able to get it when I wanted it and that the prices would not change. This I did.* Evidently he made this deal long before starting the house and the lumber company stuck with its deal. Remarkable. When construction finally started in 1941, his brother Rodney, who was building at the same time, had to pay "war prices" for materials, and his house cost triple the amount that Wesley's did. They ended up moving into their new houses at almost exactly the same time.

But Wesley had some other important projects to conduct. No longer seeming to be depressed, he set his mind to farming and to paying off his debts. Some time that summer Sarah was brought back to Dingle to stay until cold weather set in.

Wesley leased the Peterson Place south of Merkley Lake to Rowell Dunn for two years in exchange for extensive ditch work on August 16th.

At the end of the farming season he wrote to Nora the he had just sold his wheat. *Paid some of the most urgent debts, now I am broke again. I am going to buy lumber to start on the house. I would have it started by now, but things have interfered...doubtful if I can start this fall. I guess you heard of the train killing the sheep. Thirty-two for me and 10 for M.A. Fifteen of mine were lambs that I was going to ship in two days. I dressed out 17 of them and had them froze so will have meat for a long time.* Mamie added: *It is leaking in all the rooms. Mother seems a little better. She is still here.*

If Sarah was in Mamie's house, I don't know how she managed to deal with that leaky basement. I think Mamie meant that Sarah was staying in the front bedroom of her own house next door where Warren was living. I don't think she was able to walk at all. In either case, before December 22nd she was back in Salt Lake. Wrights had moved into a new house on Elizabeth Street. Emeline wrote: *Ma is about the same - her cold is no worse - but the cough is bad. I have worked with her - Vicks & etc. & etc. We got her up in the chair today. Put clean things on the bed. She didn't feel good at first and didn't want to eat much dinner. She is asleep now -and seems to be resting well. I have rubbed her and tucked her in for the night. I slept in here with her last night--she slept pretty well.*

In 1941 Wesley sold his sheep and his forest range rights at a good price. All prices (wool, sheep, cattle, crops) held up for three years and he got out of debt for the first time in 20 years. He said it was a wonderful feeling.

In January Helen wrote from Provo that she wanted her mother to come to leadership, stay with Beulah Swenson, and meet her new boyfriend Carl Blake, a returned missionary from Arizona who wanted to marry her. In March they became engaged. On March 8th Wesley announced it to his mother, but no one else. *Helen says she has become engaged and will be married when the boy gets out of training. He is taking flying. Mamie met him a month ago when she was down to leadership week. We have not told anyone here. Thought we would leave that for Helen to do.*

The next day, Sarah was writing about it. *Helen brought Carl and two other friends to SL for the ball game (Provo got beat). Visited her at Em's at 11 pm, stayed until midnight. Says "she was engaged if she don't change her mind."* Of course, eventually she did.

On April 12th, Nora was proposing a construction project to Wesley that would push back his house plans. She wanted a burial vault built in the Dingle cemetery. *When Milton was there did he and you boys decide about the vault, and when we can lay Dad away where he wanted to be put?* It was now a year and a half since Will's death. *I hope it can be tended to this summer—it worries me. I am real well...I've been alone more than three weeks.*

On May 7th, Wesley wrote back, but did not directly address the vault issue. He had three children graduating that May. Wishing her a happy Mother's Day he wrote: *Got the sheep on the range a week ago. Yesterday I finished branding and put the cattle on the hills...moving to Pine Springs today. Then we will spend the next two weeks seeing the children graduate. Mary Ida from H.S. with honors, Helen from Provo, and Jean from U. of U.* Jean wrote to Nora from Salt Lake. He would soon begin studying for the bar exam.

Helen graduated with honors from BYU and went to Solomonville, Arizona to meet Carl's family. Carl's mother put a lot of pressure on Helen to move there permanently. Helen felt fenced in and passed up a teaching job there at $1050 per year to work for less at Montpelier High.

As Mary Ida left high school, Hazel Dawn was just entering it. After Jean and Helen had left home the two younger sisters leaned increasingly on each other and were best friends. But by the fall of 1941, Mary Ida had gone to BYU and Dawn had no siblings around until Mary Ida came home for Christmas.

On June 18th, Wesley finally responded to his mother about a family vault. *I got the plans for the vault a few days ago...We could have started but I have had to do fencing at Pine Springs...We had quite a time seeing the kids graduate. They have not come home yet. Helen is in Arizona and Jean in Salt Lake.* Two weeks later Mamie reported further: *I know you are wondering how the boys are doing with the vault. Mitchel sent a man up to help Wesley dig. They worked alone till Saturday. KD* (Kenneth) *came, run the scraper to drag the dirt away. It helped a lot. Rodney has not been there or sent anyone yet. It is such awful hard*

digging. M.A. (Mitchel) *got some giant powder. Wesley used twelve sticks and they have to use the pick anyway! They need more help. Milton said when it is ready he would get you and bring Dad up. Jean is studying for the bar. He says Mother wants to come up. It is so very hot there.*

On July 12, 1941 Wesley updated Nora. *We have got the foundation and the floor of the vault completed. I expect to have the walls up by the end of next week. Why don't you and Ida come up as soon as you can and Milton can bring Dad when everything is ready. Well, I will do the best I can and hope to have the crypts in in two weeks. You could bring him up then and we could put the top on later.*

Then work on the vault stalled. At the end of July, Wesley vented his frustration to Nora with the lack of cooperation from his brothers. Without more help from them, he didn't think they would be able to complete it until the next year. He would focus on his house for now—their help would not be needed for that. On August 23rd he wrote to Nora: *I expect to start the house in about a month. I have most of the lumber now. Mamie's mother came a few days ago. She will be here for a month or so. Helen's friend Carl brought her up and Jean came with her, but stayed only a day, then went back with Carl and on to the coast. They are trying to get a job in some defense work. I paid the Federal Farm Loan installment on Aug 1. Ida's part is $49.86. We are figuring on sending Mary Ida to B.Y.U. We have done no more on the vault yet and I don't know when we will. I will try and have it done so you can come up next summer if I have to do it alone.*

In September Milton visited Bear Lake and took a look at Sarah's leg. She stayed in Dingle until about mid-October, and then went back to Emeline.

That fall, construction on the house began in earnest. I found some more of Mamie's diary fragments for that period. Between October 24 and November 24th she made the following entries: *Swensens farewell party. Helen there, also HD* (Hazel Dawn). *Wrote to I.E.* (Mary Ida) *and Jean and Ma. House is sure growing. It looks good. Finished chimney and sheeting. Helen took bus back* to Provo*. Wesley dipped shingles. Helped dress Helen and HD for the Halloween party. Clark worked on cornice and shingles.* I don't know what the farewell party for Swensens was about.

Wesley's letter to Nora dated November 11, 1941 is a little more understandable. *Well I am building a house at last. Mable's brother George is doing it for me. We have all the shingles on now and will have the windows in in a few days. Then will come the inside work. We have to have a few rooms finished so that we can be in them by Xmas. I will start on the rock work in the spring. It will be a beautiful place if I can ever get it done. Everyone says that it is too big. Well maybe it is, but we could not get what we wanted in anything less.*

By December Mamie was back to Salt Lake. She wrote December 5th that she had been looking at a furnace for the new house. She had been at Wrights' in SL two weeks for Marie's birth on November 24th. The furnace men would come up to Dingle if Wesley was interested in the furnace and they would let her ride with them. *Emeline came home with*

the baby last night. Maybe I can get Lell's Aunt Nora to fill in for me. On the 10th, Wesley replied: *Sorry you are not well and your mother is worse.* She had forgotten to sign one of the papers he sent and he was going to send it down with Warren with a box of candy that Helen had made. *Things are moving along with the house. Electricians here two days now...furnace the next few days, bringing a man down from Pocatello to supervise. Looking for good sand for the plastering.*

That Christmas, Helen spent Christmas with the Blakes in Arizona. Carl was just finishing his flight training. Jean had a war-related job and was stuck in California, but sent presents to everyone. I suspect that the Pearl Harbor attack earlier that month had eliminated any sort of Christmas leave. Mamie wrote to Sarah, *Warren has orders to be ready to leave at a minute's notice...I guess we will not be able to be in the house by spring. Mary Ida will soon be leaving. I hope Jean will keep his job in the factory instead of being sent to the front—he sent a lot for Christmas. Isn't it awful in the PI* (Philippines)*? Haven't heard any more about Fabian and Beulah.* Mary Ida added: *Got a huge box of presents from Jean. Also got a package from Helen. Had a grand time even without Helen and Jean.*

As 1942 rolled in the work on the house moved slowly forward. Sarah's health problems worsened. She would die before the end of summer.

Wesley reported to Nora at the end of January that: *We have automatic heating in the house now with air conditioning. All we need to do is fill the hopper with slack coal and set the gauge and there you are. If we just had the house finished it would be nice. Am lathing now. Any word from Fabian or Beulah? Just paid the farm loan installment. Ida's share this time is $75.32.*

Nora responded*...glad you have got along as well as you did with your home...hope to see it next summer.* Jean was in bed with "flu" four days, but was now back to work at the plant. *I am hoping...that will keep him from having to go to fight...no word from the folks in the P.I. since the message Xmas day.*

On February 25th Emeline took Sarah to the hospital for abdominal pain. After a few days it went away. She was sent home feeling better, apparently without a diagnosis, and then had it again. A nurse was sent in. Mamie had written to her in the hospital, seemingly more worried about Mary Ida, who had gone to California*....We sure hope they can help you...everyone asked about you yesterday. I haven't heard from Mary Ida since she left. I feel so worried about her. I don't think she feels well, and that makes her so blue. We are going to write to Beulah about her. Wish I could go down to see her, and you. Wesley is working on the house as much as he can every day, putting lath on.* Wesley was also milking Kenneth's cows twice a day while Kenneth was in California.

On March 9th Mamie wrote to her mother that Wesley might be able to go for her that weekend or the first of next week.

I don't think she actually left Salt Lake, since Sarah wrote again from Em's on April 7th. She had heard conference on the radio. *I am about the same....I wish you could come and see how I am...if you get a chance to come with someone. Goodbye. Mother.*

Two days later, Em wrote to Mamie: *Mother is very sick today. It seems she is worse every day. She says she is afraid you and Warren won't get here. I really don't know what to say. She is worse - is weak and so tired she says. There was one day I thought she was a little better. But there must be a stoppage of the bowel and it seems nothing we do helps it. She is so dreadfully sick at her stomach. I am so sorry she has to be in such pain. She is nauseated so much of the time - wakes up in the night and is that way.* Mamie went right down to Salt Lake to help.

On April 29th, Wesley updated Nora and Jean. *Our new home is ready for plastering. Mamie is in Salt Lake with her Mother who is very sick. She wanted to come home before she died, so Mamie and Warren went down to get her. She was too bad to come home so Mamie stayed and Warren will go down again when she gets able to stand the trip.*

Q, Ruth, and Warren Sirrine. Ream cabin and new house in background.

But Mamie did not stay long. On May 7th she was writing to Sarah from Dingle: *Jean is fine and wants to come see us. Dr. wants Mary Ida to be in bed most of the summer. Helen may go down Sunday. (She) is in Provo working on commencement. Hazel Dawn is going down on the bus. Jean may visit Q* (Q is Jean's cousin, Sherwood Quayle Sirrine, Warren's boy) *in his camp.* Helen did go to help Emeline with Ma as soon as school was out. By May 27th they had found a way to move Sarah and she was with them all in Dingle. Emeline seemed both relieved and worried. She wrote from Salt Lake: *I am so sorry to know that Mother is so sick. I know she is so bad. We are all praying for her. Is she in a great deal of pain? I sent her name in to the Temple yesterday. We are hoping she will rest better tonight.*

All spring, Wesley had been working on the vault, attending to the house only when time permitted. He wanted it ready before Nora came for the summer. He wrote to her on June 8th, *the vault could be used now, but the ground should be cleaned up and leveled, and tar on the room and a door. Come when you are ready and we will go out and finish up. I will face it with stone later. Mamie's mother wants to die at home.*

The same day, Mamie wrote to Jean: *I am over to Warren's. Ma begged so to come home, we put her in the wheel chair and they lifted her in the back of the truck and Daddy brought her and put her on the porch, then went back for the bed. She...was glad to be home. It took me all my time to care for her, so it is not much worse, only that I am away. I have not heard from Helen since she left...* I think she was saying that Sarah wanted to leave the Reams' basement and go her own house (which she had previously turned over to Warren and his

wife Catherine, who had died in 1938). Now Mamie had to be away from home to take care of her, but that was no worse for Mamie, since it was a full time job either way. Helen had gone to San Leandro to rescue Aunt Helen again. All of Milton's kids were in bed with scarlet fever.

Mamie sent a postcard to Helen from the train station in Montpelier. Milton was arriving with his Mother Nora and Ida's daughter, Beulah Lee. They had to write small to fit this message onto one card, bought for the occasion at the station.

From Mamie: *We are here to meet the train. Ma seems a little better, she is so anxious to see Uncle Milton...Well here is the train ahead of time. Grandma, Milton, and Beulah Lee are fine.* From Milton: *Doing fine. Writing this on SE corner of station. Wesley is here, Kenneth is just now coming. Love to Aunt Helen and our sick ones.*

White Hall

While Helen was helping Aunt Helen and Uncle Milton at White Hall mansion in San Leandro, her fiancé Carl was away in military aviation school. Her previous boyfriend at BYU, LaVar Bateman, had not given up his pursuit of her. He was stationed temporarily in the bay area and was visiting her every time he could get leave. Their romance is the topic for another story—I'll just include the basics here.

Helen's letters of that summer vividly reveal her romantic quandary, but they also show her interest in the goings on in Dingle. With her sisters, she was actively planning the interior decorations of the new house. Milton's move to White Hall had produced some surplus furnishings, which Aunt Helen had made available for Helen to take back to the new Dingle house including a complete set of fine drapes for the girls' bedrooms.

On August 12, 1942 Mamie's pioneer mother Sarah Oakey Sirrine died in her home in Dingle. She was 88 years old. Before she died, Wesley took her up the stairs on planks in her wheelchair to see the new house. Helen was still in California, regretting not being in Dingle for Ma. Three actively serving LDS bishops spoke at Sarah's funeral; all of them had been children in her primary. One of the speakers was Oliver Humpherys.

Helen got home in time to teach at Montpelier High in September. Hazel Dawn, who was a junior, took home economics from her.

Nora wrote on November 16th that he was glad that Wesley was finally building his home. *You have needed it so long. Jean seems to be doing fine, I am glad to have him with me.*

Wesley and Mamie's new house was completed in time for Thanksgiving on November 26th. Wesley had worked with a carpenter named George Clark, Mabel Ream's brother from Iowa, to build it. Beulah and Russel Swensen and family had come up from Provo for the occasion. Mamie and the girls cooked a 27 lb. turkey. Jean missed it, still working at the defense related plant. They must have had a grand time in that brand new house. Mamie wrote to Jean on Christmas Eve. *We are sitting by the fireplace watching the big log burning. We just got your letter a few minutes ago. It made us a bit blue to know that you will not be with us. They all were sure you would come, but I had a feeling you were not. We are with you in thots anyway and will be glad to have you whenever you can come or do you think that there is a chance of your staying at the plant. Then I will try and go down. We have our stockings hanging in a row, ready for Santa. So will say good night, dear. Merry Xmas, Love Mother.*

Hazel Dawn, Helen, Mary Ida--Christmas 1942

She wrote to Nora on December 29th *Yes, we were disappointed not having Jean with us...but hope it's for the best and that by his staying and working in the plant as he has done that they will keep him there* and not draft him*...we too are wishing for good word from the PI. I still have faith that they are safe somewhere.*

Then Jean showed up by surprise on New Year's Day, 1943. He had experienced a terrible time getting through the icy roads in Logan Canyon.

Nora wrote on January 11th, *I got your letter before Jean left here. I sure do miss Jean. I was in hopes they would leave him down here working at the defense work. I am glad you have it nice and warm in your lovely new home.*

But by January 18th he had left Dingle again and was writing to Ida from a Pullman car on a train full of young soldiers somewhere in the Midwest, headed for an undisclosed destination. It turned out to be a basic training facility in St. Petersburg, Florida. He had been drafted.

Helen was in Dingle that winter, continuing to teach at Montpelier High School, but her heart was not in it. She wrote her grandmother, Nora, on January 3rd... *I haven't yet decided what I'm going to do. Karl* (Helen always spelled his name with a K—she just liked it better that way) *is assigned to a squadron for foreign duty and will be leaving soon. I may decide to leave and join him in Texas or Florida. It is a hard decision to make.* Her hesitation and the military ended up making the decision for her. Carl was assigned to go overseas. Helen finished out the school year in Montpelier.

By the end of February, Jean had finished basic training and had been transferred. Mary Ida had gone to Long Beach. Wesley wrote to Nora: *Jean has been moved from Florida to Illinois near Chicago. Tell Ida that I paid the farm loan installment and that her share was $76.76. I can use it any time that she can send it to me. Has Mary Ida arrived?*

Mary Ida had been planning to go to Long Beach to look for a job and live with her Grandmother Nora. However before she left, Helen got a telegram from Carl that he was going overseas and would be in San Francisco on Friday. Helen immediately informed her superintendent that she would be back in a week and left with Mary Ida for San Francisco. Mary Ida went on to Long Beach and Helen spent the week with Carl, exploiting his three 24-hour passes. After Helen had dashed back home to Idaho to resume work, Carl spent his remaining leave with Uncle Milton and Aunt Helen, speaking in their ward and endearing himself to them before heading off to war in the Pacific.

In March a short, sweet message arrived from the Philippines through the Red Cross. *We are all well,* signed Beulah, Ruth, and Helga. It came to the mother of Fabian's wife Ruth, the first word from any of them in 1½ years. Great relief swept through the Ream family.

Sarah's brother-in-law, George's brother Warren LeRoy Sirrine, died in Mesa on March 7th. His daughter Addie wrote to Mamie, Warren, and Emeline about her father's death. And then Addie herself died a few months later.

On May 3rd, Jean wrote to Nora from USAF Chanute Field, Illinois. *We are wearing our summer uniforms. I spent a lot of time in Chicago in the Field Museum. Wouldn't like to live there.* Hazel Dawn finished her junior year at Montpelier High School on May 23rd. Helen and her home economics girls served an elegant graduation banquet to 225 people.

Jean in military

Mamie's brother Warren, who worked during the war as a chaplain in the Red Cross was driving back to Los Angeles, so Helen and Dawn grabbed the opportunity to get down to Grandma Ream's house in Long Beach to join Mary Ida and get jobs in the booming war economy there. They took Mamie with them. Just a week after school was out, Wesley was alone again. Mamie wrote on June 2nd. *We had a fine trip, got to your Mother's about 6:30. They were sure surprised to see us. Warren, Arvilla, and Ruth came in for a few minutes. Buses are on strike. Mary Ida took a taxi this a.m.*

Then on June 8th Mamie wrote home again. *Got your letter with the check and key. Sorry about your toothache....We bought Ida a pair of earrings for her birthday. Hazel Dawn made a cake and Helen decorated it. Went with Hazel Dawn last night and swore that she was born and I was her mother. Well, it cost 50 cents and then she will have to send to Boise for a birth certificate. She had to go and have a doctor testify she is 17. I guess they let her work for she hasn't come back. Aunt Helen wants Helen to come for the summer.*

June 11th was their 29th anniversary. Mamie wrote Wesley a sweet love letter reminding him of what they did together on the same date a year ago.

She wrote again on the 15th, sending pressed flowers. *Planes are flying very low and doing all kinds of stunts....I am trying to get your mother to go home with me and stay at our place. The mailman brought the capsules, thanks so much for sending them, sorry I forgot them. Sunday is Father's day. Helen bought a book for you. She will send it in the morning.*

Mamie had been diagnosed by Dr. Rich with pernicious anemia. Right after they arrived in Long Beach she went on up to San Leandro to Milton for consultation and convalescence. Helen quickly got a job at the Air Force Base in Los Angeles, but soon got a pleading letter from Aunt Helen, who said she was having a nervous breakdown, trying to convince Helen to leave her new job and bail her out yet again.

Meanwhile Wesley was carrying on by himself. On June 6th he wrote to Mamie in Long Beach at his mother's. He had gotten his tooth pulled—felt better and went to the ranch, the first time since the Monday after she left. He was churning every other day, getting ¾ lbs. of butter every time, and had sold 45 dozen eggs since she left. Lonesome. The assessor came...*I told him the house wasn't finished.* A week later his depression was coming back. *Two weeks since you left. Had dinner at* his brother *Rodney's. Well, I have had a panic in my belly all day. Just had to lay on the floor for a few minutes before I could finish this letter....I am so nervous that I doubt your being able to read this. I love you, Wesley.* He was so distracted he forgot for two days to mail the letter.

On July 1st Mamie sent a postcard from San Leandro. *Your mother and I came on the bus. Very hard trip. Writing from Milton's office.*

Responding to the card, Wesley wrote: *I kind of expected you home Sunday. I wish you were here. Woke up about 2:30 last night feeling like something was wrong, don't know what. Anyway I did not sleep any more...Got rid of the pigs. Sent them to Ogden. Churned twice and got more than a pound of butter. If you don't come home...soon...I'll have to start feeding it to the pig and dogs. Yes, I got a little pig from M. A.* He enclosed a letter he had just received from Jean, who ...*seemed to be headed for an instructor of officer(s) in the Air Corps.*

Ida and her husband came up to Hayward and brought Nora home to Long Beach. On July 9th, Mamie took time to write a letter to Wesley. *Your mother and I went with Milton on his calls this a.m. to the hospital and many home calls. The children have rheumatic fever still. Not real sick, but cross. We expect Ida today. (Aunt) Helen wants Helen Mae to come and stay with them while she visits her sister in Pleasant Grove. She'll pay her $100 per month. I hate to see her quit her job and don't know what to say. How would you like to come down next winter? Hazel Dawn really ought to finish in Montpelier, don't you think? Milton says "let her graduate here."*

Mamie was still in California by mid-July, 1943. She had expected to return sooner, but got sick for a few days, and then decided to wait for Helen to arrive. Helen had decided to

come, of course. Then Mamie took the bus to Salt Lake with Aunt Helen just in time for the Pioneer Day celebration.

Hazel Dawn was having a great summer in southern California. I don't think she was working. She wrote to her dad on August 3rd, *I went out on the lawn and twirled, surely attracted attention. Got a letter from Helen—she was so tired, been putting up plums and jam. Should I come straight home or up around Frisco?*

By September, the travelers were back together in Dingle in time for Dawn's senior year in high school except for Mary Ida, who stayed in Long Beach with Nora. Helen was teaching again that fall at Montpelier. She went to meet LaVar in Salt Lake in December while he was on six days' leave from his post in Oklahoma. He had been writing to her all summer. They rode home to Dingle together, and he seemed to be making progress in winning her heart. But she did not commit. She did not want to give Carl any bad news when he was still overseas. In a letter to Nora on October 10th, Wesley noted the competing pressures on Helen: *Mrs. Blake called Helen on the phone last night to remind her that it was just a year since she was down to Carl's graduation from the flying school.*

On December 22nd, Nora forwarded a letter that she had received from Fabian in a Japanese prison camp in the Philippines. It had been censored but was signed in his own handwriting. Beulah and her boys had been sent to another camp in Santo Tomas because a doctor was needed there. All were well. On January 6th Rodney received a detailed letter from a man named W. Portrude in Tacoma giving a detailed update on the P.I. Reams—Beulah's and Fabian's families. Portrude was a recently returned former patient of Beulah's. The letter is four pages long and gives the history of life in camp. It was forwarded around to every Ream family, raising hopes and gratitude for the prisoners' safety. Significantly, Portrude had no knowledge of Sam Allen, Beulah's husband, whom he had not seen since the Japanese invasion. It was later learned that Sam had died as a consequence of the infamous Bataan death march.

Mary Ida and Jean both came home in time for Christmas. They were all together at last. That would not last long.

I have no letter containing a response from Wesley to Mamie's idea in her earlier letter of July 9th of going to Milton's for the next winter. Maybe he was waiting until Mamie came home. Maybe he had a different idea—the winter of 1944 he did begin spending winters in California, but went to Long Beach, not Milton's. Right after Christmas, Wesley and Mary Ida went with Jean on his way back to military camp. On January 1, 1944 Mamie sent Wesley a long letter in Long Beach, which was full of questions about farming decisions that she was trying to make for him. He answered on the 5th: *Jean is on his way back to camp. We had a fairly good trip down...arrived in LA at five Monday morning. Took the electric in time for M.I. to get to work. The folks were surprised to see Jean and me along with Mary Ida...fixed a radio and a window for Mother, then went with Jean to the bus when he left...Mother sends her love. I wish you were here or that I were home. I miss you. I need you so much at night.*

By January 12th Wesley had a job prospect. Maybe he had gone down with the idea of making money. He was now thinking of staying a while and having Mamie join him. *I guess I got a job out where Mary Ida is working...mail me the following drawing instruments...drawing set in the leather case, triangles, protractor in red envelopes, French curve from the bookcase (etc.)...as quickly as possible...KD has some that I can borrow but they are not as good as mine.* There follows detailed instruction about taking care of the ranch, then: *I will be stuck here three months. I don't know what I'll do without you. Maybe you could come down with Rodney...* Wesley and Mary Ida had decided to pay Nora $5 per week for expenses. He listed three fire insurance policies to be renewed soon—he had been working as an insurance agent in Dingle. Mamie was to call the policy holders, and get the number of acres for each place.

There were six breathless letters sent to Mamie from Wesley in three weeks. Here are a few sample sentences from them:

...I work not more than 25 feet from Mary Ida. Got in two days last week, $9.60 per day. That pays for what I had to buy...so Monday's pay will be in the clear...We launched a ship yesterday...Clark Gable and other stars were there...launching one every two or three days... ...worked a week now...learning. Send some more of my letterheads with Rodney if he comes...still waiting for the drawing instruments. Check again for my registration card...in the desk. I got the things you sent OK, thank you. Sorry for the trouble with the furnace and pump...getting used to work now. He explained how to fix the pump*...how is the coal holding out?* There were more instructions for business at home, how to collect money from various people. *...working two weeks and two days now...at $62.40 a week, $49 after deductions. After board and transportation I net about $30 per week, but it is a change and helps.*

I have no letters from Mamie during this time. Maybe Wesley simply didn't save them. I think she was way too busy to write. Helen had enough time to send an informative letter on January 31. She had been sick and the doctor told her not to teach school. *LaVar called last night from Salt Lake. He is being sent back to Oklahoma, the only shore station issued to any of his mates. He writes all the time very interestingly and I just don't know what I'm going to do with those two boys. Karl is...flying some big guns about the islands for an inspection tour...The pump seems to be working all right now...Mom has been doing the furnace alone...LaVar sent me a complete set of Navy gold buttons like on his suit and I'm going to design a suit to wear them on...What I'm going to do after May is a real problem. LaVar wants to solve it for me but I can't do that...something tells me I was designed to be a typical old maid and I reckon I will be.*

On February 13th Wesley's plans changed. *I lost my job. Seems I couldn't do the work. Didn't get a good chance. Will tell you all about it when I get home. One of (my friends) told me of a place I may get work surveying for more money. I am going to see about it tomorrow, then decide when to come home. Mother got word Sunday that Aunt Roxie,* Nora's younger sister,

died...wish I were home now, but I hate to come to all that cold and snow. If I can get a job for say $15 per hour I will stay another month. I would like to go up to Milton's on my way back.

He looked for another job, but finding no openings for a surveyor decided to go north to Milton's, and then come home. On March 4th, Nora wrote to Mamie: *Wesley left here yesterday for home by way of Milton's. I hope he will come back next winter and bring you with him. Mary Ida is well and sweet as ever. I hope Wesley has a more restful trip than you and I did.*

After a few days visiting his two brothers in the Bay Area, Wesley was home by March 16th. Mamie let Nora know he was home safely: *Wesley returned sick with a cold, but people say he looks great.* He wrote to Mary Ida that he almost hated to leave Milton, who invited him to stay next year for the whole winter.

On May 7th, Mary Ida wrote to Helen from Long Beach. *The Mutual girls hosted 20 aviation cadets from Santa Anna to the Lakewood Riding Academy. I picked out the nicest looking, tallest cadet. 19 years old and engaged. Took him to dinner at Ida's, then a hay ride. Next they're ready to ship to another training field. Why don't you and Dawn come down until Carl comes home? We could make money with your sewing idea.*

In March, Helen had put on a dance review at Montpelier High School. Hazel Dawn graduated from Montpelier High on May 26, 1944. She won the American Legion School Award for character and scholarship and got a note from her principal, who told her it was the highest award a student could receive. She played clarinet in the marching band and twirled her baton. Somehow Hazel Dawn found transportation to be with Mary Ida and Nora in Long Beach—she was there in mid-June.

Helen had made up her mind to join the WAVES and had an intake physical exam scheduled in Boise on June 9th. But Aunt Helen stepped in to change her plans once again. She wanted Helen to come for her last child Johnnie Ream's birth on July 16th. Much to Mamie's dismay, Helen dropped all plans and went. As soon as Aunt Helen was well enough, Helen went down to Long Beach and got a job working in a PX, and later as a time keeper at Cal Tech. Incredibly, Aunt Helen begged her again for help, so she quit and went back to babysit until September, when she returned home to Dingle.

Hazel Dawn was leaving home to join the lucrative war industry in California. Mamie wrote her a letter on June 30th to take on the trip. Mamie was lonesome and proud of her. *You are starting a new life...you must always look up for the light...*The letter is full of tender advice. She wrote again on July 13th. *We haven't heard a word from you. You said you would write every week and not be like the others. I'll keep looking. Grandma seems much better. She is still staying with us. They have not been to Logan yet. It is Beulah Lee's birthday tomorrow. They are planning to go to the lake. Rickie just brought your letter. Glad to hear from you.*

On September 6th Mamie wrote to Mary Ida and Hazel Dawn: *...we will sure be very happy to have you come (but) you will have such a short time here. Helen will be here. We are still talking Cal but I am not so sure Dad wants to go. We have tried to get him to, and find out how he likes it. Jean has to report back on the 24th.* Helen had tried to a surprise visit to Dingle, but LaVar unwittingly gave it away by sending her a letter there in advance marked "hold."

I think Mary Ida and Hazel Dawn passed up the chance to see Jean and just stayed in Long Beach, because Mamie wrote to them twice more that month at Nora's house. On September 12th she wrote, *Jean has been working ever since he came, helping Dad...will have to leave on the 22nd. I am so glad Helen is here. I really wish she was teaching...the board wanted her and the students were thrilled so see her and just about carried her in and have her till A.J. thot she had changed her mind. I want her to have a good rest before she goes back to California.*

And on the 27th Mamie wrote to the girls, *Jean left...he did not want to go back. He would like to have gone down to LB to see you... LaVar came Monday on the Portland Rose. Helen met the train...she was a little late and LaVar saw her there and watched her race the train and just did beat it. They went out to the lake and had a good time...Yesterday they went to Salt Lake, took the car. I think Helen will come home about Monday. I wrote Milton that Daddy would come. If we go I want them to go around by Long Beach.*

LaVar on leave with his brother Bob

LaVar had met Helen in Dingle and spent a few days. Then they went to Salt Lake to see his parents. She wrote: *We had a lovely time. One memorable night he took me to dinner in the Empire room of the Hotel Utah and gave me a huge white orchid, then presented me with a sparkling diamond ring. I couldn't take it. I was still torn. Then he went back to his base at Clinton, Oklahoma and I drove back to Dingle.*

On October 5, 1944 Mamie wrote the following to Hazel Dawn in Long Beach. *Jean got shipped from Colorado Springs to Geneva Nebraska. Will be living in a tent. In the last letter just before (Helen was) leaving for Salt Lake with LaVar, Carl said it looked as if he may be home for Xmas and for her to be ready to be married when he got here. Ruth said it had been three weeks since she heard from her dad (Warren) and six for Q.*

Mamie and Wesley were still in Dingle in October, 1944 when Nora wrote about Ida's operation. Milton had come down from Hayward to see her and took Mary Ida and Hazel Dawn with him to the hospital. In November, Wesley again lost the race for county surveyor, mainly because he polled poorly in Dingle. They were also disappointed that Dewey did not defeat Roosevelt. Jean was still at his post in Geneva, Nebraska.

On Election Day Mamie wrote to Hazel Dawn in Long Beach. *Helen made lovely fruit cakes yesterday. She was up til one to take them out. This is Election Day. Dad and Helen are sure for Dewey…they think I am awful but I hate to hear them say such awful things about Pres. Roosevelt. I think he is a wonderful man.*

Helen with Carl

By November 27, 1944 Helen was back in Long Beach by Greyhound bus, surprising her sisters. Then she went to San Francisco to meet Carl, who was just arriving home from war.

On December 2nd, Mamie wrote to Helen in Hayward, who was obviously in crisis. Mamie and Wesley were trying to find a way to go immediately to Helen, but war regulations prevented them from driving their truck and they had no car. Mamie wanted to travel by rail, but Wesley wanted to appeal the ruling on the truck. *You must be feeling blue and I am so worried about you and not able to do a thing about it. So far away…I wish we could take the train tonight…we would have to express the things and Dad wants to take the truck so much.*

At the same time that Helen was working things out with Carl, she was being bombarded by letters from LaVar, who knew exactly what was happening. Both men wanted her to marry them and she was refusing them both. Helen drove to Carl's home in Arizona with him and his mother, but was back in Hayward for Christmas with her parents. Jean spent Christmas at his post in Nebraska.

Wesley hired Clifford Skinner to care for his cattle again, and he and Mamie stayed in Hayward to help Milton to clear the 20 acres around White Hall. Milton and Wesley remodeled an old garage on the property for them to live in. Mamie and Wesley would spend the next eight winters there, getting the place in order. He installed plumbing, made lumber of Milton's trees, and much more.

On January 11, 1945 Mamie wrote to Helen in Solomonville, Arizona from White Hall, Hayward. It missed her and was forwarded to Hayward. Mamie was worried about how Helen did with Carl's family for Christmas. She hadn't heard a word from her. *The house is progressing. We should be able to move in next week. Aunt Helen went to see Miltie. She felt better about him.* Miltie was nine by then, and institutionalized.

January 13th Mamie's cousin Edna wrote to her and Helen in Hayward, thanking them for the homemade candy they had sent for Christmas. *Emeline tells me you have gone to California. Emeline is having us all for dinner on Sunday. Helen, what about your beau? I hope this one you are waiting for is worth you, for you are a mighty clever girl.* I don't think Helen was feeling too clever just then. Mamie's other sister/cousin,[38] Maida weighed in with this: *Well I guess Helen done the right thing after all in doing just what she did do. She*

[38] I call Mamie, Maida, and Edna sister/cousins because they were all the same age and thought of each other as sisters.

seems to have pretty good judgment. I hope everything will work out all right and all the "happy ever after."

In February Wesley had just about finished fixing up the little cottage on Milton's grounds in which he and Mamie were to live. Helen again seemed to be subbing for Aunt Helen with Milton's kids. Carl had returned from Arizona and was pressing his case with her. Mamie wrote to Hazel Dawn in Long Beach. *Aunt Helen and Susan (are) to come Wed. and we will be glad. It has been...a lot of worry with the children sick, intestinal flu. Well the house is just about finished and we are planning to be in when Aunt Helen gets back. Helen is anxious to get a job now. Carl came and stayed a few days. Slept in the master bedroom. He looked better after a good rest. He went home from here. His Mother came with him...stayed here one night then went to San Francisco. I don't know what Helen is going to do. I am worried about you girls, write me often. Give my love to Grandma.* P.S. *Cherry[39] and Helen are going to go out tomorrow...He is a nice fellow. Has been out most every week. Helen needs a rest and a good laugh. Tell I.E.* (Mary Ida) *to write.*

There was more exciting news from the Philippines. A letter came on February 22nd from Mabel, Mitchell's wife, in Dingle. She had received a call about midnight for Kenneth from a man who had a message from the government from the Philippines about Fabian and his daughters Katherine, and Sara Lee. The caller would not give Mable the message because she was not next of kin, but spoke with Mitchel, who gave him Kenneth's address. The next day she received a message from Mother Ream (Nora) that Beulah and her two boys, Lee and Henderson, had been liberated on February 23, 1945 from Santa Tomas in Manilla. She was still waiting for the message from Fabian.

Then on March 6th, Hazel Dawn wrote from Long Beach about Beulah coming to San Francisco. She mentioned Helen, who had gone to Salt Lake to see LaVar. *Is she wearing his ring? What do you think she will do?* Nora wrote the same day. *Glad to get your letter and news of your trip to San Francisco and the interesting talk with the nurse who had come over from the P.I. That is the first information I had from any of them. Beulah must have looked thin—only 96 lbs, and Fabian so thin too. I guess they will soon pick up pounds now they are getting enough to eat.* They still hadn't arrived. *I wish they would find Sam alive—it might be, such things have happened. I want to be well and perky when our kids get here from the P.I. I wish the war would hurry and be over. It looks like the people will be mostly killed off if it lasts much longer.[40]*

The Reams were all getting bits of news and sending them on to each other. Mabel thought she could see Beulah up on a balcony in a photo of the Philippine liberation in Life Magazine. A very large woman herself, Mabel added ...*hard to imagine Beulah as thin.*

I could not determine the exact date of the arrival of Beulah and her two boys, even after checking her excellent biography written by Helen and Cindy Bateman. They just wrote

[39] Cherry was a friend of Carl's, who lived in the Bay Area.
[40] The atomic bombs were dropped August 6 and 9: the Japanese surrendered August 15, 1945.

that the trip lasted "several weeks." She was met at the dock by Milton and Douglas with their families. I'm sure Mamie and Wesley were there as well. After the greetings were over, Milton drove Beulah with Lee and Hendy to Long Beach to see Nora, who had never seen Beulah's two boys. After a couple of weeks, Beulah took Nora back with her to San Francisco to greet Fabian and his family, when they arrived later.

Helen was already in Long Beach with her sisters when Beulah arrived there. Milton had returned to Hayward without Beulah on April 16th, when Helen wrote to her parents: *...thank you for sending my things. Do hurry back here please. Aunt Beulah and kids are fine and I take great glee in feeding them. I'm making a house coat for Aunt Beulah...we were swamped for days when Mitchel, Rodney, Dinease* (Denise)*, Ramona and Aunt Mable were here. I wished I had gone with Uncle Milton...lonesome for you and Cherry. LaVar is down in the Bahama Islands. I wonder if he has forgotten to write or if you have some letters—if so please send them along...I am a disgusting child you have raised aren't I. I'm sitting here on the beach sizzling my front. I wish IE and HD could have a day on the beach...the wind is blowing a gale...Hendy just fell in the ocean and got terrifically wet.*

On April 30th Mamie wrote to Hazel Dawn and Mary Ida in Provo from San Leandro. *Jean came at noon and is helping Dad so that we can get away. Plan to leave next week via Salt Lake. Uncle Milton hates to have us leave....Uncle Fabian's Family will move here until they get their house moved onto a lot of their own. Just can't get to Provo now. Don't think Aunt B. will let Hendy go with us.* But she did.

By May 11, 1945, Mamie and Wesley had brought Lee and Hendy with them back to Dingle for the summer. Mamie wrote to Helen, who she believed to be still in Hayward, *Daddy left his rubbers in the wash room...better bring them. Did you find my crochet hooks? I'm sending the Deseret News picture...give it to Aunt Beulah...is Grandma coming with Aunt Beulah? How is Aunt Helen...haven't heard from Long Beach or Jean since we came...* The letter was returned to Dingle unopened. Helen was already on her way to Long Beach, but by the end of May, she too was in Dingle. Hazel Dawn wrote from Long Beach, *We miss you Helen and hope you are coming back.* Mamie replied that*...the flowers came just in time...we took them right up to the cemetery...put them in front of the vault.* Who died? I don't think they would have reinterred Will yet. Maybe the flowers were for Sam Allen. *I will be glad to have you all home. Beulah is taking Grandma to LB to get her things. Give Mary Ida my love. Helen is starting to house clean.*

BOYS NO LONGER BOW TO JAPS—Little Henderson Ray Allen, 2½, left, and his brother, L.e, 6, head over a small cannon in the Museum on Temple Square,, but they no longer have to bow to the Japs. They were rescued along with their mother, Dr. Beulah Ream Allen, and other prisoners from the Santo Tomas prison camp. They stopped in Salt Lake today with an aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ream, on their way to Dingle, Idaho.

Two Small Boys Survive Life in Jap Prison Camp

By Maxine Martz

Little six-year-old Lee Allen today made "sah-sah-sai-sah" and "bang bang" noises to indicate the attacks made by the American forces who freed him and his little brother, Henderson Ray, 2½, and other prisoners of Japanese from the Santo Tomas prison camp in the Phil-

The two boys, son of Dr. Beulah Ream Allen, formerly a Salt Lake nurse, were born in the Philippines, the younger one while his mother was a prisoner. Lee and "Hendy" stopped in Salt Lake today with an aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Ream, on their way to spend the summer in Dingle, Idaho. Dr. Allen remained in San Francisco.

Lee's story of the liberation follows:

"It was 7 o'clock in the night and we were eating a few crackers some one gave us, when we heard about 50 planes flying over. After that we went to bed. We were so glad because the Filipino had come and they or

The Deseret News Picture

A week later, Ruth and Fabian had settled into a house in Hayward. I don't know if they were in their old place, or Milton's cottage, or had found a permanent spot. Grandma Ream (Nora) was living with them and so was Beulah. They were patching up a few personal defects such as teeth and glasses before going to work. Ruth wrote that she was lonesome for the normal life of the Philippines. *Life is hard here, so difficult to get around. Gramma says to tell you she is feeling fine. Milton takes her out for a walk and a sunning every day. My sister appreciates the lovely night gowns you made for her, Helen Mae. The clothes you made for Beulah are smart.*

Mamie wrote to Hazel Dawn again on July 5th. *We had such a nice time with the boys yesterday. Hendy's birthday. Helen made it such a "red letter" day for them. She made a cake and presents. It was like Christmas. Helen went in the hot springs with them and did they enjoy it. Ate lunch out there, watermelon, their first. They liked it....Aunt B. sent a telegram in the AM and talked to them on the phone in the afternoon. She wants us to send the boys soon, wants Helen to take them down in a week....Daddy has the porch all ready to pour cement. Swen has the chicken pox—they were planning on coming for a few days. Will write to I.E. (Mary Ida) tonight.* Helen added a note. She was hoping to come to LB soon.

Things were now happening fast. By July 20th, Helen was back with her sisters in Long Beach. Mamie wrote on that day to Helen that she hoped Helen liked her new job. By August 1, Mamie was back in Dingle herself with the family car. She had taken Lee and Hendy back to Beulah, who had found a house in the L.A. area. Someone else must have driven the car—I can't imagine Mamie undertaking that trip herself. I don't think I've ever seen her drive. She wrote to Wesley, *Just got to 929 Gaviota and I must say it makes me feel sad to see all your Mother's things gone and to know that Ida is gone too. Rickie* (Ida's little boy) *is staying here with the girls. Ida drove in to Milton's Sunday. We were glad to see her. Your mother and the rest are well. Beulah has a swell place. Lee and Hendy* (6 and 3) *did not want us to leave, kept asking about Uncle Wesley. Had car trouble, using way too much gas. Hope you're OK without the car. See you soon.*

Hendy and Lee Allen

Jean was on furlough and met the family in Long Beach. By August 4th, Mamie and Jean were at Victorville on their way home to Dingle. The car had overheated approaching the pass, requiring them to stop every few miles to let it cool down, but they evidently made it home without further breakdowns.

Helen, Hazel Dawn, and Mary Ida

On August 14, 1945 Helen wrote a very nice letter to LaVar from Long Beach telling her reaction to the news of the end of WWII including the celebration in the office where she worked and her experiences with the celebrating crowd on the beach. To her parents, Helen wrote: *Hazel Dawn was fired yesterday along with 3500 other employees but has another job lined up. My job with the Quartermaster should last quite a while. I've written to Provo to try for a job at the University. We might buy a little car so that we can visit you on weekends.* They bought an open car they called the jeep.

Helen had applied for a job at the BYU Cafeteria and for another at Cedar City as textiles instructor at the college. As she was waiting to hear back from the jobs, Beulah invited her to accompany her and Ida on a month-long cross country trip. The primary purpose was rest and relaxation for Beulah. Also, she was going to try to meet with the surgeon general in Washington and apply for back pay for her time in the prison camp. *We are planning on your gay company on the trip. I hope you won't lose a job if you come. We will be gone for a month (at least!!!).* Helen impulsively scrapped all her plans and went with them. They were in Dingle by October 13th. On October 25th, they were visiting their Ream cousins at Chariton, Iowa, when Helen wrote this to her parents: *I've been thinking about getting married all the way (with pushes from my aunts) and I haven't decided yet. I'll make up my own mind, don't worry. I love you both dearly and will keep you posted on developments...*

LaVar was aware of their trip east and was laying his own plan. He arranged leave from his post in Cuba and surprised Helen by showing up in Washington, D.C. just as she arrived. After a four-day whirlwind of events, and a lot of encouragement from the aunts and Mamie's cousin Ella Higgenson, who arranged the details and hosted a reception in their home in Arlington, Helen and LaVar were married in the Washington, D.C. chapel and off to a prolonged honeymoon in Guantanamo, Cuba, where LaVar was a naval officer. On November 13th, Mamie and Wesley got this telegram from the newlyweds: LOVELY CEREMONY AT SEVEN -- THOUGHT OF YOU AND MISSED YOU -- THANKS.

Mary Ida and Hazel Dawn were enrolled at BYU by then. This came to them on the 14th: THANK YOU FOR GREETINGS -- ABOUT TEN YSERS ATTENDED (I think y-sers were former B.Y.U. friends) LOVELY CEREMONY -- MISSED YOU FOR BRIDESMAIDS -- WE LEAVE FOR CUBA TOMORROW -- LOVE TO BEULAH RUSSELL EDITH.

The same day Mamie wrote to Mary Ida and Hazel Dawn at B.Y.U. *I hope Helen will be very happy. Tears have not stopped running down my cheeks. Could not sleep a second the night they phoned. Would like to have been with them. I sure feel sorta lost.*

After a week of recuperation, Ella wrote Mamie and Wesley a wonderful nine-page letter recounting every detail of the whirlwind affair.

Nora Ellen Crockett Ream

And another week later, on November 30th, 1945, Wesley's mother Nora Ream died of heart failure in San Francisco. She died at the age of 82 under the care of her physician sons, having lived to see the safe return of her children from the Philippines. Her body was transported to Dingle for burial. Douglas had telegraphed Wesley: ALL LEAVING TONIGHT -- TRAIN 28 -- ARRIVE MONDAY -- ARRANGE SERVICES 11 TUESDAY MORNING -- SUGGEST ONE SPEAKER OH MY FATHER AND SONG FROM DADS SERVICES.

I hope Beulah and Ida were able to cut their trip short and hurry back in time. Helen had now missed the deaths of both of her grandmothers.

Mamie and Wesley were living in Hayward in January, 1946. I suspect they had returned to Dingle for Christmas with Mary Ida and Hazel Dawn after Nora's funeral and driven to Hayward after sending the girls back to B.Y.U. after the holidays. Hazel Dawn was thinking of boarding with Beulah and Russel Swensen to save money as Helen had done. Mamie wrote to them on January 10, 1946. *Sure glad you got there safe and sound. Now about you, Hazel Dawn. I just do not know what to say. As for the place, you know I think it is the best and a wonderful home, but you would have to drop some of your studies. Dad says he didn't know, but thought maybe you would not have to....He hopes for better luck next year, so he can help. If you think the children would get on your nerves don't do it. I think it would be better to stay at the dorm this year and keep on with the good grades and maybe work next year. Dad is going to plant small pines along the west fence, about two hundred...haven't heard from Jean for a long time.*

Mamie wrote to Provo again on January 18th. *It is good you are in the same room now...What is Beulah (Swensen) going to do? Aunt Helen paid me $1.19 for the light bulbs. She is planning on going up there soon to see Swensens and Beth.* Helen was Russel Swensen's sister. *Had a wonderful time visiting etc. Aunt Beulah and Aunt Ida. Told of P.I. ...Uncle Milton is going to take Aunt Ida to Long Beach Sunday. Milton wants to see about 929* (Nora's house). *He may sell it. Uncle Fabian and Sally were here. They took our desk....Jean was made a sergeant. Said he would be eligible for discharge on Jan 3—haven't heard from him.*

On January 19, 1946, Jean was discharged after 36 months of service. For the third straight year he had missed Christmas at home. Uncle Warren was home from the military before February 11th. Arvilla wrote to Mamie and Wesley, who were back in Hayward, *Grand to have Warren home. I got a substitute teacher so we could travel around and visit people. He*

is trying to figure out what to do next. Warren had been on the front lines in Europe, and had written some harrowing letters from the trenches.

LaVar wrote Hazel Dawn from Cuba to BYU on February 3rd. *Married over three months, time slipping by. M'Lady has already established a name for herself for hot rolls and dinners.* They were taking target practice together, then going to a tea dance aboard the Battleship Missouri.

While in California that year, Mamie and Wesley had been renting out their new house in Dingle. Mamie saved a letter for her collection from a couple named Rhoda and Chas with a daughter in 8th grade named LaRue, written on April 21st. They had been living in Reams' house for a year, but would be moving soon to Paris, and thought they would see Reams back before they left.

On June 16, Ella wrote to Mamie again from Arlington, Virginia. This was the second of two book-end letters bridging Helen and LaVar's prolonged honeymoon to Cuba, which was now over. *Well the Bride and Groom have come and gone...they are driving two cars home for Sam Sorenson, who furnished the gas and oil. They were unable to get one for themselves as they had a delay in going to the temple for their endowments. I wish I could be there to go with them but with you and Aunt Em and the Batemans I guess you'd never notice me... LaVar is very religious and it is up to Helen to keep him that way. I think it is wonderful that LaVar can go on to school and finish his Masters and Dr.'s degrees and know they'll have a good time in Chicago while doing it.* Well, they had been planning on Chicago, but before they reached home, they had changed their plan to Madison.

Evidently there was a belated reception held for the couple in Dingle, for on July 16th, Emeline wrote to Mamie: *We won't be getting to the reception. Good wishes to Helen and LaVar.*

By October 19th, Helen, now pregnant, and LaVar were living in Madison, pursuing an advanced degree in Speech. LaVar wrote to Mamie and Wesley*...thanks for the Shakespeare book, just what I need. Helen has a cold but feeling better than all summer. How is the grain coming? No frost? We sold the trailer.* Helen: *I hate to think of you going to California and lengthening the distance between us...I'm feeling the first signs of life from our little cherub...you shall soon be grandparents at last...and Uncle Jean. Hoping you could come out in March.*

They did come out the next March. Well, sort of.

In December, Theola, wife of Mamie's cousin James Moroni Oakey died. And Jean had a girlfriend. Helen wrote on January 18, 1947 ...surprised *to hear about Aunt Theola.*[41] *Jean...seems to be having a wonderful time with this girl, I surely hope she doesn't disappoint*

[41] She had died in December at age 52 of rheumatic heart disease. She was the wife of James Moroni Oakey and mother of Helen's cousin June. Theola and James had been one of the couples married with Wesley and Mamie.

him...we had a very nice chat (with Ione). She had heard from you and that you were coming out. Ione Bird Morrison was Mamie's childhood friend from Dingle, now living in Wisconsin and hoping to renew old ties with Mamie. I think Mamie stayed most of the time with Ione—Helen and LaVar's tiny apartment could barely accommodate them and a new baby*...it would be foolish for you to come and sit alone while I'm in the hospital, let's time it for when I come home. Wish Dad could come...Thrilled to hear Dawn got to run for snow queen, even though she lost.*

Mamie did not "time it" right, possibly because Helen went two weeks beyond her due date and had to deliver her oversized baby via caesarian section. I was that kid, born March 27, 1947. Mamie had come to Wisconsin from Hayward, not from Dingle. She and Wesley wrote to each other frequently during that time.

Mamie wrote on April 3rd to the Mary Ida at B.Y.U. *Helen was thrilled with your letter, also ones from Dad and Jean and today from LaVar's mother, also package—a darling little quilt and a letter from Aunt Em. (I) expect one from Hazel Dawn soon. Helen will have to be here (in the hospital) until the 10th or 11th.*

On April 4th Wesley wrote from Hayward, *I couldn't tell from your letter where you were, at Ione's or someplace else. Beulah gave a Crockett party Wednesday. I'll be leaving for Dingle in a little over 3 weeks. Got a letter from Jean, he's a sheet metal worker now.* I don't know just where Jean was working—I suspect Long Beach. On April 10th he wrote, *Got the baby* (announcement) *card. Had dinner in the big house (Milton's). Jean is fine. Says it will likely be some time before he is married...thinking of going on a mission.* Wesley was working on a watering system for Milton's place. He wanted to get home soon to help lay the rock on the church. He wrote again on April 18th that he was trying to find someone to drive home with. Mamie had sent him a Wisconsin cheese, a third of which he shared with Milton. He was proud of Helen. On May 1st he wrote, *Arrived in SL last night, good trip, but tiring. Left Hayward Tuesday...will go to Provo to see the girls tonight...*and a week later, *I've been home six days. The little strawberry roan that Clifford broke for me is a nice horse. I (used her to) turn out 120 head including 14 little calves that had been born since branding...the bishop would like me to take charge of the rock work on the church. I guess you will be home in a couple of weeks or so...*

Mamie wrote to the college girls on May 14th. *We all went to Sunday school. Kim was a perfect angel...they gave each mother two carnations...called to see Ione a minute and went home early because Helen did not feel too good. I guess you know she had to go back to the hospital for more pen shots, 18, she had a breast infection.* Mamie tended Kim while Helen was hospitalized. *We will leave for home next Monday very early...when Kim wakes us around 4:30 or five. I came uptown with LaVar and I am at Ione's office will go home with her and stay until Helen and LaVar call for me.*

Mamie sent two postcards to Hazel Dawn on their way home to Dingle.

Mamie drove home with LaVar, Helen and the baby, but LaVar returned alone on the train to Wisconsin, to crank out his master's thesis while Helen, Mamie, and baby Kim took a vacation to Yellowstone and Jenny Lake with Russel and Beulah, Swen, Shauna (Swensen), and Beulah Swensen's mother.

Mary Ida, Mamie, Hazel Dawn, Wesley, Swen, Shauna, Beulah, Russell, Jean

That summer Wesley worked on the stonework for the Dingle church house, donating all the material from his own quarry at the Pine Springs ranch. I believe he also did the rock facing on the vault at that time.

LaVar and Jean work on vault facing

In the fall, Hazel Dawn and Mary Ida were at BYU. Jean was in Dingle. Dawn wrote her parents on October 29th, *I'm in my 5th week already...shopping for a record player. I wish you could get the new truck so you could take it to Cal. Did you tell Uncle Milton you would live in a trailer home? Hope you won't freeze.* Mamie and Wesley were soon back in Hayward for the winter, but not before spending Thanksgiving with their girls. I don't know why Milton put them into a trailer. Maybe he had another use for the cottage that year.

Helen and LaVar came back from Madison for Christmas of 1947, but since Mamie and Wesley were in California, all the Ream children got together for the holiday without them in Provo. Helen, LaVar, and Mary Ida combined to write a single, long Christmas letter to their parents. LaVar: ...*left Madison 5 am Friday and drove straight thru to Ogden in Dry clear roads...just 31 hours of driving...some difference from the four days we spent last May isn't it?... Spent Sunday with my folks, then came down here to Provo last night.* Helen: *It would be complete if that miracle would happen and you would call from the station and say come down and get us. But if you couldn't come we are kinda glad you are staying with Dad, Mother, cause we wouldn't like to think of him there alone...* Mary Ida: *At last they came...Helen, LaVar and Kim. Kim is adorable...just like a baby Santa Claus in his little red and white snow suit fast asleep...he just loves anything with pants and so he goes to his Dad and Jean whenever he gets a chance.* She was writing this as the family was actually opening presents, so the date was probably the 25th. Mary Ida described each present as it was opened—most of them seemed to be for me.

By January 3, 1948 Batemans were already back in Madison. In every letter, they were encouraging all the family to come to Wisconsin for a summer outing with them. Helen wrote to Mamie and Wesley, *Gee it would be swell if you could all come out in June...we'll try to save for it.* LaVar was already organizing it*...about the possibility of your trip out next June...we expect to be free between June 8th and 20th. The girls could drive and you could come here before we go on for a week or ten day trip on east.*

On March 10th, Helen was still at it*. I hope you are planning on the trip...I can hardly wait to see you and to have you come and share our darling baby...try writing to the Chevrolet company to make sure your dealer hasn't put others ahead of you on the waiting list...*and on Kim's first birthday, March 27th, *You should have seen Kim taking dainty little scoops of whipped cream off his cake with his little fingers, just ripe for his grandparents to take and spoil, so do come out. Here are a couple of pictures.*

Well, the trip happened, but Jean did not come along. Someone had to keep the farm going. In Dingle on June 11th he received a postcard from Mamie sent from Grand Island, Nebraska. She was with Dad and the girls, hoping to arrive in two days. Sure enough on the 13th, ...*Got to Helen's at noon yesterday, had to find them—they had moved. Dad was very tired driving.* On the 19th, Mary Ida wrote to from Niagara Falls, *You should see Kim love Dad. To Washington Wednesday. Happy birthday.* And the next day from NYC: *Your birthday cake is in the cupboard.* She had hidden away a surprise for him. On June 21st Hazel Dawn wrote to Jean from Boston.

Helen, Wesley, Mamie, Dawn, Kim, Mary Ida

In Helen's autobiography she recalled: *We had a great trip East to Milwaukee across the Lake Michigan by boat, then Detroit, Niagara Falls, Boston, Harvard and Washington DC. It was a wonderful trip and would have been a perfect reunion for our family if Jean had been able to come. Mary Ida stayed on when the folks left and we had dinners and parties and introduced her to Edward* (Burgoyne). *Mary Ida had written that she might like to get a teaching job for the next year so we arranged for her to meet the right people but it didn't work out. In August she left for Provo.*

In October, Mamie and Wesley were in Dingle with Jean, and the unmarried girls were back in Provo. By November 14th the girls were back in California again, since Helen wrote to Jean, *Are you going back to school another quarter? I hope so. I hate to think of you up there all by yourself.* She wrote to Mamie and Wesley in Hayward on November 26th: *LaVar's Grandmother Bateman passed away...such a dear old lady.* She had died that very day of coronary occlusion at age 75. *Had six couples for Thanksgiving. Would love to have Milton*

and Aunt Beulah handle my delivery, but plane fare would be $275, the dates are unclear since Kim came two weeks late, probably not a good idea. Spring isn't that far away and I can hardly wait to come home. Maybe you could sorta explain to Uncle Milton. I'm sure the help here (Dr. Campbell) is competent. According to his custom, Milton trusted no one but himself to take care of his loved ones—I can relate to that, being a doctor myself. Helen was expecting again, in December. This would be Shauna Lane, Mamie and Wesley's second grandchild.

On December 8th, Mamie was not only worried about Helen and her delivery, she was fretting about Christmas for her scattered brood. She wrote to Mary Ida and Hazel Dawn: *I don't think Jean should drive the heavy truck down to visit you. Do you? I wish that we could go to you, but we're having car trouble. Dad does not have much money. Jean does not have much either. We have told Santa not to send us so many things. Well, Dad needs a work shirt. I am only worried about you, Jean, and Helen not being together. I am very worried about Helen.*

Shauna was born safely two days later. The Batemans had a fine enough Christmas without the family. From Helen: *Kim got a little wagon and a little drum and a set of blocks. Ione gave him a little rag doll, the baby a rattle. LaVar gave me a very pretty string of pearls and signed it from little Shauna...Thanks again for the check.*

Newborn Shauna with Kim

During the winter of 1949, Jean was toiling all by himself to keep the ranch afloat. He had given up law for ranching. LaVar wrote at the end of January, *We got a letter from Jean yesterday...plenty busy trying to keep his cattle alive...*

Aunt Delia, the one who helped Mamie and Wesley as a young married couple that year in Lund, had spent time as their guest in Hayward the winter before, now a widow. This year she wrote them from Bancroft on February 24th, turning down an invitation to stay with them in Hayward again despite her fabulous experience the previous year.

On March 17th, the family was shocked, when Wesley's brother Mitchel died after being dragged by a horse. I don't know whether Mamie and Wesley were able to go to Dingle for the funeral.

On April 13, 1949 Reams were in Hayward and Mamie was trying to help Hazel Dawn and Mary Ida work out problems. Evidently Edward "Ted" Burgoyne had written Mamie and Wesley for permission to have Mary Ida visit him. And Hazel Dawn was thinking about moving to New York. Mamie wrote: *Mary Ida, I think it will be alright for you to go back to see him (Ted). Will LaVar bring Helen and children home and then go back to summer*

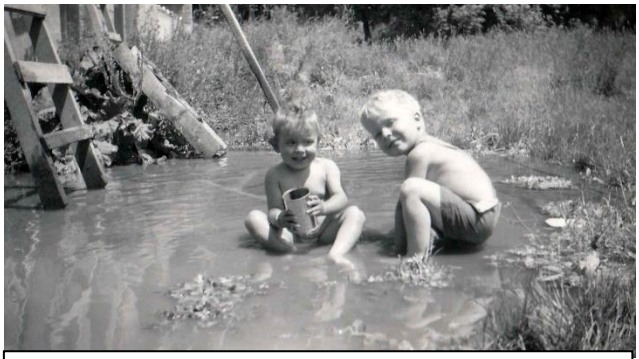
school? As for you Hazel Dawn, you know what you want to do...I really wish, dear, you were deeply in love and going to be married. It would be nice for you to go to NY but I will miss you so.

Mary Ida wrote from Provo on April 17th. Ted had sent a dozen roses. Helen and LaVar planned to leave Wisconsin on June 14th, and then LaVar would go right back alone. Within two weeks, Mamie was in Provo for Hazel Dawn's graduation from BYU. I don't think Wesley was able to come until after the ceremonies. He was still busy in Dingle catching up with the farming on May 25th *...very busy on ranch...Rodney had Mitchel's grain planted when I got home...seems that I know more people in Calif now than here...get tired easily. Hope you are feeling better now. See you a week from Saturday...*

Mary Ida and Ted

Helen and LaVar had LaVar's parents visiting them in Wisconsin. They had come out on the train. Then as Mary Ida predicted, the whole group left June 14th and drove home through Chicago, the Black Hills, and Yellowstone, and then visited with LaVar's brother Mack in Star Valley. Helen and the kids stayed the summer in Dingle, and LaVar was back for summer school by June 25th. He finished his PhD except for the thesis, and was back in Provo that September to teach at BYU.

The fall of 1949, Mamie and Wesley again returned to Hayward where they were called as stake missionaries in the Oakland Stake. They served in this calling each of the next four winters, eventually converting and baptizing eight people. Hazel Dawn went to New York City and enrolled at New York University. She earned an M.S. degree in retailing and spent the next two years in N.Y.C. working for Abraham and Strauss as a hat buyer while serving as a stake missionary.



Shauna and Kim in Dingle Summer 1949

Aunt Delia was now 78, and living at her son Eldon's home in Clearfield. She wrote Reams again, thanking them, but declining yet another invitation to visit. *If I went anywhere it would be to Seattle to be with Althea* (her sister who died just a year later). *But thanks for the invitation.*

On December 23, 1949 Mary Ida and Edward Burgoyne were engaged to be married. She had been teaching school in Spanish Fork. There she had a friend named Florence Sorensen, whom she introduced to Jean.

Helen and LaVar were now living in a basement apartment next door to Beulah and Russel Swensen in Provo, but planned to move soon into *a cute little house on top side with real windows you can see out of...(but will) only have it until June.*

Mary Ida and Ted were married June 30th, 1950. Helen went to Dingle to help Mamie prepare for the wedding reception.

On July 2nd, Mamie's cousin Edna Evans Johnson wrote from Glacier National Park after Mary Ida's wedding. Edna and Johnse had used the reception in Dingle as a start to a vacation trip. *Didn't stay in Yellowstone, one night at Jenny's Lake. Thanks for the stay and especially for the cake. Your wedding was lovely in every detail. You have three very capable girls. Jean did his bit, too.* The Johnson's had only been home a couple of weeks, when Edna sent a telegram to Mamie. Edna's mother, Aunt Lucy, had died from a heart attack.

LaVar missed the wedding, going ahead to Madison to finish up his dissertation. When the wedding was over, Helen and the children met him there. On August 8th, LaVar wrote to the *folks* in Dingle: *Our plans are very unsettled. My thesis is on the professor's desk, but he isn't moving very fast. I still have to get it typed and proofed, so we won't leave on the 18th as planned, probably a week later.... Tell Jean that Helen will do the nightgown or whatever it was for Flo.*

"Whatever it was for Flo" had something to do with the second wedding for that family that year. Jean and Florence were married September 13, 1950 in the Logan Temple.

The nest was now truly empty for Mamie and Wesley. Only Hazel Dawn was not married—this would not happen for four more years, and she had embarked on a professional life far away on the opposite coast. They were ready to devote their life to retirement, missions, and grandchildren.

Chapter Five -- Missions and Grandchildren

Pine Springs Farms, Dingle Idaho, May 14, 1951

Dear Mamie, Mary I. & Ed,

I left Provo at 7:30 Sunday (May 13th) *morning and got here at one o'clock. Stopped in Logan for an hour... Jean and Flo are fine. We went to the ranch and looked things over. Expect to start work tomorrow. Went to meeting and told everyone the news...after, the bishop showed me all around the place. It is pretty nice...When I left Provo, Helen and the baby were doing well. Dr. said she could go home in about five more days. We got the house pretty well along, had about a fourth of the sheathing on. The carpenter went on a ten day vacation so it is at a standstill now...Love to you all, Wesley*

I am certain that Wesley and Mamie were in Hayward on April 3rd, 1951, wrapping up Wesley's work for the season for Milton. How and when they got from there to Dingle that summer is uncertain, but the above letter gives some hints. Mary Ida and Ted had their first child, Mary Ann, on April 27th. It appears that Mamie went to Tempe to help Mary Ida. I am not sure whether she arrived in time for the birth or shortly afterward, nor whether Wesley was with her. From the letter it is clear that he had been in Provo around the time that LaVar and Helen's third child, Kathleen was born on May 10th, and had not been to Dingle until three days after that. I am assuming that, knowing that both births were imminent, they split up to try to attend both.

The bishop was showing off the new Dingle church house, to which Wesley had devoted so much effort and stone for the outer walls. It was not yet dedicated, for in those days, this ceremony had to wait until a ward had fully paid off its debt to the church.

Back: Florence, Helen, Mary Ida
Front: Carla, Kathleen, Shauna (photo bombing), and Mary Ann

Suddenly, grandchildren were coming in a bunch. Carla Louise would be born in Dingle to Jean and Florence on July 27th, likely with both Wesley and Mamie in town. The "triplet" cousins got a lot of attention. It was important for Mamie to assist her daughters when they gave birth. She did not make it every time, but only when church missions or logistics made it impossible.

Kathleen, Carla, Mary Ann

Then as winter approached in 1951 the Reams again departed for Hayward. By February of 1952 Hazel Dawn, having finished her master's degree at NYU, had moved back to Provo, and was living in the basement of the Batemans' new house built on Ash Avenue, which

was being faced with stone from Wesley's Pine Springs quarry. She and Helen had opened up a candy and catering business. On February 11th, they had 360 little cakes, a birthday cake, and 130 pounds of candy ready for sale under the name of D'Reams.

The next month, the Dingle Chapel was dedicated by Bruce R. McConkie of the First Council of Seventy, then only 36 years old.

In December, 1951 Hazel Dawn returned to New York with Helen to the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, where they as Utah state winners, competed in the Pillsbury national bake-off. They did not win the grand prize, but brought home plenty of booty.

In the spring of 1953, Wesley and Mamie were released as stake missionaries in Hayward after serving for four years. This was to be their last California winter. I do not know for sure, but suspect that they were present at the births of two more grandchildren. Elaine was born in Tempe to Mary Ida and Ted on March 13th and Wesley to Florence and Jean in Dingle on May 1st.

On September 2nd, Arvilla, Warren's wife, wrote to Mamie...*Would like to try Nutrilite. Let me know about it...* This is the first of only three references to this product in the letters. I remember seeing packages of Nutrilite around Grandma Ream when I was a little boy and wondered what it was and why she took an interest in it. The product still exists as a branch of the Amway Company.[42]

That fall Hendy Allen was in Dingle, evidently going to grade school there. That year Beulah and Ida joined him and the Wesley Reams for Christmas. Home again in San Francisco, Beulah wrote to Hendy at the Reams' home on January 25, 1954, that Lee, then 15½ was planning a trans-USA bicycle trip for the summer after next. Beulah was wondering if she and Hendy, who was then eleven, ought to go along. Wesley was looking for a horse for Hendy. Beulah wrote to Wesley in July that she was sending him some elastic support hose, and that Lee was having a wonderful time in Germany.

Just three weeks later on July 28th, Beulah wrote again...*I was glad to hear the call came thru but were you surprised it was for the Eastern States? You will love it there...I want to send you a little money every month to help out...Milton has an overcoat he promised Rick. I'm going to try to have him send that to you as it would have to be altered too much for Rick. I'm sending the check for the Nutrilite...what do you need most? What do you think about Helen and*

[42] Here's a little of its interesting history. The founder of Nutrilite was Carl Frehnborg, who came to California after spending his early life in China, where he developed interest in the relationship of vitamins and minerals to the health of Chinese people. He was a pioneer in chemical-free farming and developed the first vitamin/mineral supplement in 1942, purchasing a 3.6 acre farm in the San Fernando Valley. He named his product Nutrilite. His sales staff are credited with inventing multi-level marketing in 1945. In 1953 the company expanded to a 600 acres farm and new processing facility. The three leading marketers founded American Way (later Amway) in 1959, which bought controlling interest in Nutrilite in 1972. Mamie probably began selling and consuming Nutrilite when she was living in California, and continued to sell it at least through 1958.

LaVar going to Guam? LaVar had accepted a teaching job in Guam which would last the duration of Mamie and Wesley's mission.

So Beulah was one of Mamie's Nutrilite customers (or supporters). And she planned to help support the Reams on their mission. But the letter contains two surprises. First, how did she know of the mission? The official call came a week later in a letter from Steven L. Richards and J. Reuben Clark dated August 2, 1954, and it was to the Southern, not Eastern States Mission. I don't think there were two calls. Mamie and Wesley may have heard about the assignment and spread the news before the official letter arrived, and Beulah must have misunderstood the destination.

Among Mamie's letters and papers is a document dated August 16, 1954, titled, *Guiding Statement on the House*. It is a carbon copy with no signatures. It reads:

The house and lot belong to Mother. Florence is free to do any landscaping and improvements. For major changes and improvements she should get approval and consent from mother or one of the girls. The rent on the main floor will be $20 per month. Any major changes and improvements may be deducted from the rent. Rent from the basement belongs to Mother, but improvements may be deducted from the rent. Florence may choose colors and decide changes and improvements in the basement to suit herself.

It appears to me that Jean and Florence had agreed to pay rent to help Wesley and Mamie on their mission and to rent out part of the house to others. I think Jean and Florence took the downstairs during that period.

On August 19, 1954 Wesley and Mamie had their photo taken with all the other missionaries at the mission home in Salt Lake City, where they spent a week training. Mamie's sister Emeline sent them a postcard on August 25th, proud that they were going on a mission.

Wesley and Mamie far right on second full row.

In her autobiography, Mamie wrote,

Two things made me reluctant to go. Our children were all married except Hazel Dawn and Emeline was very sick. Emeline had been diagnosed with breast cancer. Both worries turned out to be important issues for them. *We visited Emeline and I said I should stay with her. She said, "I should say not! I think it is so wonderful for you to go." That day I talked to one of the General Authorities. He said we could have two days to visit with Emeline. She walked across the room alone. I thought she was going to be better. We stayed the two days and then it took us four days to reach the mission. President Ricks was a little worried but glad to see us* because he had not been told of the extra two days*. We drove in our car.*

On October 6th Mamie and Wesley received an update on Emeline from Louise Nicholes, sent from Provo. *Dear Sister Mamie. Emeline read your letter (which you sent to me) and enjoyed it. She is about the same. No pain, very poor, always happy and sweet. I am glad to be back here and I can help a lot. I was sad to be away from her, my girl takes her books and little packages and goes to see her often. Don't try to answer—you are so busy. I will hear each time you write Emeline. I go often...*

I had assumed that Emeline was still living in Salt Lake, but it appears that she was living in Provo, and she was probably there when Mamie and Wesley visited her before leaving for Georgia. Louise Myers Nicholes was a childhood friend of Mamie's from Ovid; they were born the same year.

Mission photo

Upon their arrival at Atlanta, the mission president sent them off 350 miles to Jesup, Georgia. Their assignment was to round up about 130 members scattered over a 20 by 50 mile area, organize a branch, and build a chapel. This they did, beginning meetings in the city hall. In his autobiography, Wesley devoted a whole chapter to this mission, which I recommend to you. Their mission was for two years.

October 17th was the first entry in Wesley's mission journal. *Attended Sunday school in Jesup in the city hall.*

Shortly after they arrived in Jesup, a town of about 8,000 people located southwest of Atlanta about 40 miles from the Atlantic Coast, they received this letter from their mission president, Peter J. Ricks *...glad to learn that you have found an apartment...locate the saints and get your bearings and...weigh the possibilities of building up a branch in Jesup. The Church feels there should be 40-50 members to justify the building of a chapel. The Church will pay 70% of the lot and chapel. It is OK to start gathering building funds.*

In his journal Wesley wrote on October 24th after church: ...*Discussed building a chapel. No decision.* On November 15th: *Went out collecting money for church, got $1.00. Ha, Ha.* It was not going to be easy.

Em and Mamie

Maida wrote, *Went to Joan's* (Ella's daughter, married in SLC) *wedding, then to Delta with the girls for Thanksgiving. Got here yesterday, saw Emeline, who still had a pain in her chest—she is a brick.*

Beulah wrote to them slightly too late for Christmas, while visiting Ida. She had ordered some cheese sent to Mamie and Wesley from Wisconsin and sent a check—she hoped it would help.

On March 23, 1955 Emeline died of breast cancer in Provo at the age of 57.

Mamie wrote about it in her autobiography. *We were studying in our room in Jesup, Georgia, March 23, 1955 when Mrs. Carter called me to the phone. It was Hazel Dawn telling me that, "Aunt Em passed away." Then she talked to me for about fifteen minutes. It was such a blow—I could not believe what I had heard. I thought she was better--she had such faith. I could hardly get back to my room to tell Wesley. I wanted to go back to Provo so badly. I called President Ricks in Atlanta, Georgia. He said it was against the wishes of the church, but he said, "Think it over. Talk to your husband, and if you still feel you want to go, I will give you permission." Well, I stayed. I thought what good am I doing here? Now I think it was for the best.*

Wesley's sister Ida had bought their mother's home on 929 Gaviota Avenue in Long Beach. She wrote to the missionaries on April 8, 1955. *Just received a letter from Hazel Dawn telling me of Emeline's long illness and passing. I have thought so many times of her since she was a very small girl with her beautiful hair, her schooldays, teaching years, and her motherhood and lovely home—a life given entirely to others....I am sending you a little gift—buy something for yourself and know that I love you.*

Beulah wrote ...*I was so sorry she had to suffer so much but she was wonderful thru it all. Somehow I believe an experience of this sort must aid in some phase of growth for the sick person and for those who love her. We should be grateful for our religion.*

The last day of July there was another disappointment. Wesley's Chevrolet was struck by another car as he was turning left. Mamie ended up in the hospital with bruises to her head and leg, staying until August 12th. Insurance paid all but $50 of the car repair.

On August 6th, a young Elder Brinsley sent a card *...sorry to hear of your mishap.* Beulah wrote from Cupertino on August 24th *...sorry to hear about the accident but glad to hear Mamie was well enough to be out of the hospital...sending refined B_{12}...still short of money, but hope this $50 helps.*

Kenneth and Ruth wrote news of Dingle in December*...Lee (Ream) is taking over "the business"* of Mitchel's farm*, helping Jean. Mabel has a TV and we go often to look at it. One Sunday Carla, Little Wesley and the rest were invited to see Alice in Wonderland. Florence's family came for Thanksgiving. Genella and Durward are busy in school, both in band. Hendy worked with Lee* Ream *last summer, getting so tall. Beulah came for him in a beautiful white car, stayed only two days. We heard from Guam last year.*

On December 13, 1955 Berkeley L. Bunker, their new mission president wrote to Wesley: *We are directed by the First Presidency to grant you and Sister Ream a leave of absence to attend the wedding of your daughter...we will be anxious about your safe return, but will not place any restriction or limitations on the time you are to be away. We know you will return under the same inspiration that has motivated every action of your missionary life...*

Mary Ida, Dee, Dawn on left

But they did not go. Instead, Hazel Dawn and her new husband, Dee Curtis, came to Georgia after they were married on December 27th in Salt Lake. Mamie wrote: *I remember when we drove to Savannah to meet them and can just see them running across the field from the plane. We were soon back in our home in Jesup—about two hours' drive. They visited with us and met many of our friends. Then Wesley let Dee take our car and they went where they wanted for a week... Sadie Tyre said that Hazel Dawn was the prettiest girl she had seen.*

On January 14, 1956 Wesley's sister Ida wrote from Los Angeles: *Glad that MI could be with HD for the wedding, and that Jean has another nice boy* Foster Lane, born on Dec 30th. *Beulah will come to this temple* with Lee and Hendy *in April to do her work and all be sealed. The new temple is beautiful, will be dedicated in March.*

On February 7, 1956 the Jesup city manager issued a permit to build an LDS church. Mission accomplished. A month later Mission President Berkeley L. Bunker wrote to acknowledge Wesley's check for $500 and sent another letter to the brethren in Salt Lake City with a contribution of his own toward building a chapel in Jesup, Georgia.

Another tragedy. On May 29th, Ida was killed in a car crash.

On July 2nd, another grandson, Edward R. Burgoyne, was born in Tempe. Mamie had missed two births.

President Bunker wrote to the Reams again in Jesup asking for advice on whether there was adequate leadership in Jesup to continue with the planned chapel or new missionaries should be called to replace them.

On about the first week in September, Mamie and Wesley drove their car home from Georgia. Evidently they stopped in Provo and Salt Lake City on the way. The Batemans were home from Guam and Hazel Dawn was near delivery of her first baby. It appears to me that Mamie stayed in Utah with her two girls and Wesley drove on to Dingle to see to the ranch business. On September 11th he wrote, *Dear Mamie and all: Nice to get your letter...everyone asks why you are not to meetings.* He discussed cold weather and lots of work on the farm. *Did not go to meeting...stayed to write this letter and tend the kids. ...I may be there by the time you get this letter...* He was not. On October 24th, Mamie sent him a postcard from Provo: *Deer hunt on...stopped at Hazel Dawn's had supper, then on to Helen's.*

Almost as cold as Jesup in the winter. How is Bear Lake? She had gone with Hazel Dawn and Dee to visit the Batemans in Provo. The next day she wrote again: *...at Dee Hospital, brought Hazel Dawn in about ten last night...she got a discharge of fluid...we called Dr. Webster...said to take her to the hospital...Dee was in southern Utah doing insurance calls so they got Shauna Swensen to babysit and LaVar drove them to Ogden.* Camille Curtis was born. Hazel Dawn had been in Provo when her labor started, and Helen's doctor said they would have time to get to Ogden. Evidently Dee nearly missed it.

Mamie was in Provo on November 3rd, writing to Wesley in Dingle. *Held the baby* Camille*. Hazel Dawn has some trouble with her breast and have called Dr. Webster, Helen's Dr.* Mamie was back in her element.

Camille

Since Mamie and Wesley had been called on their mission through the Hayward Ward, they wanted to give their mission report there. The family turned that into a get-together in Arizona. LaVar drove Mamie and Wesley to Hayward, taking me along. Then he drove us to Long Beach to visit relatives there, and finally to Tempe to Burgoynes for Christmas. Helen and the Bateman girls went to Arizona with Dawn, Dee, and Camille. The party was spoiled when Helen had a second trimester miscarriage, and the Batemans and Curtises all hurried back to Provo on Christmas Eve, leaving Mamie and Wesley with the Burgoynes for Christmas.

Mamie began a new personal journal on January 21, 1957. The returned missionaries were in Provo, living with Helen and LaVar's family. They were still living there at least until May.

There was another family tragedy. Russell Ream, Uncle Milton and Aunt Helen's fourth child, died of leukemia at age 17 on March 3, 1957. The very next day Mamie was in Hayward, writing back to Wesley in Provo. She must have travelled with the Swensen's. *Stormy but timely trip. Took bus from Oakland. Susan came and got us. Helen is in master bedroom in bed. Russel is with her. She is taking it pretty good. Milton is here, feels tough. John is here. Beulah stayed last night....They say Russel suffered a lot and Susan thinks he knew he was going at the last. He said "always remember I love you all" and "mother don't forget to turn the oxygen off." He is at the mortuary.*

Carla, Foster, Wesley, Rebecca, Florence

I'm not sure just when the Ream's finally got back to Dingle, but it was probably in plenty of time to attend the birth of another grandchild. Florence's fourth child, Rebecca was born August 2, 1957 in Dingle.

From Dingle, Mamie wrote to Helen, who was again pregnant, on November 1st. *Wesley is trying to patch the storage room in the NE corner of the basement with plaster to keep out mice and water.* That pesky basement was still leaking. *We will soon be leaving but will stop at Hazel Dawn's on the way. Lee is visiting, went hunting without success with Jean, who is cutting up a deer to bring parts to Dee and to LaVar.*

They left on November 8th, just in time. Cindy Bateman was born the next day in Provo. After assuring themselves of the health of Helen and the baby, the Reams drove on down to Tempe for the winter.

Front: Helen, Cindy, Dawn, Camille, Mary Ann, Elaine. Rear: Mamie, Wesley

Batemans and Curtises joined them that January in Tempe for the family gathering which had been cut short the previous year. Mamie wrote in her diary on January 31, 1958: *I took care of Cindy for quite a while. She does look a little like Lane...so glad that they came. Mary Ida drove Helen, Hazel Dawn, Dad, and I to Roy Sirrine's* (Mamie's cousin). *Two of their boys and families came: LeRoy and Martin.* And on February 2nd: *Dee called. They arrived home safe—drove all night.* I remember that trip. I got to ride home with Uncle Dee that trip in his VW; it scared me. The following week included several trips to the Genealogical Library in Mesa. Mamie wrote: *Couldn't do much on the Ream line, but found several Oakey names. (Much of this without Mary Ida.)*

Kathleen in costume

I also remember my grandparents' return to Provo the next month. They arrived in Provo from Tempe on my 11th birthday, March 27th. I had seven friends over—my dad, LaVar, took us all to swim. My best friend Rulon stayed overnight in a sleeping bag. Kathleen was an Indian in the play *The Utah Trail* that night. Mamie's journal entry for April 1, April Fool's Day: *Kim put salt in the sugar bowl, spoiled Dad's meal. That night we had FHE playing hide the thimble and smell the butcher knife.* They had arrived just in time for a big Sirrine reunion April 4th. The next two weeks were spent at Curtises in Salt Lake watching conference on TV, visiting Hollie Odum[43] in the Utah State Prison, and having dinner at Mamie's cousin Edna's with her three singing daughters, Virginia,

[43] Hollie was the son of their friends in Jesup. He had come to Utah and was convicted of rape and sentenced to 20 years. According to Helen, it was consensual sex but with an underage girl. He was so ashamed that he didn't let his parents or anyone know where he was, just disappeared. When they found out about it, Helen and LaVar began visiting him. They supported him at the parole hearing and Hollie got out in three years. He straightened up, went home to Georgia, and was later married. They named their first little son LaVar.

Frances, and Jewel with children. Wesley and Mamie were back in Dingle by April 21, 1958.

They had a very busy summer.

In June, Dee and Dawn visited and then drove them to Provo. LaVar drove them back to Dingle on June 8th, bringing his kids along for a week-long visit. Reams would be in Provo three different times that month including a session of Education Week at BYU. They brought home a new 1958 Chevrolet, which they bought at Riverton Motors, where LaVar's stepbrother Eldred Beckstead worked and got them a good deal.

Carla, Wesley, Shauna, Camille, Jean, Kim, Foster, Kathleen

In July they drove to Mirror Lake for camping with Curtises and Batemans. On July 26th Curtises picked them up in Dingle and brought them to Provo, and then back home by August 1st. Beulah and her two boys arrived on August 7th and Batemans on the 9th of August. Burgoynes came to Montpelier on the 20th for a niece's wedding, so the whole family was together for Mamie's birthday on August 26th. Batemans and Burgoynes left September 2nd--Burgoynes for Arizona and Batemans for Michigan, towing an 18 ft. trailer. LaVar had a one year sabbatical leave.

On September 17th, Hazel Dawn's second child Kristie Curtis was born. Of course, Mamie was there. She stayed until October 5th, when she returned home with Dingle neighbors Mona and Clarence Lindsay. Mamie and Wesley went back to Curtises together to see Milton, who had come for conference.

Hazel Dawn had mastitis, so Mamie stayed with her for three extra days and found a ride home, but they drove back to Provo with Warren and Arvilla to visit Emeline's husband Lell and the children just 10 days later.

Finally on November 16th Mamie and Wesley left for the winter, picking up the Curtises and driving together to Milton's. After a couple of weeks in the Bay Area, they drove to Tempe for the winter.

Dawn and Dee arrived in Tempe for visit on March 8, 1959 and left on 14th. Maida and George visited March 19th. Mamie and Wesley left Arizona April 2nd, going directly to Curtises without stopping in Provo, since Batemans were still in Alexandria, Virginia for sabbatical, and arrived April 3rd. Drove through snow to Dingle April 8th.

According to Maida, they were in Dingle on April 13th when Mamie had an episode of vomiting blood. They went to the hospital, where the cause of the bleeding was not found, but Mamie's gall bladder was removed.

On June 2nd Mamie and Wesley drove to Salt Lake City, where they visited Mamie's cousins Virginia and Edna. They returned June 4th just in time for a three day Oakey family reunion to which Curtises, Batemans, and Oakeys from Ogden and Salt Lake City attended.

That summer Batemans returned from sabbatical early so that LaVar, with the help of 17 year old Hendy and two BYU professors on summer break, could begin building a house for Aunt Beulah in Provo. I was hired on the cheap to do clean-up work.

In July, Wesley was in Dingle, but Mamie was not. He was writing to her in Tempe on July 13th. *I'll get recommends signed and mail them to you. First peas (are up), but not good. Miss you.* On the 20th, *Lots of peas. Jean is too busy. Helen and Hendy came last night to get the beef. Helen brought cants and apricots and bananas. Jean and I cut 50 trees and brought a load home. Cut out 62 posts and am treating them. Foster Sorenson* (Florence's brother) *came for a while. I'm eating with Jean since you left. Saw Warren and Arvilla Sunday.*

Why would Mamie be in Mesa without Wesley? And in the middle of summer? There is only one possible reason: Mary Ida was expecting another baby to be born. But Florence may have caught her by surprise with her own fifth child. On July 28th George Sorensen Ream was born in Dingle.

Mamie responded on August 5th from Tempe*...glad to hear...of the new grandson. Hope Florence has someone helping her...Mary Ida may have hers first yet* before Joyce, Edward's sister in Tempe*. Edward has active duty for two weeks but will home at night. Wish I had stayed home longer.* With better luck or a crystal ball, Mamie might have been present for both grandchildren; Bryce William Burgoyne was born August 9th. That day Mamie wrote the good news to Curtises. *...Mary Ida has a 10 lb. boy born a little after midnight...will go to see her today. We called Dad this A.M.*

Wesley wrote the same day, *Good to know that Mary Ida has a fine boy and is doing well. That makes six fine grandsons. I was trying to make pasties, when Dawn and Dee walked in. They had spent the weekend at the lake. Beulah, Lee, and Hendy came, but I was out fishing. They stayed in the old house* (the Ream "Mansion.")

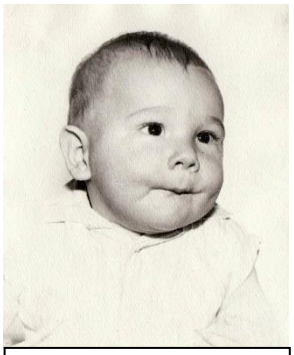
From Mamie: *Edward took his father and me to Mesa to see Mary Ida and baby. She said "He is so dark and big. He is a nice plump baby."*

Instead of coming home to Dingle, Mamie flew to Los Angeles for $52 to go to Beulah Lee and John Jones' wedding reception. She drove home via San Francisco with Helen and Hazel Dawn in Dee's new car, saying afterwards that she would have rather flown. They got to S.L.C. on August 24th, and then directly to Bear Lake. The next day Helen and LaVar and kids came.

On September 5th the Reams drove to Malad for Beulah Lee and John's reception there.

Two weeks later LaVar and Hendy came to Dingle for a load of rock for Beulah's house.

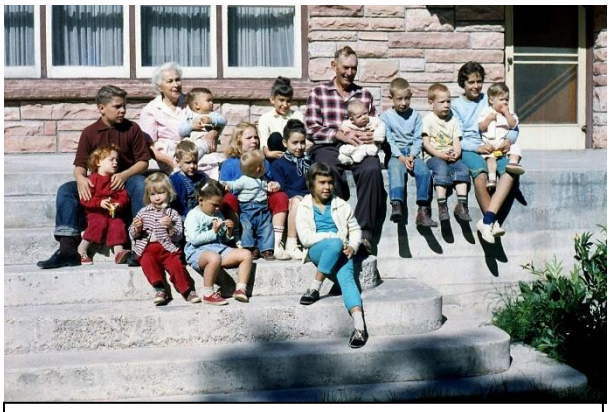
In October Wesley and Mamie drove to Salt Lake with meat for Mary Ida and Edward, which they sent via Roy Sirrine, who was returning to Arizona after visiting family members. They visited Curtises and Batemans, returning to Dingle around October 14th. They were down again two weeks later. On November 21st Jean was in Salt Lake for an exploratory operation, which produced inconclusive findings.



John Curtis

That year Mamie and Wesley spent Christmas in Provo with Helen's family before heading back to Tempe at the beginning of 1960. By April they were back in Dingle, but not for long. On May 10th John Curtis was born. Mamie wrote from Salt Lake to Wesley in Dingle on the 12th, *Hazel Dawn is feeling better. Had dinner yesterday at Helen's. LaVar is going up to the Ranch on the 5th. That's a problem—I want to be at the blessing. He says I should come up the next week with Helen, and that he and you can get along for a week.* On the 14th, *Hazel Dawn and Baby home yesterday...rough time with the baby last night. Colic, cried. Expect Helen and family to come tomorrow. LaVar will go up* to Dingle *the 5th or soon after. I can go home with LaVar. If you want me sooner better come and get me. I should stay a couple of weeks. The Boy looks exactly like Dee.* I think he sorta still does.

On May 17th a California friend wrote Mamie and Wesley that the Hayward Stake had been divided and Milton Ream was to be the stake president.



Mamie and Wesley with grandchildren summer of 1960

Wesley and Mamie were probably in Dingle all summer and fall until October, when they went back to Georgia for the dedication of the Jesup Chapel, finally paid for. Former Branch President Wesley Ream spoke. Elder Stapley dedicated it. By then the Reams had been home from their mission for just over two years.

When 1961 arrived, Reams were in Arizona as usual. If they left in early April as was their custom, they arrived back in Dingle just in time for the birth of another grandson. David James Ream was born April 9th. By June, Helen had her last child, Kyle Bateman. If Mamie was not there for Kyle's birth, she was there soon afterwards, taking care of Helen and the baby. She wrote to Wesley on June 20th, *The baby is darling—seems so little by comparison to our other big grandsons...Helen is a little stronger, but she is glad to be on the bed most of the time...LaVar and Kim are at Aunt Beulah's...taking care of yard...(LaVar) wants to get the rest of the rock on. Aunt Beulah was in Hawaii when the baby was born.* And on the 29th, *Helen getting stronger. Beulah called from Palo Alto. Wants LaVar to come for her about the 23rd of July. Has things to bring in a*

truck. Kim has made root beer to be ready when Curtises come. The Bateman kids want you to come down.

Wesley and Mamie were in Dingle through November. On November 9, 1961 they signed an agreement with Jean and Florence to sell them the Dingle property.

A letter was addressed to Mamie and Wesley in Provo on December 19th, and another in Hayward, 411 Hampton Road, on December 21st. Presumably these were stops on their indirect route to Tempe for three months in early 1962. They drove back to Utah with a Mrs. Sheppard, arriving at Helen's at 6 pm on April 4th. After two weeks of visiting the Bateman and Curtis families, Mamie and Wesley arrived in Dingle on April 16th.

Kitt Conrad Curtis was born on June 9th. Mamie was in Dingle on the 11th, but she immediately went to SL to help Hazel Dawn. Mamie was still in Salt Lake on June 29th, and Wesley had joined her. They were back in Dingle on July 3rd, when they received a surprise visit from Dee, Dawn and children plus Helen with Cindy and Kyle in the Bateman station wagon.

I know that Mamie was in back in Salt Lake when she wrote to Wesley in Dingle on August 5th, that *...Hazel Dawn wants you to bless the baby Sunday at 2 pm.* They went camping to Brighton with the baby. *Helen is driving up with Shauna, will be here soon.* Dee blessed the baby. Mamie was there, but I don't think Wesley made it. They were both in Dingle by August 15.

On December 23, 1962 Beulah's youngest boy, Hendy, married Patricia Ostlund in Everett, Washington. The couple had a second reception in Palo Alto on December 27th. Mamie left Wesley with the Curtises and drove to California for the event with the Batemans.

I assume that in 1963 the Reams were in Tempe again for the first three months of winter, though I have no direct evidence in letters or journals. If so, they missed another grandchild's birth. Rachel Anne Ream was born January 30, 1963. If my count is correct, she was their 20th.

Florence and Jean family with Annie

Then another family sorrow occurred. After just four months of marriage, Hendy and Pat died in a car accident on March 30th, driving back to school from California.

Mamie and Wesley were in Salt Lake with the Curtises on April 21, 1963 when Arvilla wrote from Dingle that she and Warren had been called to the Texas Mission at Houston. A fragment from Mamie's journal tells that she was taken to mission home in Salt Lake City by Hazel Dawn to witness them being set apart by Spencer W. Kimball.

I know little about the following months of 1963, but on January 1, 1964 Mamie was beginning another volume of her personal journal in Tempe. On January 23, Wesley's youngest Ream uncle, Durward Belmont Ream died in Iowa at the age of 81.

On February 29th Curtises visited Mamie and Wesley in Tempe. Dee made insurance deal and they left on the 3rd. Sybil Hopkins picked Reams up for a Lamoreaux reunion in Gilbert on March 28th.

On March 30, 1964, Mary Ida and Bryce (who was not yet 5) drove to Provo with Mamie and Wesley. They drove their car home to Dingle on April 15. Ten days later Mamie noted in her journal that she had found letters from Wesley written in 1907 and from Moscow in old bookcase, part of the basis for this book.

On May 29th Mary Ida's family arrived in Dingle. Batemans and Curtises arrived June 2nd. Beulah arrived June 5th. Milton came; Kenneth was there. From her mission in Texas, Maida wrote to Mamie and Wesley on June 3rd. It was reunion time.

On June 6th the Oakey reunion was held at Mamie and Wesley's home. The Reams got together at Grandpa's old house same day and attended a reception June 7th at Mamie and Wesley's home.

Mamie and Wesley's 50th Wedding Anniversary

On June 11, 1964 Mamie and Wesley celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary in Dingle. All of their children were there, though Helen and LaVar left a little early, in a hurry to get off to Europe. I don't know exactly who else attended, but among Mamie's saved letters is one from Lucille on May 24th, that says that she and Douglas, but not their children, would be there. On June 12th, Fabian and Ruth wrote that they had arrived home safely from their Dingle visit. There were probably many others.

On June 13th, Lee Allen came from Colorado Springs with his "lady friend" (Stony). They would be married in Denver July 17, 1965.

On June 24th Dee and Dawn came back to Dingle with Cindy and Kyle (ages 7 and 3), whom they had been tending. The two kids stayed with their grandparents in Dingle until July 25, when Helen and LaVar, fresh from Europe, took them home.

The next week Helen wrote ... *(it was) nice to be home with you....Cindy's finger is all better. The nail didn't even go black. Lee Allen came last night. They leave in the morning for Hawaii until the 15th. Rick was here...said he returned the key to Rodney. Kyle is homesick for you, wanted to go back.*

On August 18th Mamie and Wesley left for Salt Lake to meet the Odums, good friends from their mission in Georgia, who didn't show up, even after a couple of days. The Reams stayed with Batemans until August 31st until they got word that Maida had died at age 76, and they hurried back to Dingle. Wesley stayed there, but Mamie went with Warren and Arvilla to Nampa for the funeral.

On Wesley's birthday that August, Mamie wrote a sweet letter, mentioning that they had been together more than 50 years ...*I never intend to hurt you and I hope I do so less and less as the days come and go.*

On September 8th Mamie was off to Salt Lake to help deliver another grandchild. Dawn was not ready for birth, so they went on to Provo. Dawn was having trouble with the pregnancy, so on September 14th, Dee sent John and Kitt (ages 4 and 2) to the Batemans as well. The next day Hazel Dawn's baby was born dead in Ogden, and an emergency hysterectomy was required. Mamie and Wesley took the boys home on September 23rd and stayed with Dawn until October 7. Then after another day with the Batemans, they went to Dingle on October 8th.

Mamie wrote Hazel Dawn four days later that Bishop Keetch wanted them to go on a mission of six months to two years. Wesley wanted a warm location. They were to serve as a branch president and relief society president.

They were in Salt Lake with Dawn from November 3-13. No call yet, then back to Dingle.

November 17, 1964 was the date of the mission call to Texas for the Reams signed by President McKay, which finally arrived November 20th. They were 78 years old. They were to go into the mission home January 18, 1965. On November 25, they received a letter from Sanfred W. Elieson, President of Texas Mission welcoming them to their mission. He suggested they bring a small car with air conditioning.

They left Dingle for Curtises on December 1st. From December 3-26 they were in Provo to help make chocolates and to celebrate Christmas. Left on bus from Provo to Las Vegas December 26 and to Phoenix December 27.

On January 9, 1965 Dee and Dawn Curtis drove to Tempe and took the Reams back to Provo on January 12th. They entered the Missionary Training Center on January 18th. LaVar drove them in their car from Provo to Dallas and then took the train home. They were assigned to work in Lamesa.

Still in Texas, they missed the birth of their last grandchild, who was born to Florence and Jean on April 24, 1965. His parents named him after his great grandfather, William Dewine Ream.

About that time, LaVar and Helen were trying to figure out how to create a more permanent living situation for Mamie and Wesley when they returned home from Texas. In an undated letter that winter, LaVar wrote, *We have done a lot of thinking on the place for you and have finally come up with a plan that we think would work out nicely...attached to the house (with) a breezeway off our bedroom and then a nice little apartment. Shall we go ahead and get estimates of cost?* He included a floorplan for a cottage of about 450 square feet extending south to the garden from the master bedroom of the Batemans' house in Provo.

On May 5th Helen wrote to Lamesa, Texas...*LaVar went down with our plans and got the city's permission to build the apartment on out here. We had a good time on our trip...nice being with Mary Ida. Shauna and Kathy are trying out for cheerleader at their respective schools.*

Reams had offered to pay LaVar and Helen about $6,000 to remodel their Provo house to accommodate them permanently when they returned from Texas. That plan changed in late April, when it was discovered that Jay and Fae Beck, the next door neighbors on the east side of Batemans' house, had decided to sell their home. Batemans bought the Beck house for about $23,000, using Mamie and Wesley's $6,000 as a down payment and remodeled the house into a duplex to accommodate Reams plus a couple of BYU students, whose rent would help cover the monthly payments.

The mission call was for only six months. On July 28, 1965 the Reams left Texas for home, arriving at Mary Ida's on July 29th. Two weeks later Mary Ida and Edward drove them to Provo, using two cars. On August 17th, Mamie and Wesley went to Dingle with LaVar and Helen to install marble facing on the cemetery vault and returned to Provo the next day. Wesley worked with LaVar on the Beck home, and then returned to Dingle on August 24th.

They went to Provo and Salt Lake on September 24, and back to Dingle October 7th. Three weeks later they were in Provo again, working on the Beck house. On December 30th Dee and Dawn drove them to Tempe for the winter.

1966

On January 12, 1966 Mamie wrote a history of her mother and listened to President Johnson's state of the union speech.

Helen and LaVar with Kyle and Cindy arrived in late January to take the Reams home to Provo, returning to deep snow on January 29th laden with grapefruit and oranges. The move was completed into the Beck house. All spring they ate most meals and did many activities with the Batemans.

On April 23, 1966 Rodney Ream passed away. Wesley wrote that he died suddenly of a heart attack. Wesley and Mamie went to Dingle the next day, returning to Provo on 29th.

On May 18th they went back to Bear Lake with LaVar and Helen for hearing in Paris on a wildlife preserve. They put a plaque for Rodney on vault and returned to Provo June 5th.

On June 27 Wesley gave Kim $20 for his mission to Germany before Helen and LaVar took him to Salt Lake to the mission home.

The Reams were in Dingle again on July 10th after a camping trip with Curtises, and back to Provo on July 20th. They went to North Rim of Grand Canyon with Batemans and Curtises for a long weekend. They attended the Crockett reunion on 30th in Logan, and then went to Dingle until August 5th, when they returned to Provo. Wesley and LaVar worked together, creating an apartment to rent in the Beck house.

On August 14th Mamie wrote to me in the Mission Training Center from Provo. She had gone to my friend Rulon Barlow's farewell. *His Mother gave the story of his accident...There were tears in the eyes of many...Kent Dunford...also good, but took enough time that the poor father only had a few minutes. Your mother took me to a shower for Carol Lynn Wright last night...to be married on 6 Sept.*

In September, LaVar went on sabbatical leave again, this time to St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands, leaving Mamie and Wesley in their new Provo home. Batemans were to be gone for the entire school year. Fortunately, Beulah's house was close to Mamie and Wesley. She had come to Provo in the fall of 1961 to be Dean of the College of Nursing at BYU and lived in the house that LaVar and Hendy had built for her only a few blocks away. She retired from BYU in 1964 and now had the time and the means to look after her older brother and sister-in-law.

Mamie wrote to me in Germany on September 21st. She had been lonely since my folks left for the Virgin Islands. Their renters had moved into 1212 Ash Ave. the next day. Reams went to Carol Lynn's wedding in the Salt Lake Temple--Marion D. Hanks married them. Carol Lynn's husband Gerald made the wedding cake. It was so beautiful, no one could believe he had done it. Then the Reams went to Dingle. Grandpa worked on the rock for the new addition on the church, a hard, 10 day job that was hard on him.

October 11-19th the Reams were in Salt Lake tending the Curtis kids while Dawn and Dee were in Denver, and then stayed a week more with them before going on the bus to San Leandro. There they visited Fabian and Ruth, and then got a medical work-up. Wesley was told that his prostate was "a little too firm" and to check back in a year. This later proved to be prostate cancer, his eventual demise. Beulah met them there. By October 30th they were in Tempe, having been driven there by Beulah. Then they all three drove to Tucson and picked up the LaVar's parents, the Becksteads. Together they drove to El Paso, and then Lamesa. On November 3rd they visited Carlsbad's Caverns, then were in Alabama and finally in Jesup, Georgia by November 5th. There they visited many friends from their mission a decade earlier. They drove to Cocoa Beach, Florida to stay with Ozro Crockett's daughter Jenny Alger, and then on November 11th flew to Puerto Rico, where Helen and LaVar met them and showed them around before flying on to St. Thomas the same day. November 18th they saw Beulah and "Patterson," a friend of Beulah's. LaVar picked up Beulah from Patterson for Sunday meeting at the Bateman house.

Mamie and Wesley wrote to me from there on December 10th and sent me $10 for Christmas, which I spent on a big dinner with my missionary companion in a fine restaurant in Munich—it seemed like a fortune to me.

In January, 1967 Beulah drove the two old couples back from Florida to Tempe. The Reams stayed in Arizona for the rest of the winter. The Becksteads took the bus home to Salt Lake and Beulah drove on to Palo Alto until spring.

Apparently Jean wintered in Arizona too, for Arvilla wrote on March 7, 1967 from Logan to Tempe*....I put Jean's name in the temple, nice that he could go to AZ where it is warm.* Arvilla and Warren had moved from Dingle to Logan in January to take care of her ailing mother. I suppose the illness that brought Jean to Arizona was the beginning of his early demise from pancreatic cancer.

Wesley and Mamie wrote to me from Tempe on the first of April. They were planning to leave for Salt Lake in the morning after two months in Arizona. Dee and Dawn were there to take them. Wesley gave me some good missionary advice from his experience in Texas and Georgia: don't stick too closely to the plan and don't push people. Their renters in Provo were moving out so they had a big job ahead of them moving back onto their house.

On May 31, 1967, Mamie wrote to me from Provo. They had released Harold Glen Clark as her bishop and installed Chuck Peterson. The new bishop promised that would be the last time they would go overtime. Beulah was worried about Fabian, who *was real bad. She has been staying nights with him and working days. We just do not know when we will go to Dingle...had a flat about 5 mi. from home. Had no jack so Gr. Pa had to find a long pole a big rock and make a temporary one. He did a good job, got the car up—we held it while (he) changed the wheel. We were soon on our way.*

On June 11th Hazel Dawn took them to Salt Lake for their 53rd wedding anniversary. Some of the Batemans had come back earlier than expected. Helen needed to make a wedding cake. In Mamie's calendar book for June 21-28 she noted, *Zola Ash wedding (a child's), Kyle and Cindy slept a night at their home. Went to Marie's in Salt Lake and saw Mary O. Cook and Edna.* There had been an Oakey reunion at Murray Park. Mary Ida stayed until June 30th.

On August 11-13th the Reams returned to Dingle for a Crockett reunion at Grandpa Ream's rock house. They returned to Provo Aug 21. On August 26th LaVar and Kathleen arrived home from Virgin Islands. Shauna arrived on the 30th. On September 1st LaVar, Helen, and Wesley faced the fireplace in the Beck home with Dingle rock.

Arvilla continued to write regularly that year. They soon moved back to Dingle because Warren had become ill. In September she wrote to Mamie in Provo, *Sometimes Warren knows me, but most of the time he doesn't.* He died two weeks later in the Montpelier Hospital. All of Mamie's siblings were now gone. Wesley's were going, too.

Fabian Ream died in California on October 4, 1967.

On October 13th Wesley picked up new 1968 model Chevy at Riverton Motors where LaVar's step-brother worked. He paid $3171.61 and sold the old car on October 30th for $250.

On November 3, 1967 Mamie's nephew Q Sirrine died in Ogden at age 48. He had cancer, and collapsed at his job.

On November 7th Wesley's brother Douglas wrote what he apologetically conceded was a long overdue letter, sorry to hear of Wesley's *serious problem.* I think Wesley may have been diagnosed with a slow growing prostate cancer—no one ever talked very specifically about those things. Douglas was still practicing medicine at 71. Ruth and Kenneth had visited the Reams' new home in Provo. In November, Ruth wrote to Mamie, *We loved your home—it is beautiful.* Fabian's widow, also named Ruth, wrote from San Leandro to Mamie and Wesley on December 3rd. She was planning to move to Walnut Creek to be near their daughter, Sally.

Mamie wrote to me from Provo on November 20th. *Grandpa wants to go to Arizona after Thanksgiving. He thinks he can drive—take two days.* Dee, obviously worried, had offered to drive them down. They ended up staying in Provo for Christmas.

On November 30th Wesley wrote the chapter in his autobiography about using dynamite.

On December 13, 1967 Mable Ream, Mitchel's wife died.

The day after Christmas LaVar drove Mamie and Wesley to Arizona in their new car. He then went to Los Angeles for B.Y.U. business.

The Reams spent the winter months of 1968 in Tempe again. Mary Ida and Mamie wrote a letter together to me in Germany on January 31. Mary Ida was hoping I could tell her about a place called Leimen,[44] where she felt the early Rehm family came from—she could not find in on a map. Mamie said that Wesley *sure likes to lie out in the sun. He helps in the yard what he can.* Hazel Dawn and Helen planned to come the last week in March, stay few days, and then take them back.

That spring the Curtises and Batemans did go together to Arizona to be with the Burgoynes and take back Mamie and Wesley. On April 7th Wesley drove back to Provo with Dee and LaVar. Mamie, Hazel Dawn, and Helen followed three days later.

Wesley developed a swollen right leg that put him to bed for several days. He thought it was arthritis or phlebitis. My medical guess is that it was a deep vein thrombosis, a blood clot that often follows a long car trip. It was evidently still a problem when Kenneth and Ruth wrote on May 15th ... *Sorry to hear Wesley isn't well. We hope with warmer weather he will improve fast. We miss Mabel very much...the house is now empty and sold. Durward came...he teaches geography and history this term on high school level.*

Things went from bad to worse for Wesley. On May 23rd Wesley was sitting on the edge of the bathtub and fell in. He wasn't severely injured, but needed help getting out.

[44] I can find Leimen, just south of Heidelberg, but 150 km from Pfullingen, where it turns out the Rehm family came from. I'd like to know where she had heard about that place.

On May 30th Mamie, Helen, and Beulah went to Dingle to put Fabian's ashes in the vault.

Wesley was still recovering from his fall and fall and leg problem. On June 7th he was feeling pain in ribs—felt he may have broken some. He was still eating breakfast in bed on June 17th, and did not stop writing about the chest pain around July 2nd.

On June 19th Mamie and Hazel Dawn went to Higgenson's in Pasadena, CA for a big Oakey reunion. Ella had organized it and expressed difficulty in contacting Jim and Mary's families.

On July 25th Mamie wrote to me from Salt Lake City**.** I was still on my mission in Germany. *We started in your car but it was leaking oil to we took it to the service station....Your mission brings us back to our mission...in Jesup and Texas. And so fun to visit them on our trip home from the V. I.* Wesley added a note about the time I had been able to spend in Munich with my Dad, who was on a tour. Grandpa Ream was still too sick to do much work in the garden, but felt he was improving. He was even too sick to drive.

On August 3rd Beulah drove Wesley in his car to the Crockett reunion in Logan. Jean drove the Chevy to Dingle afterwards with Wesley. Dee and Dawn (plus some friends) helped him drive back to Provo August 10.

Helen wrote of that summer: *Dad was not well. I was afraid the cancer had spread. He was very weak and very thin. He had dropped to 167 lbs. I slept on a mat over at Dad's.* Mamie's diary pages tell that they were in Dingle on August 25th with Dawn and Dee's family.

Both Mamie and Wesley wrote letters from Provo to me on my mission that summer. An early frost killed their garden the last part of August while the tomatoes were still green. They had been to Dingle only a week that summer. Mamie wanted to *go through things,* but had to leave because Wesley was too weak. Mamie wrote that *Jean and Florence have an Indian girl living with them about as old as Carla, but much larger.*

Milton, Douglas, Beulah, and Lucille in were in Provo to watch October general conference with Reams. On October 8th Jean came to Salt Lake for a medical checkup, having abdominal pain. He was told he might have a small ulcer and not to worry.

Two days later, Curtises took Helen, Cindy, and Kyle to Lake Powell. The next day LaVar, Shauna, and Kathy took Mamie and Wesley to the lake as well, but the grandparents stayed in the motel at night. LaVar rented a second boat and Burgoynes came up to meet them. They were back by October 13th.

On November 6, 1968 Mamie went with Helen and LaVar to the airport to pick me up from my mission.

In December, Mary Ida came up for a Burgoyne wedding and Jean came to Provo. On the 9th my dad and I administered to Jean. Jean's stomach was hurting him. Helen or Beulah had prescribed fasting except for two tablespoons of concentrated apple juice in a cup of water for 48 hours. On the 12th Beulah took Jean to the hospital for x-rays and blood tests, which

were all normal. He was to go home the next day, but was up a lot during the night and stayed. Beulah tested and treated him for tapeworm on the 20th. He went home on the 21st.

On December 24, 1968 on his television Wesley watched the Apollo 8 astronauts circle the moon. The day after Christmas, Kathy and I were driving home from church in his car and slid into a stop sign, causing some damage. I had dreaded confessing it to him, but he was just glad that the damage was only minor.

In early January, 1969 Helen and LaVar drove Reams to Tempe in Wesley's now repaired car. Wesley paid the gas both ways. Helen and LaVar drove back the next morning.

On January 24th Helen wrote to Mamie and Wesley that Jean had had another exploratory operation and nothing was found wrong with his liver. Beulah suggested that they take him to the VA Hospital in Salt Lake and she flew up from Palo Alto to be there. He was down to 127 lbs., and having worse pain all the time. Finally they scanned (a brand new technology) his abdomen and found the problem. This time Helen called Mamie and Wesley on the phone. Jean had metastatic cancer of the pancreas. He would be going home in a week.

Wesley's journal excerpts paint a picture of the following weeks.

February 13—Hazel Dawn called. Jean wants to go to Dingle and then to Tempe on the 21st. Hope he gets well. Wesley was having pain in his leg and trouble sleeping.

February 22—Jean arrived by plane. *He was looking pretty good. Weighed 127 pounds.... Taking Chaparral tea for his cancer.*

February 26--Jean and Mary Ida went out to the desert to gather tea leaves. Got a lot.

March 3—Jean paid $3,000 on the place. He had sold some calves. Still owes $7,000.

March 6—Jean, Mary Ida, and Mary went to the temple. Helen called and said she and Beulah were coming tomorrow to get Jean. Called the next day and said for him to take the plane.

March 10—Beulah had Jean and Wesley send blood samples to a Dr. in California that can cure cancer. It seems a last resort for Jean. Hope it does work.

March 21—Mary and May Ida worked on genealogy a lot.

March 30—Wesley had some bleeding in his urine. Doctor said the bleeding was from the prostate, to take three months of antibiotics.

On April 3rd, Mary Ida, Edward, and the two boys drove Mamie and Wesley to Provo. The next day Jean and all his family but Wesley and Foster Lane came to Provo and went home April 6.

On April 13th LaVar drove Mamie and Wesley to Dingle and back the same day. They had wanted to speak with Lee Ream and Norma about "what Corbridge has to say." It had something to do with selling or leasing "the place." On April 15th, Jean, Florence, and two

children came to Provo. Jean showed Wesley some property for sale in Goshen that was similar to the Peterson place. The cancer serum had arrived, and Beulah gave both of them a shot. They were to avoid refined sugar and flour for seven months. Jean and Florence drove back to Dingle.

Two weeks later Beulah came with more cancer serum, also a shot of B_1, liver, and B_{12} and quinine. Jean, Flo, and the two kids came again May 6. The mandelamine (the antibiotic for his prostate) made Wesley sick, but he gave the bottle to Jean, whom it did not seem to hurt. Both got cancer serum shots.

More from Wesley's journal:

May 12—I told Beulah I felt a little better. She said it was the first time I ever admitted that. I did not feel so good that afternoon.

May 25—Jean did not feel well enough to drive down, so Dee and LaVar went to get him. He is not very good. He bloats. On the 27th, LaVar, Helen, and Kim brought Mr. Nelson from across the street. He has been very sick, not expected to live, but is better now. Nelson and Kim administered to Jean, LaVar and I assisted. Jean then felt better. He was badly bloated by night. The next day both got Beulah's cancer serum.

From here, Wesley's journal is continued by Mamie.

May 29—Dad and Jean neither feeling good. Jean has so much gas and cannot get rid of it. He took salt water. Aunt Beulah doing all she can. Plan to take him to the Montpelier hospital tomorrow and give him blood transfusion. Took Jean to Dingle. Went to put flowers in the cemetery. Jean could not go. Admitted him to hospital and gave a transfusion of Carla's blood. Mamie went home. Wesley a little better.

June 3—Jean no better. LaVar and Beulah drove up to bring him and Florence to Provo. He is too bloated to sit up. Beulah arranged for him to be admitted to the veterans' hospital in SLC. They drained his abdomen and lungs and he was feeling better.

June 9—Beulah (and I) visited Jean at the VA. They were going to give him chemicals to kill cancer, said it may make him sick. It did.

June 11—Their 55th anniversary. *Wesley seems a little better.*

June 18—Wesley has been growing weaker Mamie wrote*, "I am really worried. He eats very little....Jean seems much better. Sat up to the table and ate oyster stew. Said he had a better night than in a long time. Beulah and Helen went to get apple juice, said give W.W. and Jean a glass of apple juice and cranberry juice with a tsp. of brandy. It sure upset Jean, swelled up as tight as a drum. It is hard on me to have both husband and son so ill.*

June 22—LaVar and Dee administered to Jean and Dad. Neither could walk to Helen's for dinner.

Since May, Ella had been writing to Mamie in Provo from Pasadena. Helen had agreed to host a big Oakey reunion at her home in Provo, and Ella was doing much of the organizing. On May 31, Ella's sister, Mary Oakey Cook wrote, *it is a great idea for Helen to host the reunion in Provo. I plan to be there. Hope Jean and Wesley are doing OK.*

They weren't. Jean was growing weaker and more miserable. Family members were expressing great concern for him in their letters. But the reunion was not canceled.

Mamie was still writing in Wesley's journal.

June 26—This was the day the Oakey reunion began at Batemans. Mamie wrote: *Dad seemed about the same. Jean seemed a little better. Got word that Mary Cook fell and was in the hospital in Twin Falls. Ella could not come. W.S. ill. Dad quite ill. I helped him in bathroom. Called Alfred* (Mamie's cousin Alfred Oakey) *for help for he seemed so weak. I said can you get into bed. He said yes, I think so. Just as Beulah came he made it and lay down, answered a few questions for Beulah, was breathing less and less. At 1:20 he left us. I was numb. Could not believe it. Soon they came and took him. I stayed home. The girls went on with the genealogy. So glad we were all here and dressed up. It's really a dream. I came to Helen's and slept with Mary Ida.*

June 27—I slept well but feel so torn up. Was here most all day....Slept again with Mary Ida.

June 28—Went to see Kyle baptized, then to Dingle. Two cars: LaVar and girls in Mary Ida's car, the rest Aunt B, Mary Ida, Helen, and I in Helen's car. Went to S.L. for Hazel Dawn.

Wesley's funeral was held June 29, 1969 in the Dingle chapel which he had dressed with his own stones. He was buried in the vault that he built for his father's family.

July 5—LaVar took Helen, Hazel Dawn and me to Dingle to see Jean and take the marble slab. I woke often and got up and talked a while to Jean. Then to bed again. Jean not very well, so tired. I stayed to be with Jean. He seemed glad.

Wesley's grandchildren at his funeral

On July 6th, Ella wrote Mamie at 1220 Ash Ave. in Provo—it was forwarded next door to 1212 Ash. Mamie had moved back in with the Bateman family. *Hope that no news is good news and the Jean is feeling better. I pray that his suffering won't be too great. There is a reason that Wesley went first and let us lend our strength to advantage.* I think she was right about the second part; she was wrong about the first. Jean would not last long.

Here is more of Mamie's journal:

July 9—Jean a little better. Beulah, Hazel Dawn came, then drove me home to Provo.

July 14—LaVar helped Mamie with financial matters, setting up checking account and collecting social security, life insurance of $4,000.

July 16—Apollo 11 launched. Moon landing would be July 20th.

July 20--Kim drove LaVar and Helen to the airport to fly to Washington, D.C. I went to Grandpa Curtis to watch the astronauts on Moon. They were just ordered on craft.

July 22—Mamie visited Edna in hospital. *She is worse, but she knew me. Called me Mamie. Wants to go home.* Edna actually lived until 9 June 1972.

July 26—*Drove with Beulah to see Jean. Found jean very ill—cannot raise up, gets dizzy. Hardly moves. I slept down on couch in living room. Was up to see Jean several times. He barely spoke.*

July 27--Aunt Beulah left about two. I just could not go and leave Jean. She is going to try to send Helen to help me and them. The next day Hazel Dawn showed up by surprise.

July 29—They got a hospital bed. It helped them to move him.

July 30—Beulah, Helen, Susan, Mary Ida, and Bryce showed up. *Jean seemed pleased but could not say much. They decided to fast for his recovery and for him not to have to suffer so much. They had to leave to go to SL and Provo.*

July 31—Mamie, Hazel Dawn, Florence, Mary Ida, Rebecca, and Carla formed a prayer circle, each praying in turn. *I had a good feeling that he would sleep well.*

August 1—Hazel Dawn decided to go and meet Dee at the Lake, was just leaving when Helen and LaVar came. I was so glad to see them. We bathed Jean and gave him wheat juice—all he could take. He is so ill.

August 2--LaVar went down to try to shear the sheep. Big job. Helen went to help. A little after ten Carla came and called "Daddy's dead." We ran up to find it true, just could not believe it. He was so peaceful and looked almost like he had when we left him. A sad day, and yet we are saying "Thy will be done."

Jean's eight children and Florence with their grandmothers at the vault

Jean was 54 years old and left eight children, ages 4-18, at home with Florence.

Mamie remained in Provo for the rest of that year, living in Helen's house, but keeping most of her belongings at her own house next door. She always fit well into the Bateman family, never demanding attention and always contributing behind the scenes where she could, helping with meals, children, or finding

socks to mend. She slept in the little east bedroom of Helen's house which had been assigned to Cindy and Kyle when they were little. Before winter, she went camping and boating with her children's families and made trips to Dingle.

Hazel Dawn called Mamie on October 8, 1969 to tell her that Uncle Alfred had died of a heart attack. Mamie went to the funeral in Dingle. A Dingle friend named Oscar (probably Oscar Parker from Wardboro, who was the same age as Wesley and Mamie) gave her a ride to Dingle in November to try to work out financial matters with Florence. That was a mistake and the visit went badly for both of them.

Two days after Christmas, Dee and Dawn drove Mamie to Tempe. She was having skin problems on her legs and spend much of her time elevating them and applying hot packs.

During 1970 she spent the winter in Tempe with Mary Ida's family and the rest of the time in Utah. This tended to be her pattern each year thereafter, though Helen and LaVar's trips abroad often required adjustments. That summer they took Beulah on a round-the-world tour from mid-June through July. Mamie was probably with Curtises during that time. She was with Batemans that fall.

There is some evidence that she did not go to Arizona the winter of 1970-71. I have a letter to Mamie dated January 22, 1971 which had been sent to 1212 Ash Avenue, which was Batemans' home. It was from her cousin Ella Higgenson in Pasadena. Ella said she was sorry about Mamie's skin problem and was putting her name on the temple prayer roll. If If Ella was referring the skin on Mamie's legs, it would suggests that the problem had been going on for over a year. Ella wrote again on February 15, 1971, this time to Mamie's home at 1220 Ash. Mamie was likely with Curtises again that summer, when Batemans and Burgoynes brought Elaine, Kathy and me along with them on European trip spanning June and July. Kathy and Steve were married that August.

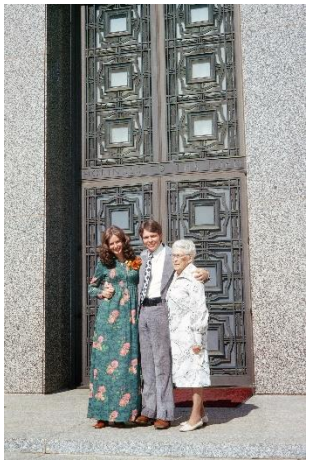
During the fall of 1971, Jean's oldest two kids, Wesley and Carla, stayed in Bateman's basement while attending BYU. Mamie was there too. In the winter of 1972 Mamie apparently stayed again in Provo, since she wrote in February about LaVar's mother falling and fracturing her kneecap.

In July the Batemans and Burgoynes took a 28-day car camping trip across the country that focused on Mormon history sites. Mamie went with them at the age of 86. The company parted ways at the end of the trip at the Moose campground near Jackson, Wyoming, where Curtises came up from Salt Lake to join them. Burgoynes drove directly home from there, taking Mamie to Tempe with them. I wonder how she tolerated the summer there.

On October 17, 1972 Arvilla wrote Mamie from Logan, where she had moved when Warren died. She was happy to hear that young Wesley was going on a mission.

By March of 1973 she was receiving letters from her sister-in-law Arvilla and from her cousin Mary Oakey Cook at Helen and LaVar's address. Mary thanked her for sending her one of Selena Oakey's letters. She said, *I used to love to watch you and Maida together.*

Mary was the little tag-along cousin in those days. I liked seeing that letter—it was evidence that Mamie was probably sorting out and enjoying her mother's letter collection, which she eventually passed on to her daughters, and then finally to me.



That June, Helen and LaVar took Cindy and Kyle to Europe for the rest of the year. Mamie got a second summer experience in Tempe. On October, 19, 1973 she showed up with Burgoynes at my wedding in Los Angeles, and stood in ably for my parents, who were still in Europe. My wife Linda and I joined them for our honeymoon and returned with the Batemans for Christmas.

Mamie stayed in Provo the winter of 1974. She seemed to be breaking that long habit of warm Arizona winters. Perhaps the "Beck" house at 1220 Ash was beginning to feel more like home.

I have found her journal for 1974 after a gap of several years.

On the first day of the year she was in Provo, going through her boxes and getting rid of some things. For the third straight year she was still reporting trouble with her legs. She reported on January 9th, that she had asked me to look at it. I was in my last year of medical school. She wrote that I told her to put it in hot, then cold water, and bandage it.

On February 1st, Mamie drove with Helen, LaVar, Hazel Dawn, and a wedding cake to Tempe for Elaine's wedding the following day. Batemans drove back on February 3 without Hazel Dawn, who returned later without Mamie. She remained in Arizona until April 5th when Mary Ida and Edward drove her to Provo. They were able to listen to the Friday session of conference in the car.

She wrote on April 29th that she listened to Richard Nixon's speech of 35 minutes to the American people, declaring that he was not a crook, and read some of the tapes. She believed him.

Two days later when a friend was returning Mamie home from a triple temple session, Mamie fell into the gutter while exiting the car, forcibly bending her right leg, which she had never been able to bend more than 90 degrees since her fracture in 1936. She felt that she had broken it. The next day she was able to get around on Kyle's crutches, but was still on her back with legs elevated on May 7. She continued to have trouble with the leg for several months, but the mishap had restored her full range of motion. She was able to go to Dingle for Memorial Day and attend my graduation from medical school that June.

On June 21st Helen, LaVar, and Kyle drove to L.A., off for Hawaii to visit Steve and Kathy. Cindy had already been there since winter. Mamie evidently stayed in Provo during that time, since she recorded that Linda and I visited her and picked her raspberries on July 4th. Batemans didn't return from Hawaii until the 10th.

The Oakey reunion was held again at Helen's that year on August 10th. Mamie wrote that many came. Her leg was still hurting her. But she was able to go with Batemans and Curtises to Bear Lake on August 24-26. Dee took Florence's kids water skiing.

She noted on August 31, *I walked over the 1220 in basement. Can not find the old letters yet. The time is sure slipping by.* Well, I'm glad that she finally found them, aren't you?

The next evidence that I have of her whereabouts is a copy of the will that she wrote in Provo on September 26, 1974. It awarded the Dingle property to Florence and her eight kids in equal shares and directed that the rest of the estate should be divided into four equal shares: Helen, Hazel Dawn, Mary Ida, and Florence plus kids.

On September 30th Mary Ida came to Provo with friends for conference. She stayed with Mamie for two weeks.

She was again making journal entries.

October 2—Kathleen and Alexander came home from Hawaii. Dee showed up with HAIR. A wig. (I) hardly knew him.

October 19—Linda had a fine baby boy.

November 3—In Ogden for baby blessing. Named him James Adam. Two great grandmothers, two grandmothers, one grandfather, many aunts and uncles.

During this time Mamie went often to the temple, often doing three sessions, and often several days per week.

On January 1, 1975 Kathy and Steve Peterson moved into Mamie's house at 1220 Ash Avenue. Wesley moved in with Mamie or the Batemans that month as well, back from his mission and attending B.Y.U. Kathy's second boy, Eric, was born on February 5th.

By February 24th, Mamie was ready to go back to Arizona. Linda, our baby son Adam, and I drove her down this time. We made a detour to look at the Grand Canyon on the way, but Adam, who was a terrible traveler as a baby had finally fallen asleep, and we decided to observe one of the greatest wonders of the world from within Grandpa's 1968 Chevrolet, which we had purchased from Mamie, rather than awaken him.

Helen called to tell Mamie that her brother-in-law, Uncle Lell had died in Provo. Mamie wrote, *she thought I would like to know. He died at Carol Lynn's. Would like to be there, but cannot go.*

The Burgoynes took Mamie to attend Spencer W. Kimball's dedication of the renovated Mesa Temple on April 15th. On May 4th she returned to Provo with Helen and LaVar spending a few days at the Burgoyne cabin.

On May 16th she recorded that LaVar had re-roofed the "Beck house."

Her summer was eventful, including three trips to Dingle, the last one to Foster Lane's missionary farewell.

From her diary:

August 10—to Dingle with Helen for Foster Lane's farewell. Drove up to Pine Springs, our dry farm house gone, the granary is falling down on the north side where they backed down to unload the wheat. I was glad to get to see it all again. She did not write it, but she told me at the time that she was sad that her "honeymoon" house was gone. Someone had stored dynamite in it and had been blown up without a trace.

October 10—Met Edward R. Burgoyne at the airport, on his way his mission. Wish Mary Ida could have been there. Hazel Dawn had a wonderful dinner for him. All the Batemans who could come, Aunt Beulah were there. Mary Ida called up and talked to Edward R. and me. He was headed for the mission home.

October 14-- Mamie went to Salt Lake with Wesley and Rebecca to see Foster Lane off for his mission to Spain. She went back to Curtises with Florence.

Foster Lane at sendoff

October 16—Mamie and Hazel Dawn saw Edward R. off to his Mission in Alaska.

On December 2nd, Earl Crockett died in his sleep. He was 72, and had been a vice-president at B.Y.U. after a distinguished academic career. He was Wesley's cousin, a son of Ozro Crockett.

Mamie rode to Arizona before Christmas that year with someone named Jay, probably a BYU student.

On December 30th she wrote letters to Arvilla and to Ione Bird Morrison from the Burgoyne cabin.

1976

Among Mamie's letters are several interesting pieces of scratch paper covered with notations by Mamie. On these, her handwriting is uncharacteristically irregular and often overwritten, corrected, or scratched out, seemingly written hurriedly. No years are noted, and seldom months, only days, such as *Mon 27* or *Sat.* These appear to me to be drafts for a more finished diary. Sometimes I can infer the year or month from the content or by looking up in which years and months has the 27th day fallen on a Monday, for example. I have used a few of these already in this book.

I was able to assign two sequences of these notes to specific years, which happen to be 1976 in Tempe and another in 1979 in Provo. I am going to include most of these here. I

found them interesting because they give a great picture of her activities and interests as an aging widow. She filled her life with temple work and genealogy.

January 3—A lovely day.

January 6—Edward is home working on his book.

January 13—Mary Ida and I did TWO SESSIONS in the temple.

January 16—Ella (Higgenson) *here from Pasadena visiting Laddie. W.S.* (Ella's husband) *had a lot of names on the Oakey line. Said we could do the work for (them).*

January 18—Bruce McConkie divided the stake at conference.

January 20—two more temple sessions, met Ella and W.S. there.

February 20—two more sessions.

February 24—wrote to Foster Lane Jean's son who is a missionary in Spain.

March 4—Carol Lynn came with her children *Aaron and Katie. March 5th we went and heard her give readings of her wonderful poems.* Carol Lynn would have been about 37 then. The kids could not have been older than three and five, maybe a year younger. *Took them to the airport on the 6th.*

On March 6th, Helen wrote to Mamie and Burgoynes from London*...enjoying every minute. Mother, I think it would be hard for you here as there are so many steps to climb...we are up about 4 floors, no elevator. I went to genealogy class...desire to get you over here, Mary Ida...about the first of April...maybe Dawn would come too. Ben Bloxham is helping her to get Nottingham records. Took Camille, Cindy, and Kyle to the Isle of Wight...*

March 23—flew to Salt Lake, picked up by HD, saw Shauna who was pregnant and Kathleen with her two boys.

March 24—went with Dee to take Mary Ida and Hazel Dawn to the airport, flying to London. She stays with Dee to help babysit. Went to Provo on the 30th. George Hughes still at Beulah's. Who is that? While all her daughters were in England together, Mamie seems to have stayed at Beulah's.

Helen, Hazel Dawn, and Mary Ida wrote to Mamie on March 26th from London: M.I.*....looked around London and LaVar took me to the embassy to get my passport, so I'll be able to get home.* Her passport had been stolen. *Saw Stonehenge, did genealogy all the next day.*

H.D....*Wish you were here, Mother. We saw several Joseph Oakley's registered as having wills...Ben is helping with everything.* Helen...*Wonderful to have HD and MI.*

April 4—Called Mrs. Edwards who lives in my house. They are fine.

April 5—Dee called and read me letters from London, offered to pick me up, but I'm fine.

At the end of the trip, Mary Ida flew directly from London to Phoenix. Mamie went to Salt Lake with Hazel Dawn until the Batemans came back in June. On April 28th Dee took Mamie to Provo to see her cousin Ella, who was visiting with her husband W.S. Higgenson, their granddaughter Merilee and her two little girls. Mamie wrote: *Did two temple sessions with Ella. Dee and Dawn picked me up afterwards at Aunt Beulah's—we all had shots.* No one could ever go to Beulah's without getting shots.

On November 24th Mamie was working to get packed and ready to leave Provo for Tempe. Curtises drove her to the Burgoyne vacation cabin the next day. Mamie reported several temple days in December and seven more in January of 1977 in the Mesa Temple, mostly doing two sessions each time.

In April she reported visits to the Ogden Temple with Dee and Dawn, the Provo Temple with Higgensons, and the Salt Lake Temple with Curtises. She went to the Provo Temple in May.

Helen wrote that during the summer, *Mother fell and broke her collar bone. LaVar fell off a chair on his desk and broke ribs and other stuff. I took them both up to Beulah's and used her ultrasound machine which helped greatly.* My guess is that they also got shots.

In June of 1978 Helen and LaVar hosted a three week BYU camping tour to Mexico, stopping on the way down and the way back in Tempe. They took Burgoynes and met Curtises at Lake Powell in July. Logistics issues suggest that Mamie was probably there. But it is hard for me to imagine a 91 year old doing that. Maybe they figured out a way to get her to Beulah's.

We are fortunate to have another dated diary segment for 1979, when Mamie was 92 years old. That winter she was in Utah.

January 2—To temple with HD in Provo, 2 sessions. She was living with Hazel Dawn in Salt Lake.

Rela Beckstead, LaVar's Mother

January 3—Hazel Dawn took her to the hospital to see Mary Ida, also on the 4th-7th. *Heart is still too fast.* I think this is when Mary Ida had the surgery on her septal defect done by Russel M. Nelson.

January 8—They took John, Kristie, and Kyle to the plane. I gave them each $50—they were glad. Hope they have a good time in Europe these six months. I think the grandchildren were on their way to the Jerusalem Center. *Mary Ida looked good.*

January 10—Mary Ida came out of the hospital. Helen and LaVar came up. We put Edward and Mary Ida on plane January 13. Hazel Dawn moved Mamie up to John's room*...it is warmer.*

January 17—To Provo. Helen and LaVar have the room next to me for Rela (LaVar's mother)*. She was happy.*

January 19—LaVar moved Rela back home. *I was surprised. Thought she was going to stay. Helen went with them. It will be lonesome now.*

January 21—I was clearing up my room. Have things all ready to take over to my house. Such a lot to do over there. Not sure when Rela will be coming back.

Missionary Kyle

January 25—Hazel Dawn was going to come down and take Mamie to the temple, but cancelled three days in a row because of deep snow. *I sure miss Kyle. He wrote he is having a wonderful time.* He had just gone on his mission to Finland.

January 31—After several days of below zero temperatures, HD finally made it down. They did two temple sessions.

February 4—went with the Batemans and Rela to Ephraim for the blessing of Kim and Linda's baby. That was Janna.

February 5—Mamie tended Janna while Kim, Linda, and the other two children went shopping. *The baby was sure good with me—a little Doll.*

February 6—LaVar took Rela and me to the Provo Tempe at seven. <u>Two Sessions</u>. He was there when we came to the waiting room. HD came down the next day and the two did *<u>two more sessions</u>*. (her underscore) Then Hazel Dawn took Rela home and kept Mamie a week in Salt Lake.

February 17—Kim and Linda came. Mamie took care of the kids. *The two* (Adam and Jill) *went to sleep. I took care of the darling baby. But she would not sleep. But she was good, eyes open all evening. She was just fine. They were soon on their way home and we went to bed.*

February 25—went to SL with Helen, stopped at Rela's. Rela said she does not want to come to stay until August.

February 28—Two sessions! Kathleen, boys and baby came for dinner—stayed all night.

March 1--I took care of the baby Starr *while Kathleen left for a while.* She took Alex and Eric to the park. *Mostly too cold so were not long.*

March 13—A lovely day! All gone to school. I did dishes and was ready to go to the Temple with Hazel Dawn when she came. We had two good Temple sessions...had a good letter from Mary Ida...She is slowly feeling better. Wish I could go down but do not know when I can.

March 25—Went to Kim and Linda's for (Kim's) birthday.

March 30—Hazel Dawn came. We went to Temple, made two sessions...

March 31—LaVar took his mother to a funeral in Cedar City for the husband of Rela's sister, Blanche. *Helen went to keep him company. They were late getting home...I was asleep when they came.*

April 1—We listened to conference, which was very good...glad to be in a nice, warm house. Several friends came in.

April 10—They all went to school. Rela not well but was dressed when Helen came from school. She took us up to Beulah's for shots. Rela is in the Den on couch.

April 27—Hazel Dawn came took me to the Temple two Sessions very large crowd. We had to sit on the men's side.

April 27--I was at 1212 (Ash Ave., Batemans') working all day. Jerry came over for me about 9:20. I think Jerry was renting from her.

April 28--Jerry and I here alone...Lovely day I took a walk feel better. When over to 1212 found a lot of nice tracks (tracts?) in the dresser drawer. First I have found over there...was watching TV *when Jerry came for me about nine twenty.*

May 25—Helen and I flew to Mesa Arizona. Plane was forty minutes late. Mary Ida and Edward were waiting for us.

May 26—Went to Sirrine reunion in Mesa. I was glad I could be there. Put Helen on the plane.

May 27 and Mamie went to the cabin for two days. Helen and Hazel Dawn came down and drove her back on June 14th.

Sometime after that, but before August, Mary Ida and Edward took her to Dingle for a few days.

In July LaVar and Helen decided to buy Rela's house in South Jordan and renovate it, proposing that Rela and her sister Blanche move in together. Blanche eventually did move in and Rela never again stayed with Batemans as Mamie had hoped.[45]

Mamie was in Provo when on August 2 she heard that Beulah was engaged, *sure a surprise to me,* she wrote.

On August 13, 1979 Beulah married Joe Jarvis in Utah.

In August, Mamie was staying with Dawn and Dee again. On the 22nd, Mamie wrote, *At Hazel Dawn's and Dee's. Lovely day. W.W. birthday. (- - -) years old. Lovely day.* She hadn't been sure, but Wesley would have been 93. And on the 24th she wrote, *My Brother Warren's Birthday.* It had been 12 years since Warren's death. *We had a fine dinner and house all ready before the company came. The first came just before sun down. The house sure looked good.*

Mamie was disappointed that LaVar was fixing up Rela's house for her to live with her sister instead of moving into the Bateman house.

On December 26th she wrote: *Hazel Dawn and I flew to Ariz. Edward and LaVar picked us up at the airport. Helen had the cake nearly finished.* I think this must have been Edward R.'s wedding to Eileen.

On January 25, 1980 Wesley's youngest brother, Kenneth, died in Ukiah, California.

Mamie stayed in Arizona for the winter of 1980. In February Batemans were planning to come for her, but canceled...*2 feet of snow and cold...may have to postpone our survival because of the weather...wait for the middle of March. Aunt Beulah is coming up mid-March. If you came with her it would save us a trip. Wish we could have gone down to Kenneth's funeral.*

Mamie returned to Utah with Beulah and her new husband. They had visited each other often that winter in Mesa. They probably reached Provo on about March 16, and she was settled into 1220 Ash by March 21.

[45] After Blanche died October 3, 1981, Rela moved from her house in South Jordan to an assisted living facility in Orem, where she lived until her own death November 14, 1983.

On the next day LaVar brought his mother home. Mamie was glad, but it did not last long. Rela was back at her home in South Jordan again on March 29th to live with her sister Blanche.

Late in April LaVar took 35 students to N.Y.C. for spring term. Helen joined him on June 2nd and they returned June 20th.

Kyle and Cindy's missionary farewell was June 22nd and a few weeks later Helen and LaVar left for Europe to work for the University of Maryland educating servicemen. They were gone over a year. Mamie probably went about that time to live with Curtises in Salt Lake.

On November 25th Mamie flew to Arizona. Hazel Dawn drove her to the plane through deep snow. Dee and Dawn were going to California.

The doctor was called to see Mamie at Burgoynes in mid-December. He said she had pneumonia, but did not admit her to hospital. Beulah came two days later, gave her a shot, and she got much better. The next day she was worse and they called me at my home in Ephraim. According to Mamie I said I thought Mary Ida was doing what was best, the best I could do. She worsened the next day, was administered to and got better immediately. She was still recovering at New Year's. Beulah came over and gave her another shot.

On February 16, 1981 Hazel Dawn came to Tempe to pick Mamie up in time for a missionary farewell on the 22nd. I think that may have been John going on his mission to Taiwan.

The Batemans were in Europe in 1981 until July, when Burgoynes joined them for a time. Mamie was probably in Salt Lake with Dawn and Dee, but likely moved back to Provo for the rest of that year and for most of 1982. Then LaVar and took her back to Tempe one last time for the winter.

On January 21, 1983 Mary Cooper Sirrine Ream died in Mesa at the age of 96. Her funeral was in the Dingle Ward Chapel with Bishop Joy G. Alleman officiating. The family was surprised to see Chuck Peterson, Mamie's bishop in Provo, appear for the meeting. He also spoke. Mamie was interred in the Ream family vault beside Wesley in the Dingle cemetery.

Shortly afterwards Mary Ida sent out a letter to the family describing Mamie's last days.

Dear Family,

Last month all was as usual. Now one dear, sweet lady is gone from us. It seems like she is only visiting with another family, but I know she won't be coming back. At the funeral Carol Lynn read her poem:

<u>Point of View</u>

Sun and mountain meet.
"Look," I say. "Sunset!"

But I forget that far away
An islander wipes morning
From his eyes and watches
The same sun rise.
What's birth? And death?
What's near or far?
It all depends on where you are.

As we talked with Mother about going through the veil and meeting the other part of our family, she said, "It will be thrilling!"

When Helen and LaVar brought Mother on December 27th, they said she had been getting gradually weaker. Mother looked good and seemed her same sparkling self. Last spring while here she walked around the park with us every morning and loved it. We took her one day and she was too tired to walk—Edward went to get the car while we rested in the park. She still enjoyed walking out in the back yard and picking up a few pecans. She shelled nuts and marveled at the perfect whole nuts she got...

Mother loved to go to the Temple, so Friday January 7th we arranged to go. When we arrived at the parking lot Mother was too weak to go into the Temple. So we went to Aunt Beulah's. She gave Mother the usual shot along with a pep talk and some protein wafers. Mother perked up and we went through a session. All went well and she even remembered the necessary parts. I took a couple of protein wafers (nickel size) and during a pause I gave one to Mother for extra energy. Eating in the temple must have struck her funny bone and she started to giggle. "What do you want me to do with it?" she asked. I said, "Eat it or I will." Then we both had a difficult time maintaining the proper dignity. We had a good laugh later.

Several times during the week she had been temporarily unable to stand on her right leg. Sunday January 9th we all went to our meetings. After services, Mother was not able to get up to go home. Bryce and I helped her into the house. I called the doctor and he came in a couple of hours. I had thought it might be a stroke, but he ruled that out and said she appeared to be anemic. She had had three B_{12} shots in the last two weeks. He suggested we give her folic acid—which we promptly did and thought she was reviving.

Early Wednesday morning she got up (I got up the first time but did not hear her the second time) to go to the bathroom. She fell on the way back to her bed. At the hospital, x-rays revealed a broken bone. Surgery was planned for the afternoon. The blood tests revealed so few red blood corpuscles, that she was given oxygen immediately...A bone marrow test revealed that it was not producing blood. The operation was no longer an option.

Hazel Dawn and Helen were at her bedside within a day. She was thrilled and excited to see them. Although in a good deal of pain with the broken bone, she was joyful to have her three girls with her. We had some precious times...from Monday night on we did not think she could live another day. She was a tough little lady. Though she was in pain, she fought for her breath.

Thursday night just before midnight she was sleeping and took the last quiet breath. Almost to the very last she had recognized our expressions of love and responded to them... We like to think (as Linda Bateman first suggested) that she went in time to join her husband and go to the Idaho Falls Temple for the wedding of Jeralyn and Wes.

It was a difficult time. There is joy in our knowledge of life after death and in the many expressions of love we have all received... We want to remember as Carol Lynn said, "Aunt Mamie's life is one we can truly celebrate." Love, Mary Ida